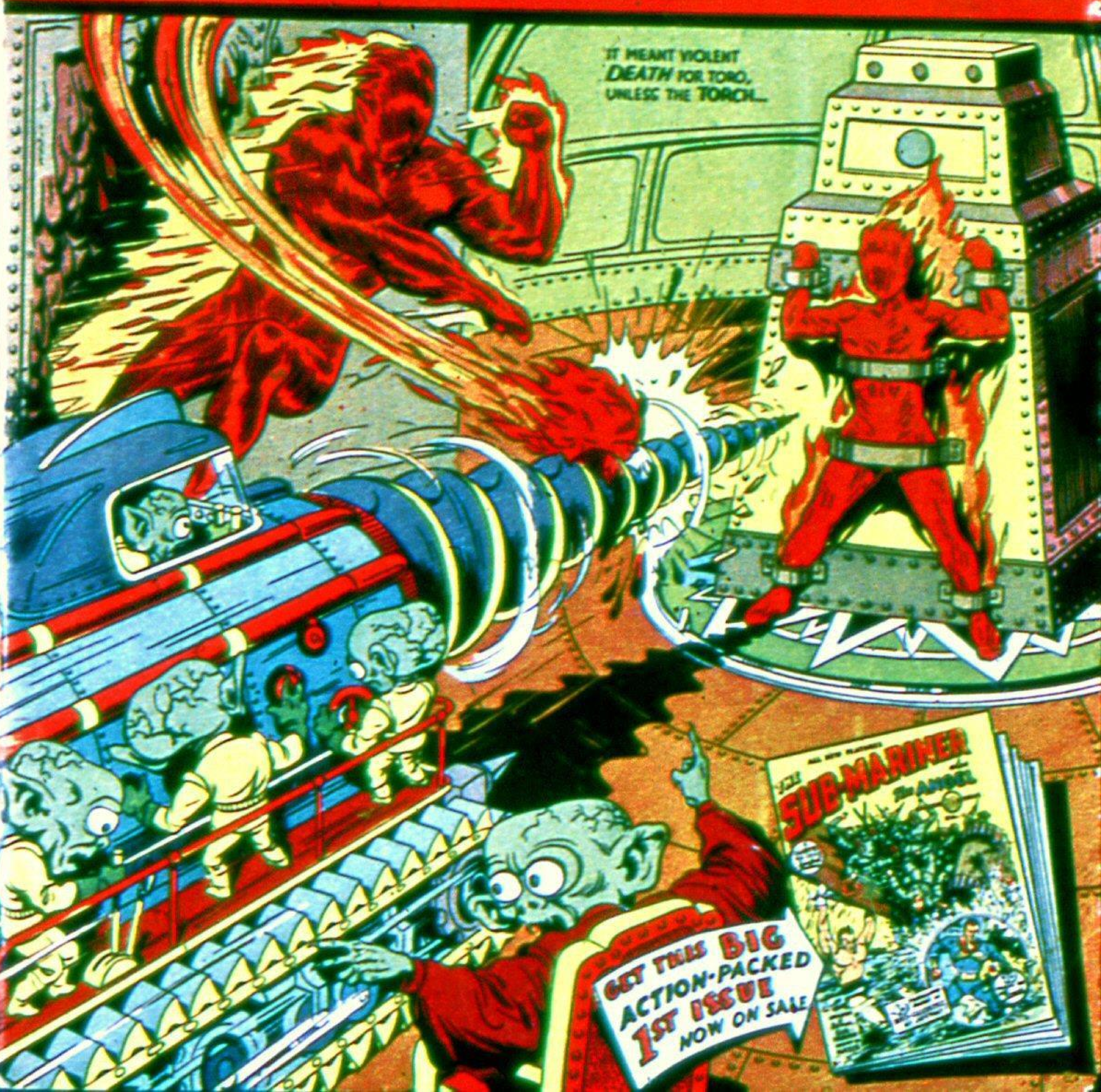
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

MAY

10¢

No.19


IT MEANT VIOLENT DEATH FOR TORO, UNLESS THE TORCH...
SUB-MARINER
The ANGEL
GET THIS BIG ACTION-PACKED 1ST ISSUE NOW ON SALE

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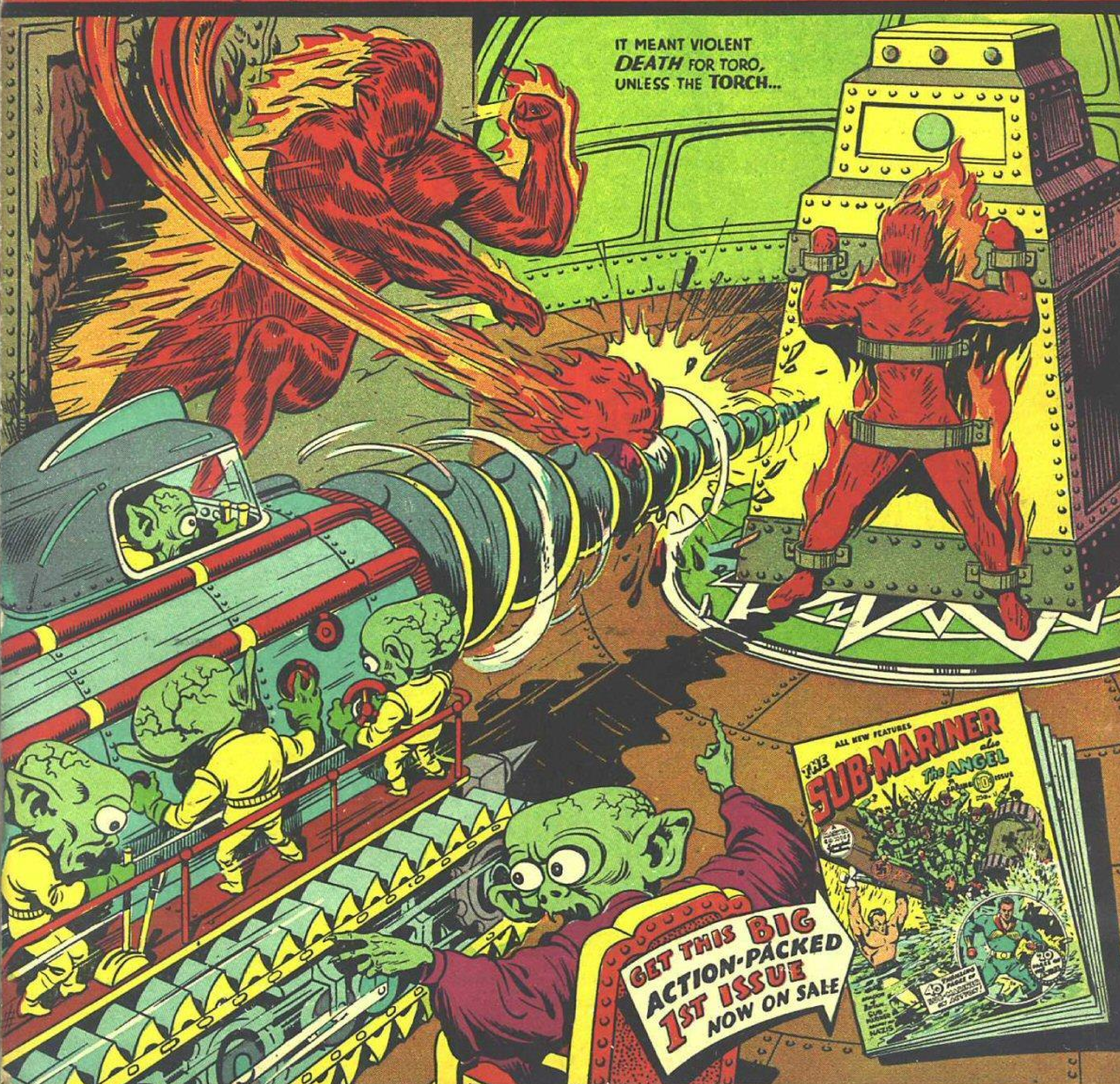
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ALL NEW FEATURES
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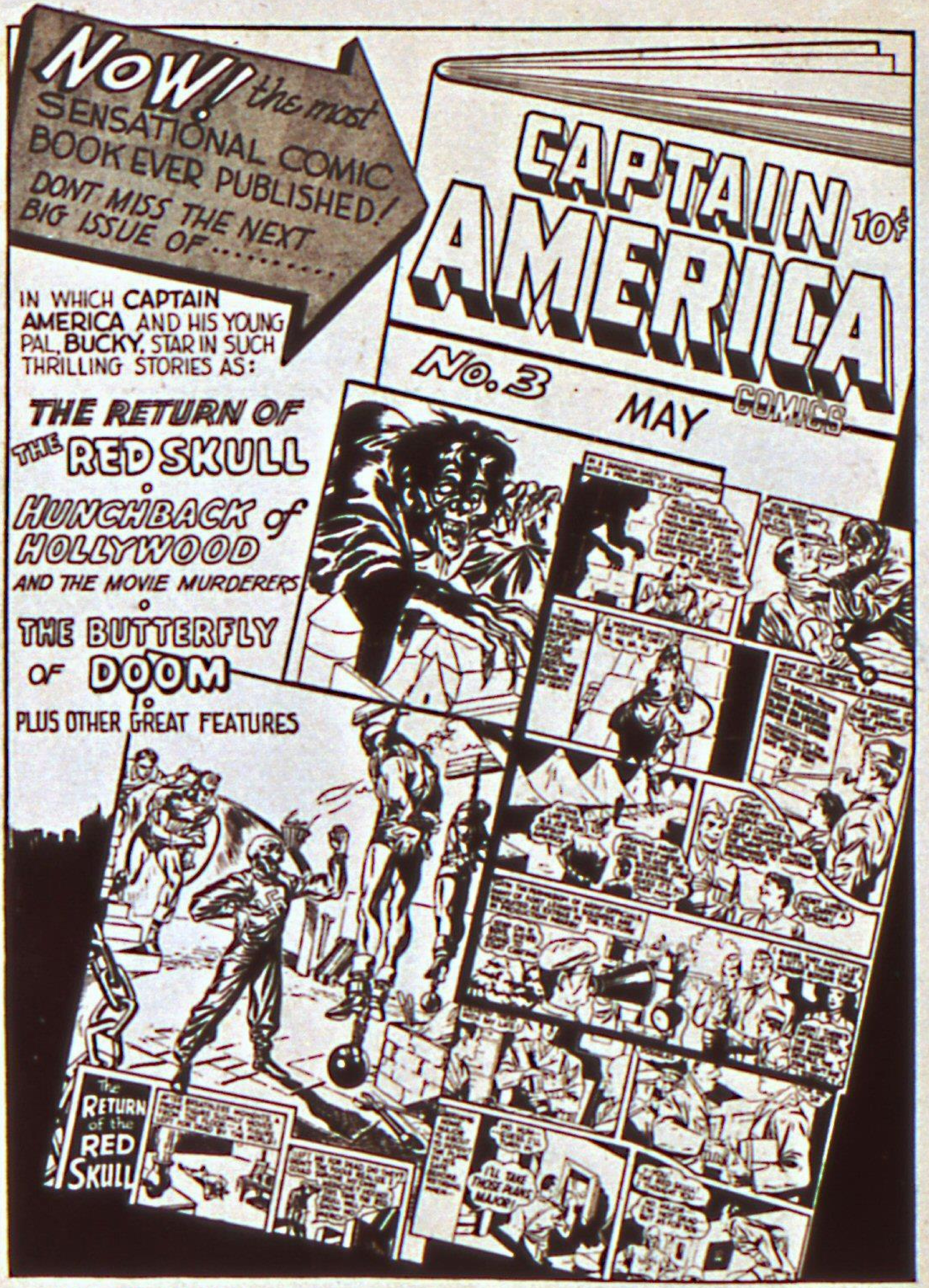
NOW! the most SENSATIONAL COMIC BOOK EVER PUBLISHED!
DONT MISS THE NEXT BIG ISSUE OF........
CAPTAIN AMERICA 10¢
No. 3
MAY
COMICS
IN WHICH CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS YOUNG PAL, BUCKY, STAR IN SUCH THRILLING STORIES AS:
THE RETURN OF THE RED SKULL
HUNCHBACK of HOLLYWOOD AND THE MOVIE MURDERERS
THE BUTTERFLY OF DOOM
PLUS OTHER GREAT FEATURES
The RETURN of the RED SKULL
I'LL TAKE THOSE PLANS MAJOR!

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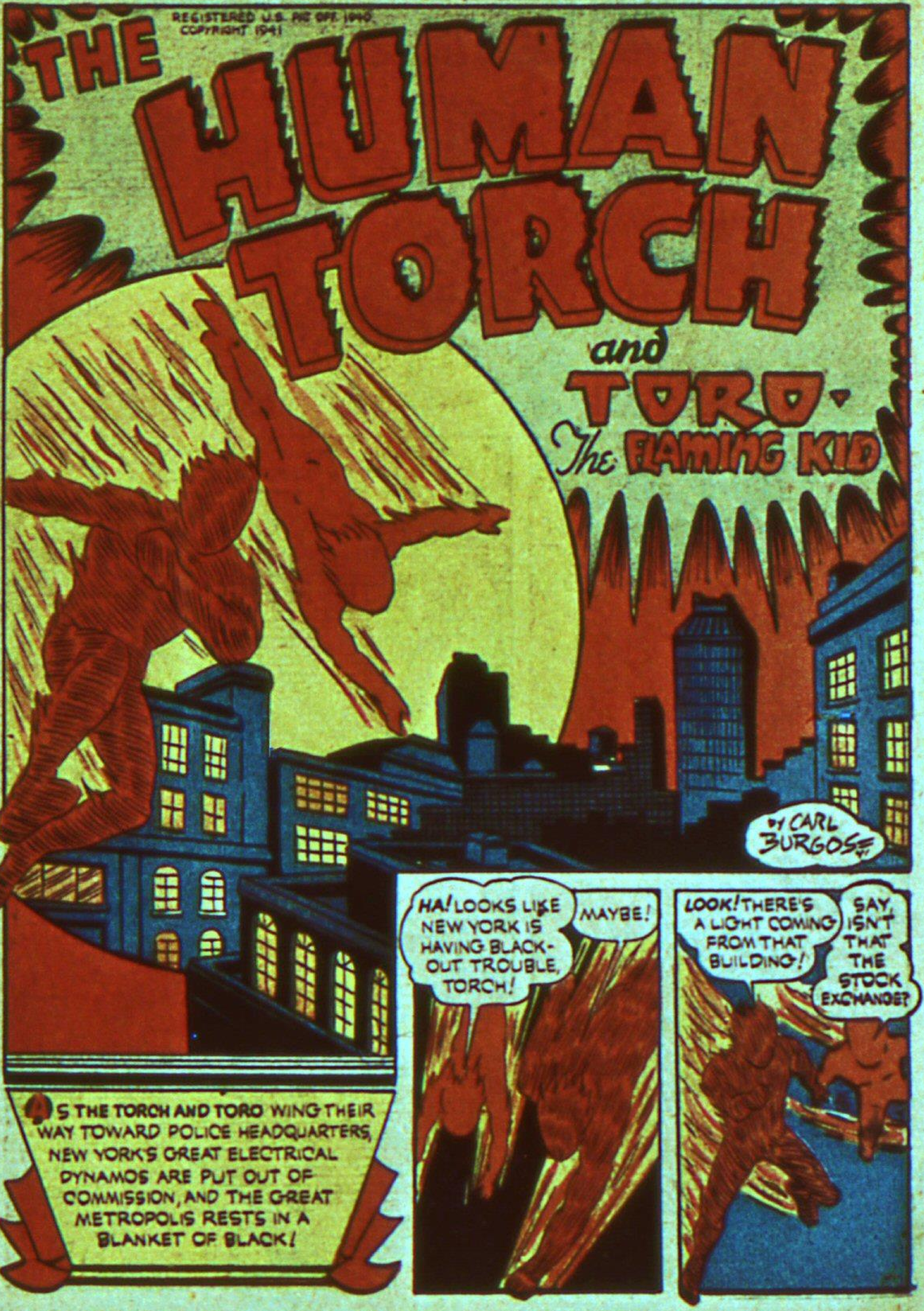

REGISTERED U.S. PAT OFF. 1940.
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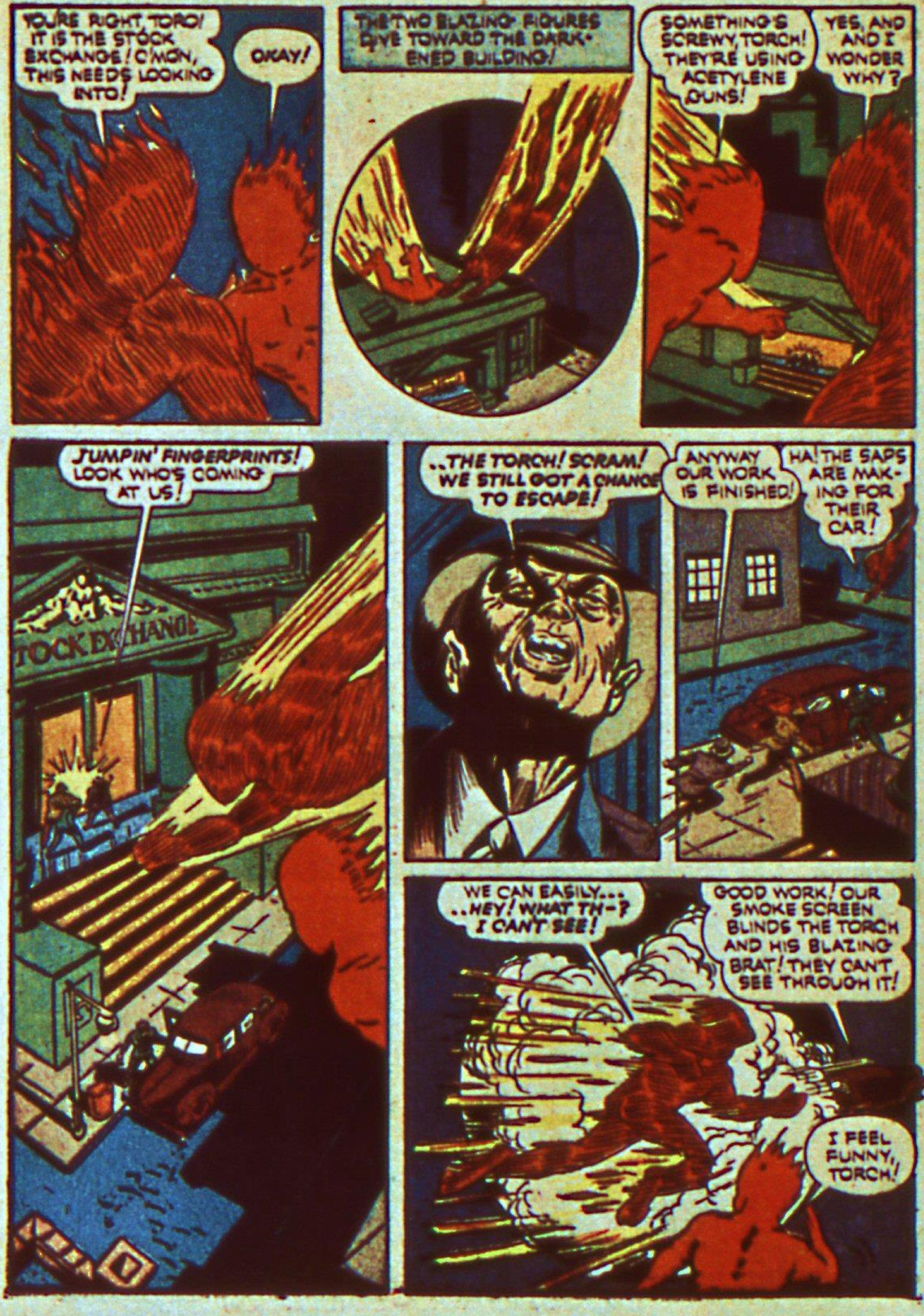
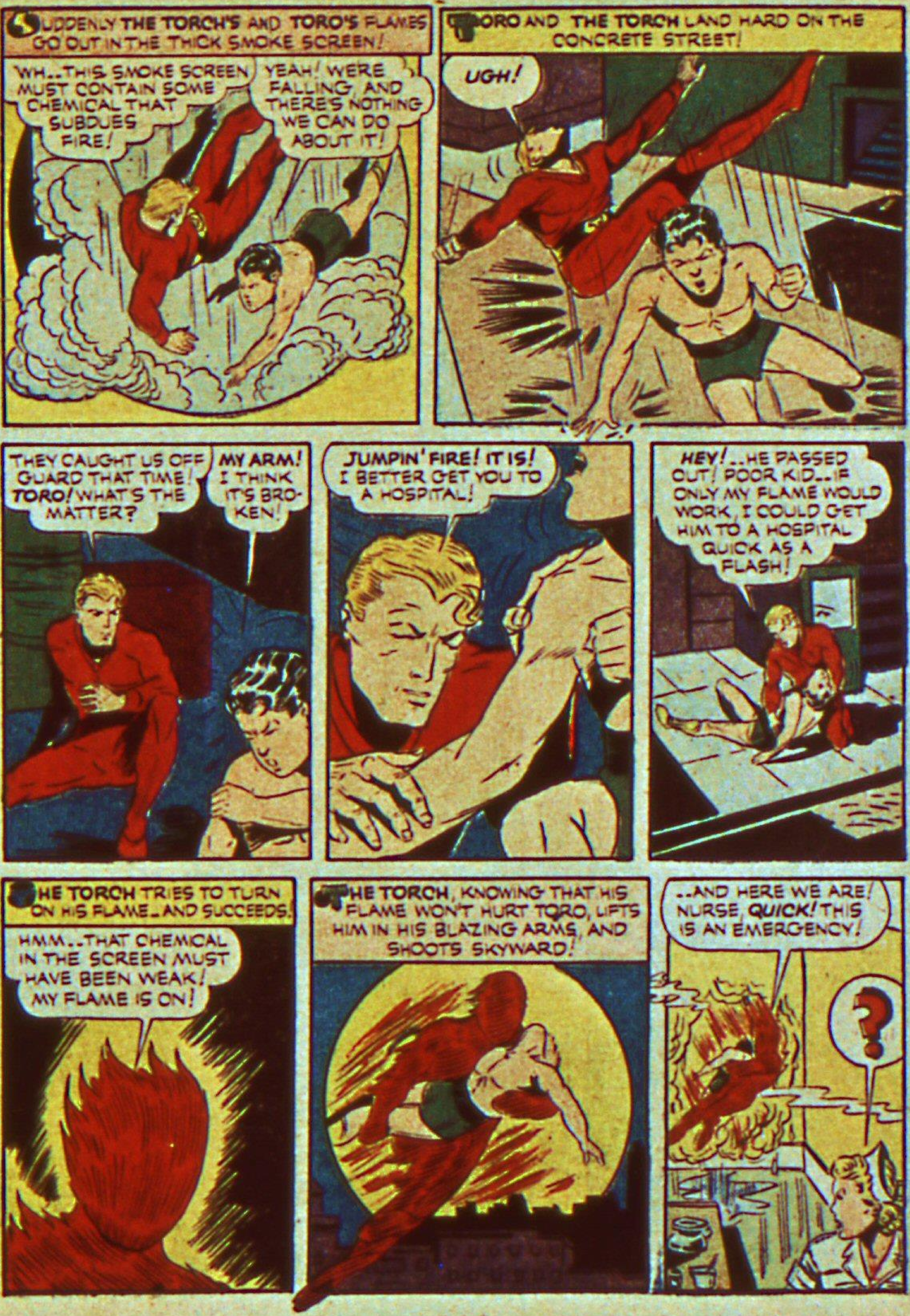
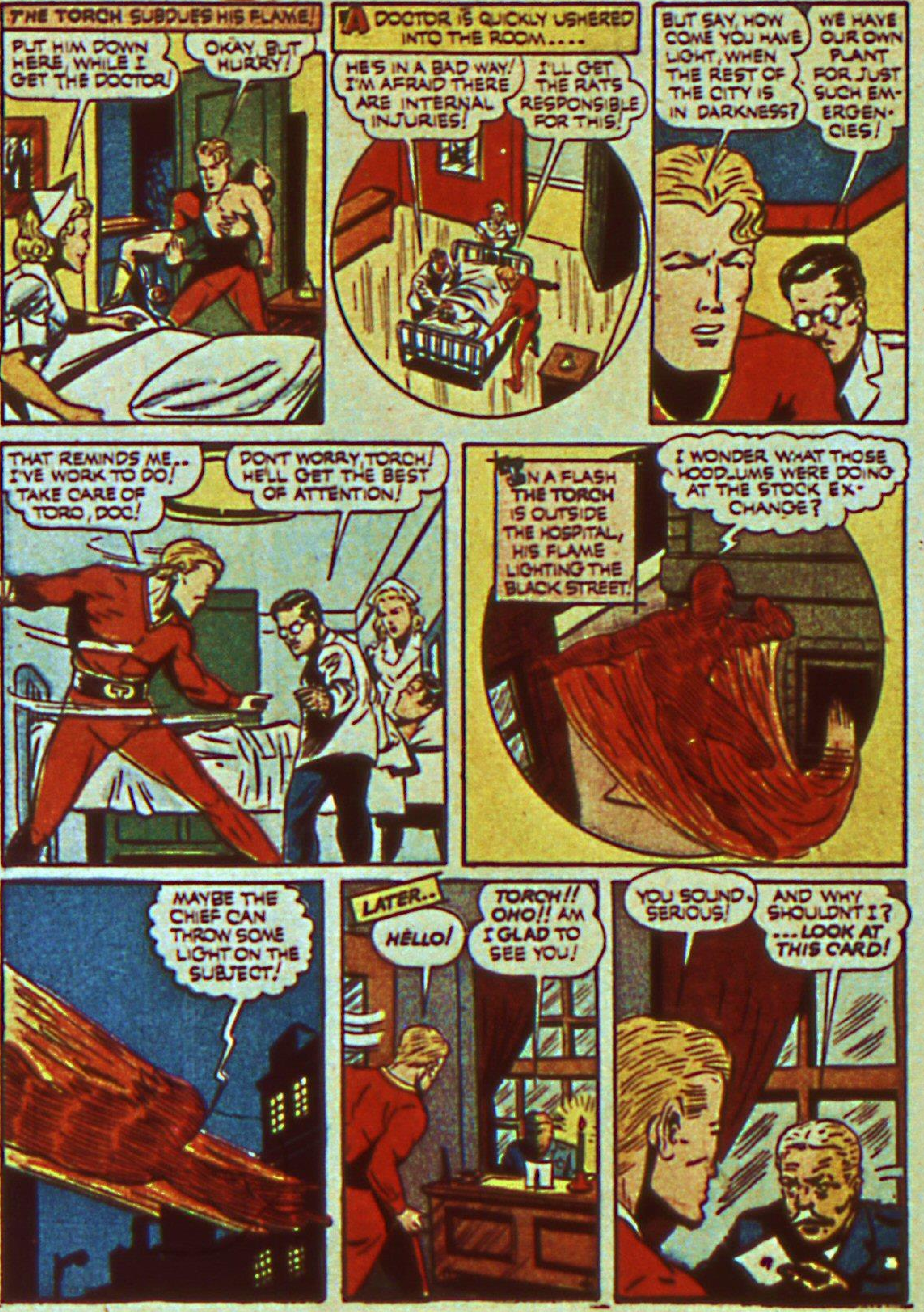
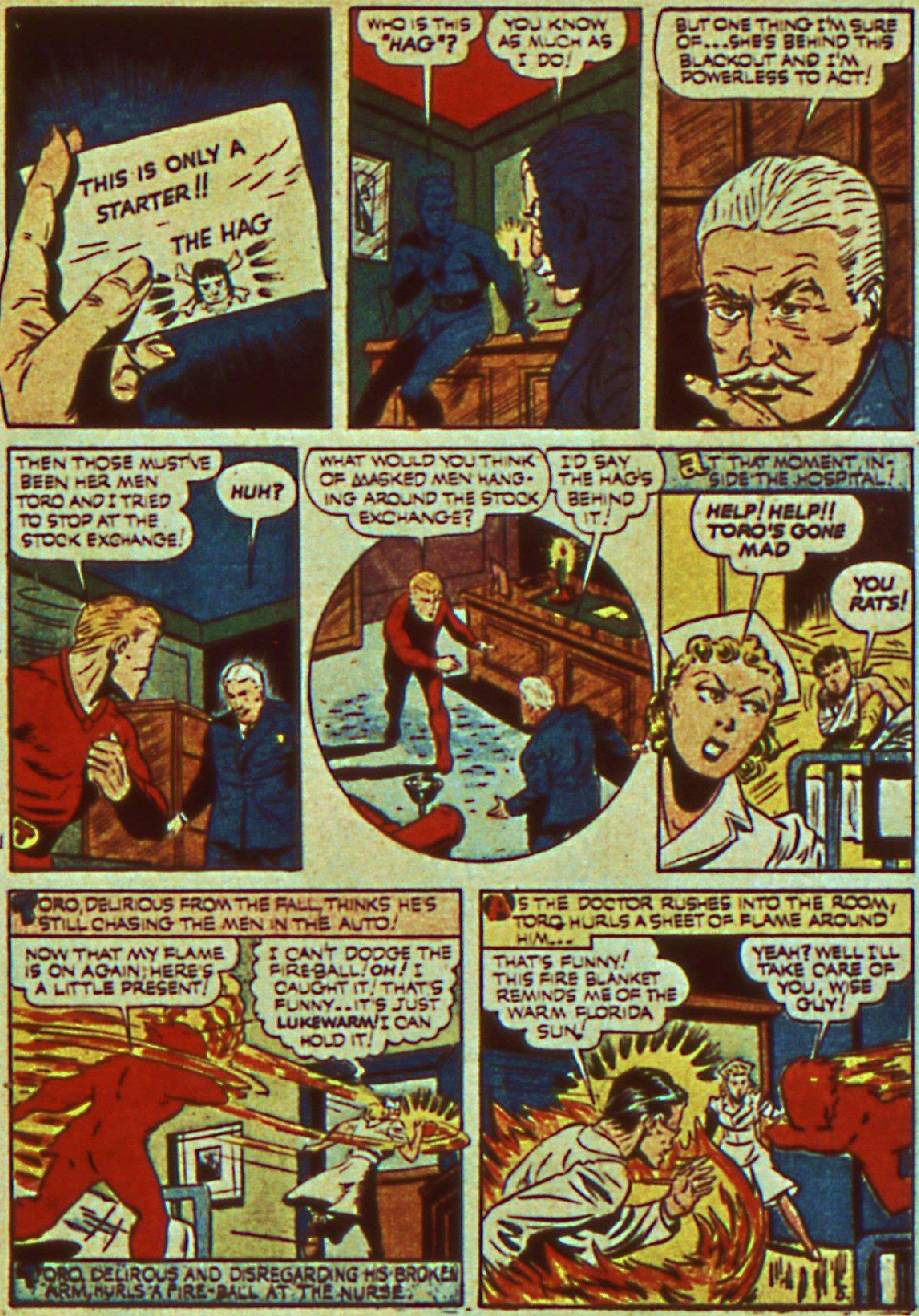
THE HUMAN TORCH
and
TORO - The FLAMING KID
by CARL BURGOS
HA! LOOKS LIKE NEW YORK IS HAVING BLACK-OUT TROUBLE, TORCH!
MAYBE!
LOOK! THERE'S A LIGHT COMING FROM THAT BUILDING!
SAY, ISN'T THAT THE STOCK EXCHANGE?

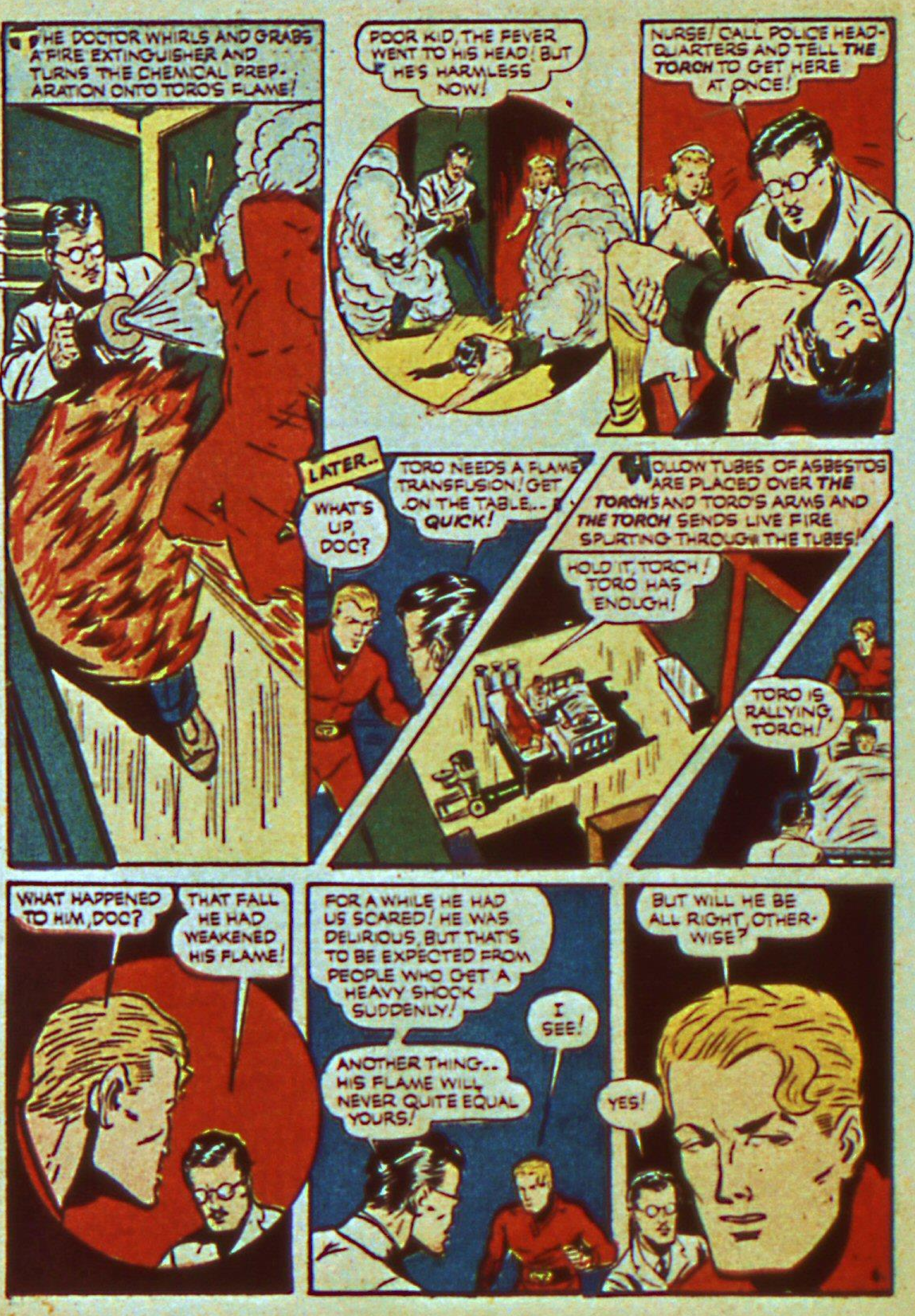
AS THE TORCH AND TORO WING THEIR WAY TOWARD POLICE HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK'S GREAT ELECTRICAL DYNAMOS ARE PUT OUT OF COMMISSION, AND THE GREAT METROPOLIS RESTS IN A BLANKET OF BLACK!

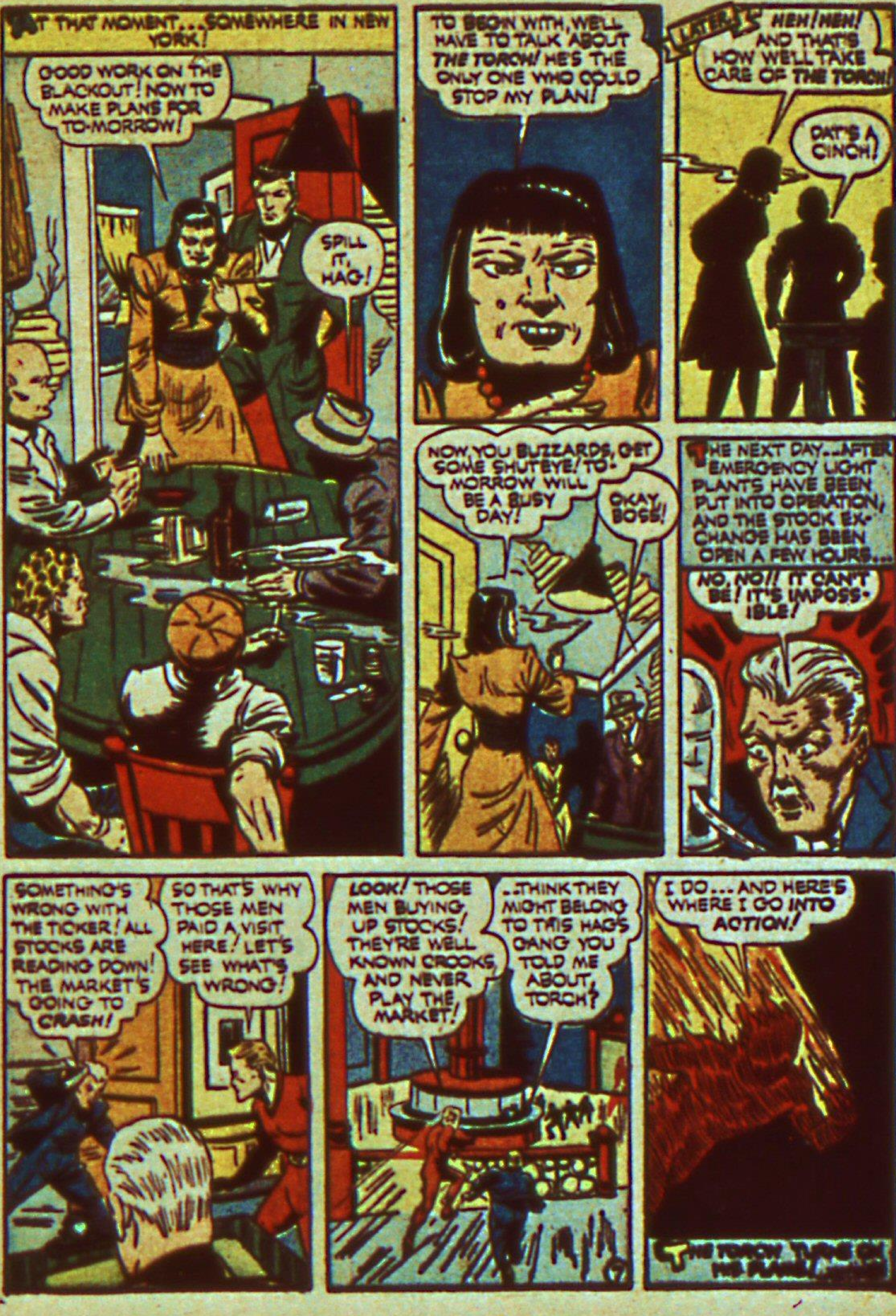

YOU'RE RIGHT, TORO! IT IS THE STOCK EXCHANGE! C'MON, THIS NEEDS LOOKING INTO!
OKAY!
THE TWO BLAZING FIGURES DIVE TOWARD THE DARK-ENED BUILDING!
SOMETHING'S SCREWY, TORCH! THEY'RE USING ACETYLENE GUNS!
YES, AND I WONDER WHY?
JUMPIN' FINGERPRINTS! LOOK WHO'S COMING AT US!
TOCK EXCHANGE
..THE TORCH! SCRAM! WE STILL GOT A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
ANYWAY OUR WORK IS FINISHED!
HA! THE SAPS ARE MAKING FOR THEIR CAR!
WE CAN EASILY... ..HEY! WHAT TH-? I CAN'T SEE!
GOOD WORK! OUR SMOKE SCREEN BLINDS THE TORCH AND HIS BLAZING BRAT! THEY CAN'T SEE THROUGH IT!
I FEEL FUNNY, TORCH!

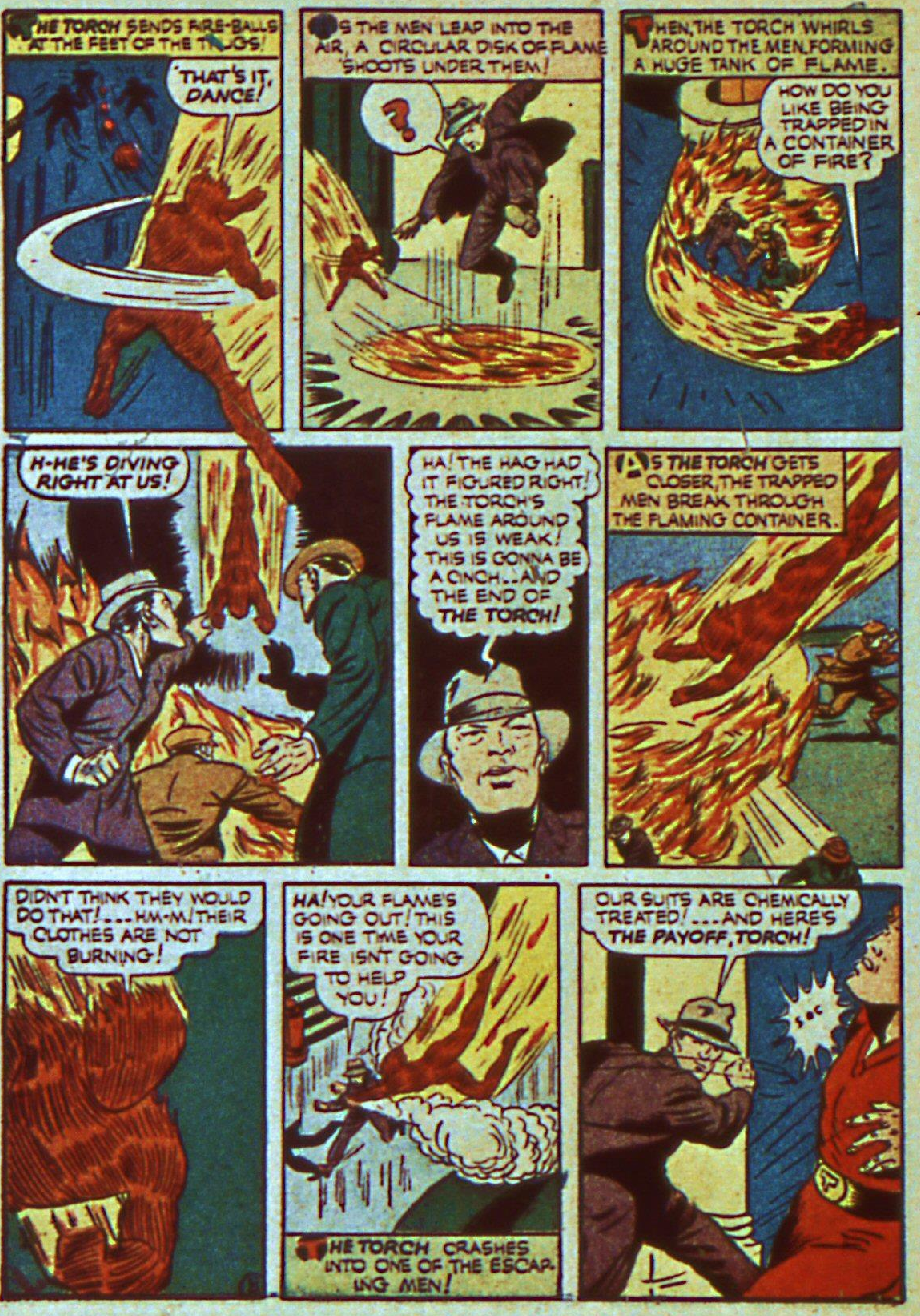

SUDDENLY THE TORCH'S AND TORO'S FLAMES GO OUT IN THE THICK SMOKE SCREEN!
WH..THIS SMOKE SCREEN MUST CONTAIN SOME CHEMICAL THAT SUBDUES FIRE!
YEAH! WERE FALLING, AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!
TORO AND THE TORCH LAND HARD ON THE CONCRETE STREET!
UGH!
THEY CAUGHT US OFF GUARD THAT TIME! TORO! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
MY ARM! I THINK IT'S BROKEN!
JUMPIN' FIRE! IT IS! I BETTER GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL!
HEY! ..HE PASSED OUT! POOR KID..IF ONLY MY FLAME WOULD WORK, I COULD GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL QUICK AS A FLASH!
THE TORCH TRIES TO TURN ON HIS FLAME..AND SUCCEEDS!
HMM..THAT CHEMICAL IN THE SCREEN MUST HAVE BEEN WEAK! MY FLAME IS ON!
THE TORCH, KNOWING THAT HIS FLAME WON'T HURT TORO, LIFTS HIM IN HIS BLAZING ARMS, AND SHOOTS SKYWARD!
..AND HERE WE ARE! NURSE, QUICK! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!
?

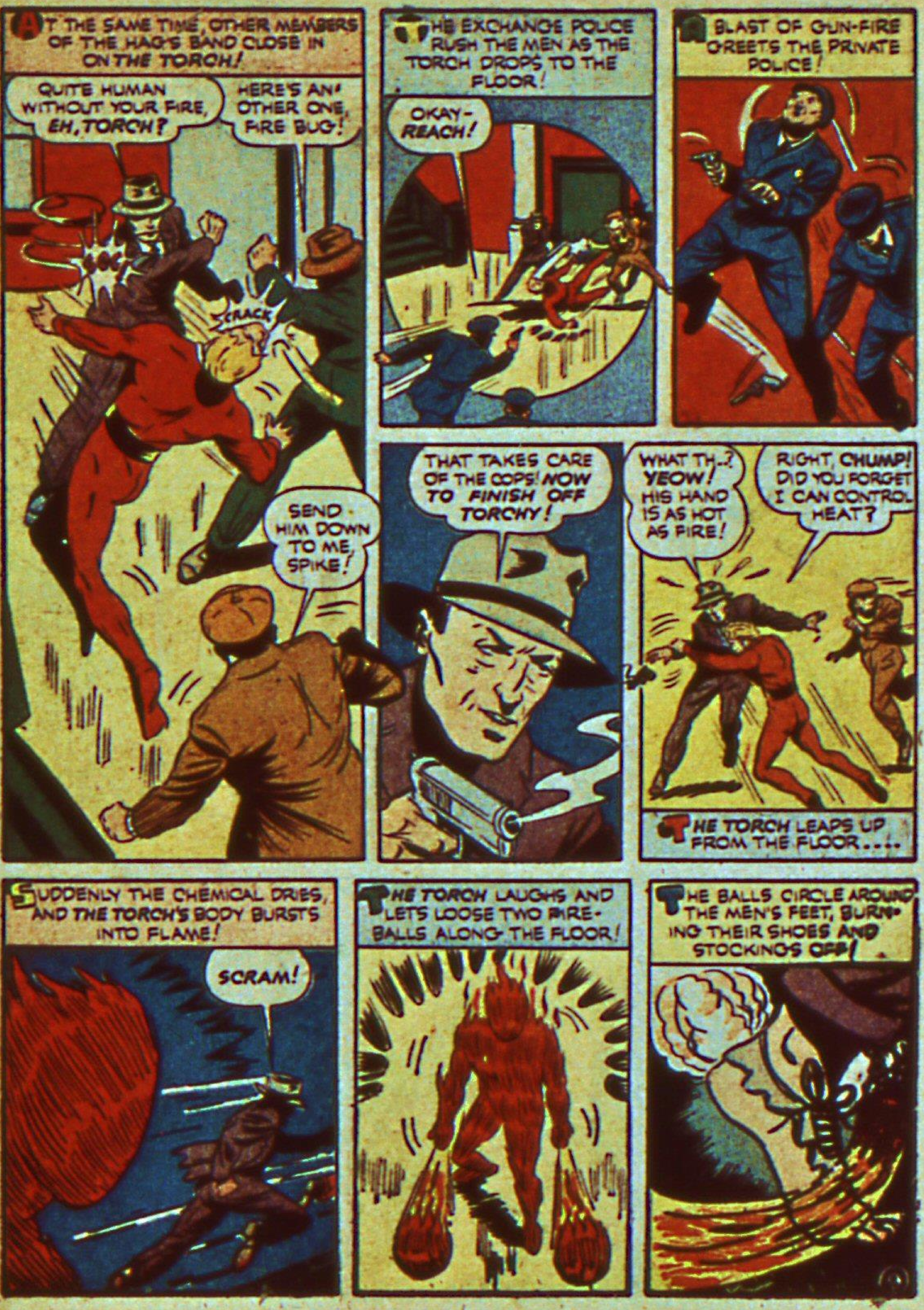

THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME!
PUT HIM DOWN HERE, WHILE I GET THE DOCTOR!
OKAY, BUT HURRY!
A DOCTOR IS QUICKLY USHERED INTO THE ROOM....
HE'S IN A BAD WAY! I'M AFRAID THERE ARE INTERNAL INJURIES!
I'LL GET THE RATS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!
BUT SAY, HOW COME YOU HAVE LIGHT, WHEN THE REST OF THE CITY IS IN DARKNESS?
WE HAVE OUR OWN PLANT FOR JUST SUCH EMERGENCIES!
THAT REMINDS ME.. I'VE WORK TO DO! TAKE CARE OF TORO, DOC!
DONT WORRY, TORCH! HE'LL GET THE BEST OF ATTENTION!
IN A FLASH THE TORCH IS OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL, HIS FLAME LIGHTING THE BLACK STREET!
I WONDER WHAT THOSE HOODLUMS WERE DOING AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE?
MAYBE THE CHIEF CAN THROW SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT!
LATER..
HELLO!
TORCH!! OHO!! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
YOU SOUND SERIOUS!
AND WHY SHOULDNT I? ...LOOK AT THIS CARD!

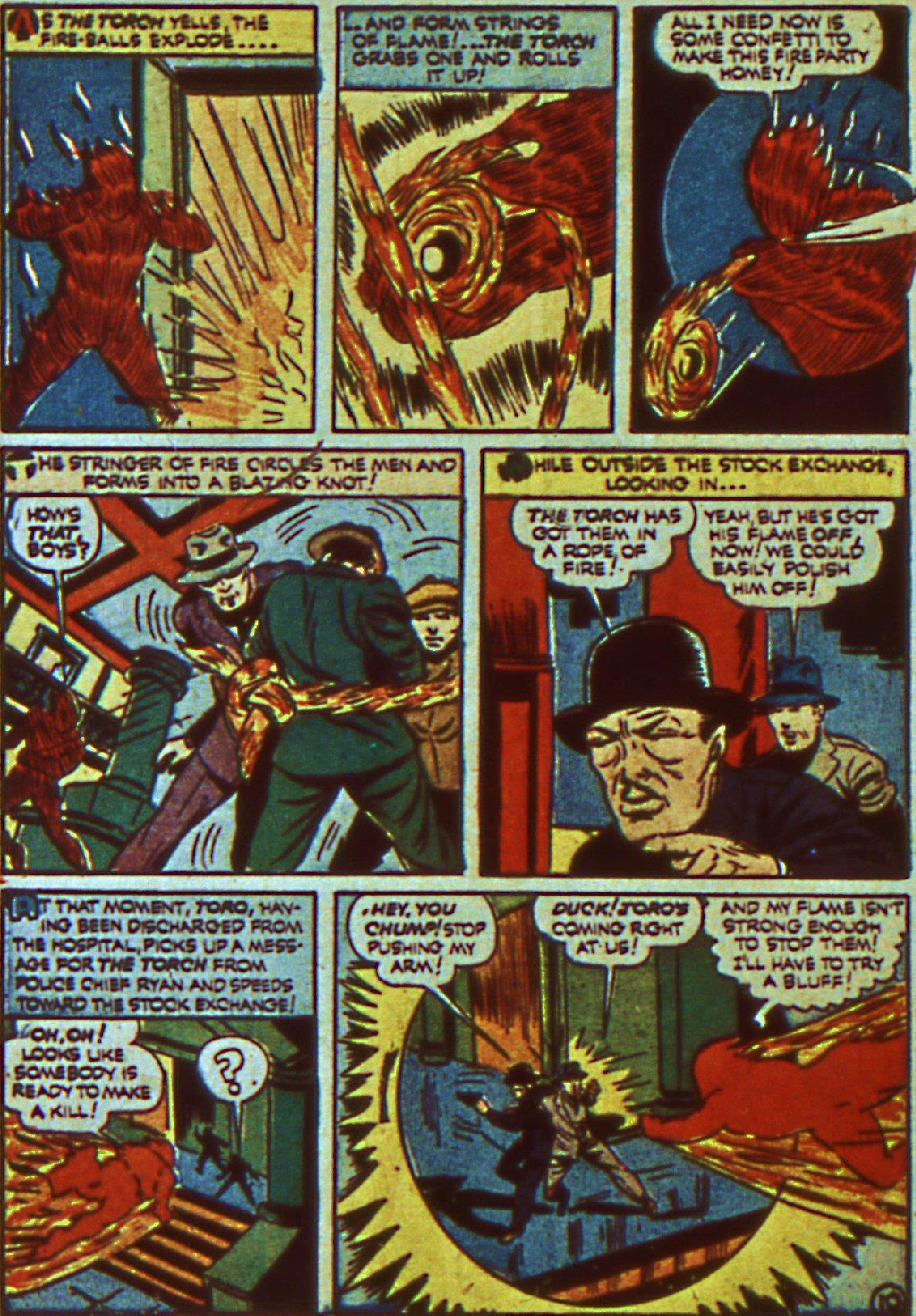

THIS IS ONLY A STARTER!!
THE HAG
WHO IS THIS "HAG"?
YOU KNOW AS MUCH AS I DO!
BUT ONE THING I'M SURE OF...SHE'S BEHIND THIS BLACKOUT AND I'M POWERLESS TO ACT!
THEN THOSE MUST'VE BEEN HER MEN TORO AND I TRIED TO STOP AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE!
HUH?
WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF MASKED MEN HANGING AROUND THE STOCK EXCHANGE?
I'D SAY THE HAG'S BEHIND IT!
AT THAT MOMENT INSIDE THE HOSPITAL!
HELP! HELP!! TORO'S GONE MAD
YOU RATS!
TORO, DELIRIOUS FROM THE FALL, THINKS HE'S STILL CHASING THE MEN IN THE AUTO!
NOW THAT MY FLAME IS ON AGAIN, HERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT!
I CAN'T DODGE THE FIRE-BALL! OH! I CAUGHT IT! THAT'S FUNNY..IT'S JUST LUKEWARM! I CAN HOLD IT!
TORO, DELIRIOUS AND DISREGARDING HIS BROKEN ARM, HURLS A FIRE-BALL AT THE NURSE.
AS THE DOCTOR RUSHES INTO THE ROOM, TORO HURLS A SHEET OF FLAME AROUND HIM...
THAT'S FUNNY! THIS FIRE BLANKET REMINDS ME OF THE WARM FLORIDA SUN!
YEAH? WELL I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, WISE GUY!

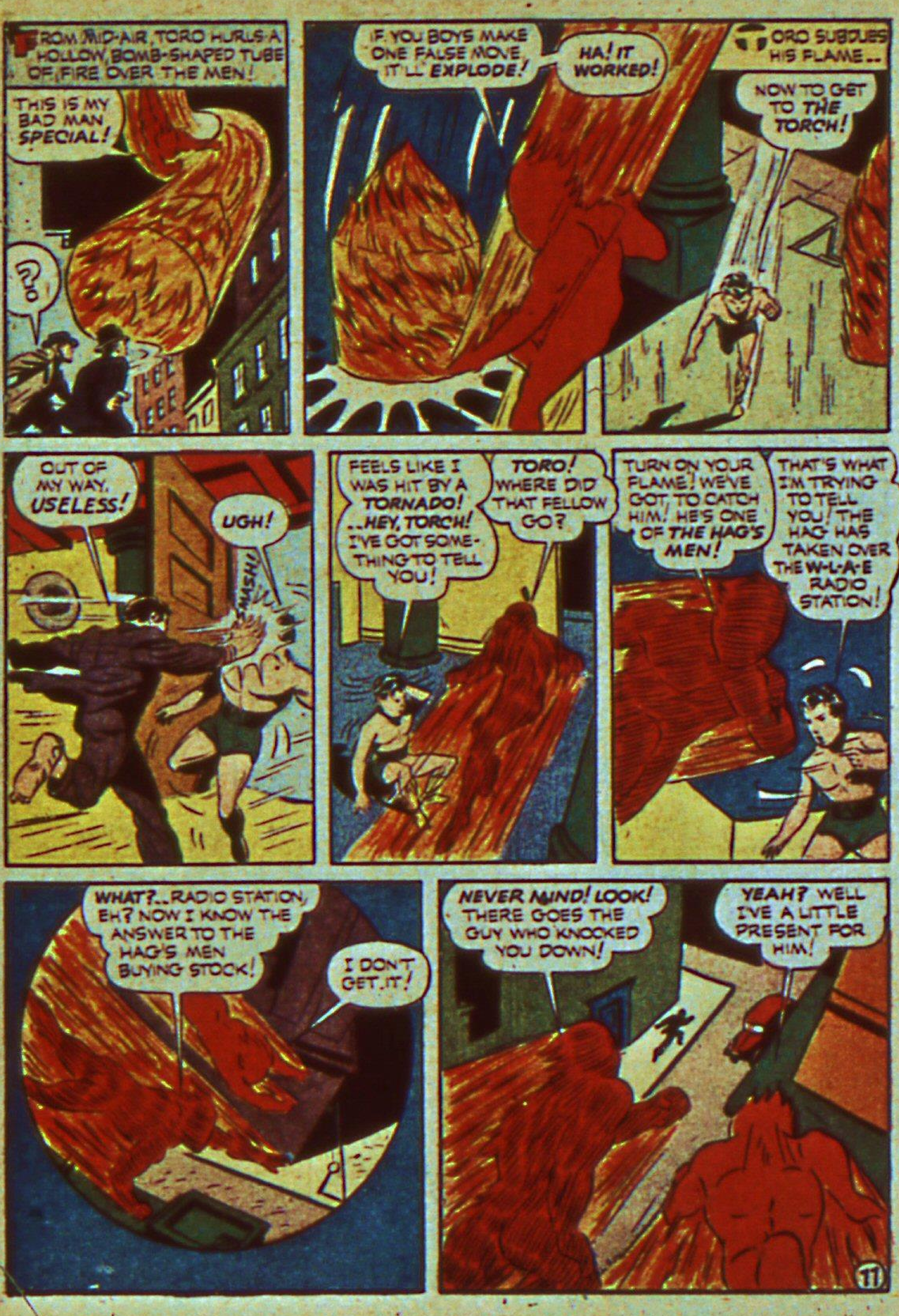

THE DOCTOR WHIRLS AND GRABS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER AND TURNS THE CHEMICAL PREPARATION ONTO TORO'S FLAME!
POOR KID, THE FEVER WENT TO HIS HEAD! BUT HE'S HARMLESS NOW!
NURSE! CALL POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND TELL THE TORCH TO GET HERE AT ONCE!
LATER..
WHAT'S UP, DOC?
TORO NEEDS A FLAME TRANSFUSION! GET ON THE TABLE.. QUICK!
HOLLOW TUBES OF ASBESTOS ARE PLACED OVER THE TORCH'S AND TORO'S ARMS AND THE TORCH SENDS LIVE FIRE SPURTING THROUGH THE TUBES!
HOLD IT, TORCH! TORO HAS ENOUGH!
TORO IS RALLYING, TORCH!
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, DOC?
THAT FALL HE HAD WEAKENED HIS FLAME!
FOR A WHILE HE HAD US SCARED! HE WAS DELIRIOUS, BUT THAT'S TO BE EXPECTED FROM PEOPLE WHO GET A HEAVY SHOCK SUDDENLY!
I SEE!
ANOTHER THING.. HIS FLAME WILL NEVER QUITE EQUAL YOURS!
BUT WILL HE BE ALL RIGHT, OTHERWISE?
YES!

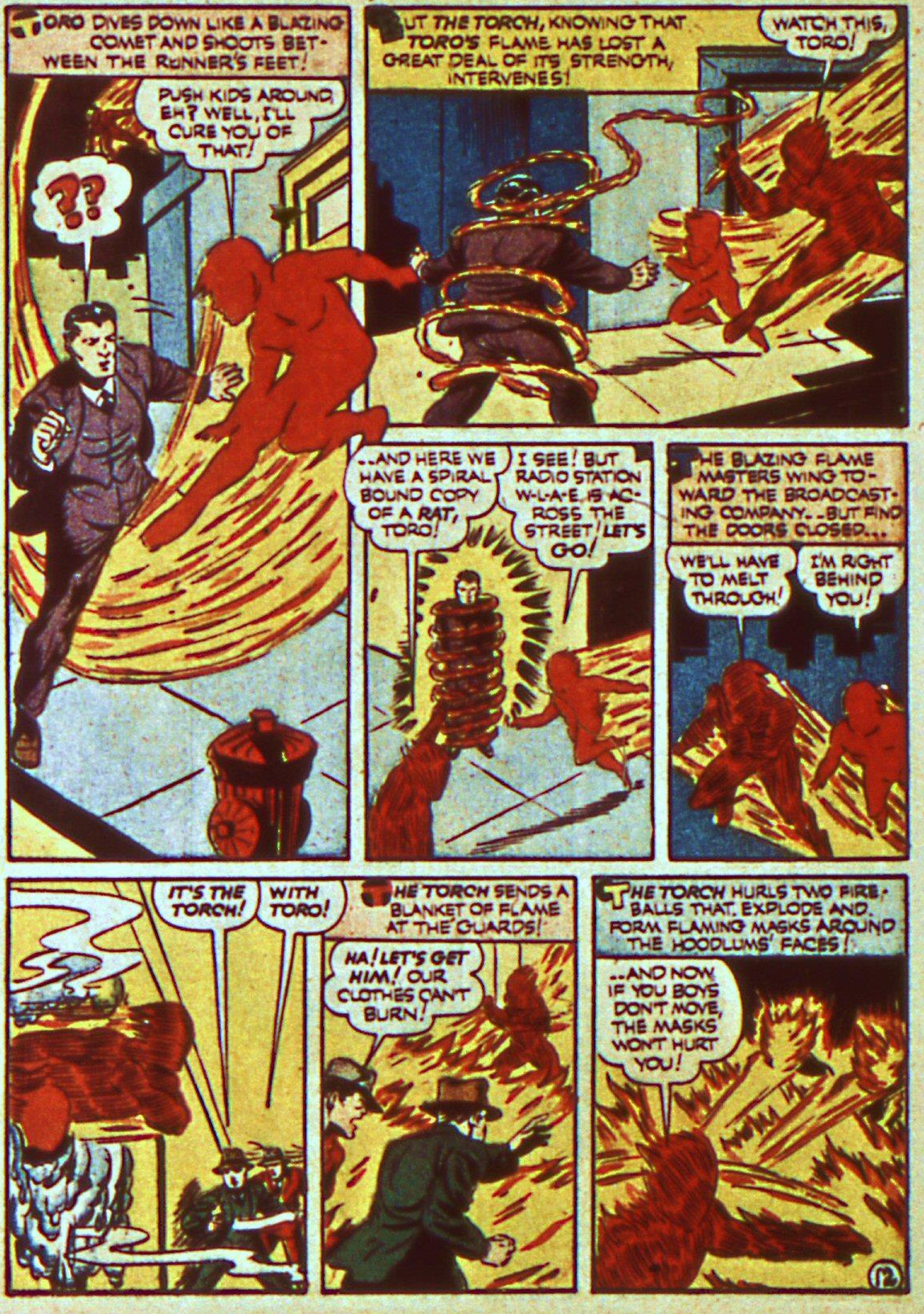

AT THAT MOMENT... SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK!
GOOD WORK ON THE BLACKOUT! NOW TO MAKE PLANS FOR TO-MORROW!
SPILL IT, HAG!
TO BEGIN WITH, WE'LL HAVE TO TALK ABOUT THE TORCH! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD STOP MY PLAN!
LATER
HEH! HEH! AND THAT'S HOW WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE TORCH!
DAT'S A CINCH!
NOW, YOU BUZZARDS, GET SOME SHUTEYE! TO-MORROW WILL BE A BUSY DAY!
OKAY, BOSS!
THE NEXT DAY...AFTER EMERGENCY LIGHT PLANTS HAVE BEEN PUT INTO OPERATION, AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE HAS BEEN OPEN A FEW HOURS...
NO, NO!! IT CAN'T BE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE TICKER! ALL STOCKS ARE READING DOWN! THE MARKET'S GOING TO CRASH!
SO THAT'S WHY THOSE MEN PAID A VISIT HERE! LET'S SEE WHAT'S WRONG!
LOOK! THOSE MEN BUYING UP STOCKS! THEY'RE WELL KNOWN CROOKS, AND NEVER PLAY THE MARKET!
..THINK THEY MIGHT BELONG TO THIS HAG'S GANG YOU TOLD ME ABOUT, TORCH?
I DO... AND HERE'S WHERE I GO INTO ACTION!
THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME!

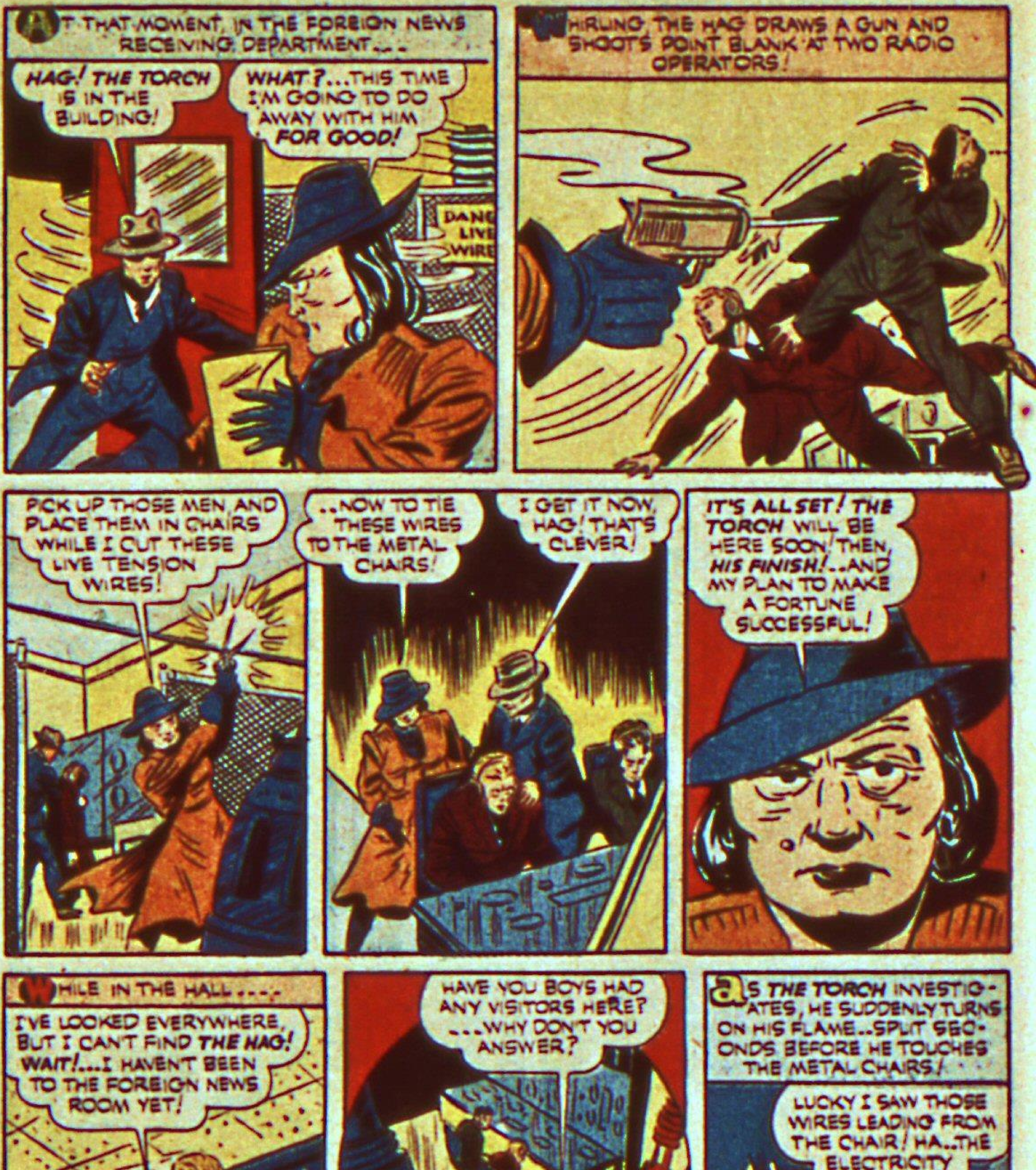

THE TORCH SENDS FIRE-BALLS AT THE FEET OF THE THUGS!
'THAT'S IT, DANCE!'
AS THE MEN LEAP INTO THE AIR, A CIRCULAR DISK OF FLAME SHOOTS UNDER THEM!
?
THEN, THE TORCH WHIRLS AROUND THE MEN, FORMING A HUGE TANK OF FLAME.
HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING TRAPPED IN A CONTAINER OF FIRE?
H-HE'S DIVING RIGHT AT US!
HA! THE HAG HAD IT FIGURED RIGHT! THE TORCH'S FLAME AROUND US IS WEAK! THIS IS GONNA BE A CINCH..AND THE END OF THE TORCH!
AS THE TORCH GETS CLOSER, THE TRAPPED MEN BREAK THROUGH THE FLAMING CONTAINER.
DIDN'T THINK THEY WOULD DO THAT!...HM-M! THEIR CLOTHES ARE NOT BURNING!
HA! YOUR FLAME'S GOING OUT! THIS IS ONE TIME YOUR FIRE ISNT GOING TO HELP YOU!
THE TORCH CRASHES INTO ONE OF THE ESCAPING MEN!
OUR SUITS ARE CHEMICALLY TREATED!...AND HERE'S THE PAYOFF, TORCH!
SOC

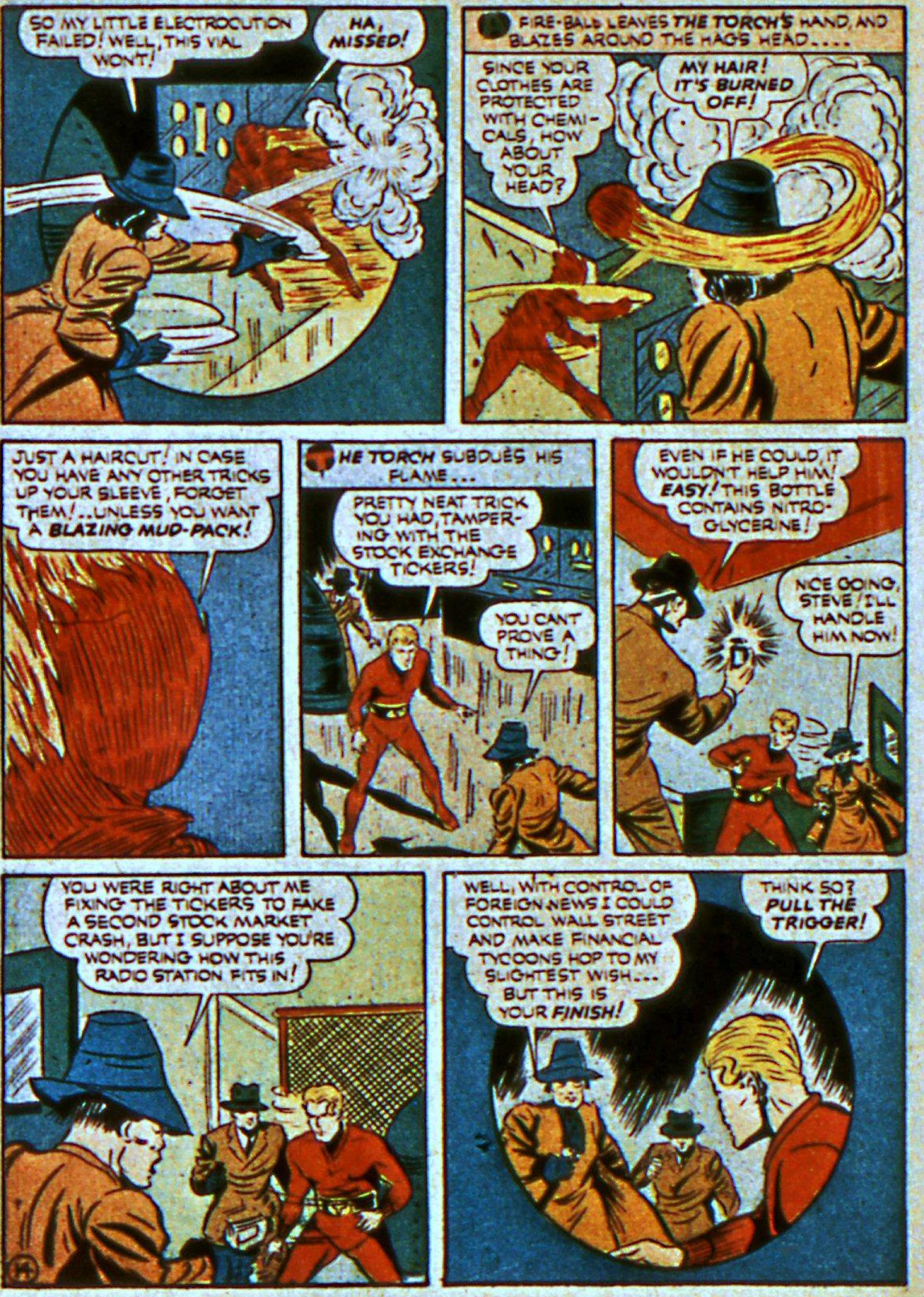

AT THE SAME TIME, OTHER MEMBERS OF THE HAG'S BAND CLOSE IN ON THE TORCH!
QUITE HUMAN WITHOUT YOUR FIRE, EH, TORCH?
HERE'S AN' OTHER ONE, FIRE BUG!
SOCK
SCRACK
SEND HIM DOWN TO ME, SPIKE!
THE EXCHANGE POLICE RUSH THE MEN AS THE TORCH DROPS TO THE FLOOR!
OKAY- REACH!
A BLAST OF GUN-FIRE GREETS THE PRIVATE POLICE!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THE COPS! NOW TO FINISH OFF TORCHY!
WHAT TH-..? YEOW! HIS HAND IS AS HOT AS FIRE!
RIGHT, CHUMP! DID YOU FORGET I CAN CONTROL HEAT?
THE TORCH LEAPS UP FROM THE FLOOR....
SUDDENLY THE CHEMICAL DRIES, AND THE TORCH'S BODY BURSTS INTO FLAME!
SCRAM!
THE TORCH LAUGHS AND LETS LOOSE TWO FIRE-BALLS ALONG THE FLOOR!
THE BALLS CIRCLE AROUND THE MEN'S FEET, BURNING THEIR SHOES AND STOCKINGS OFF!

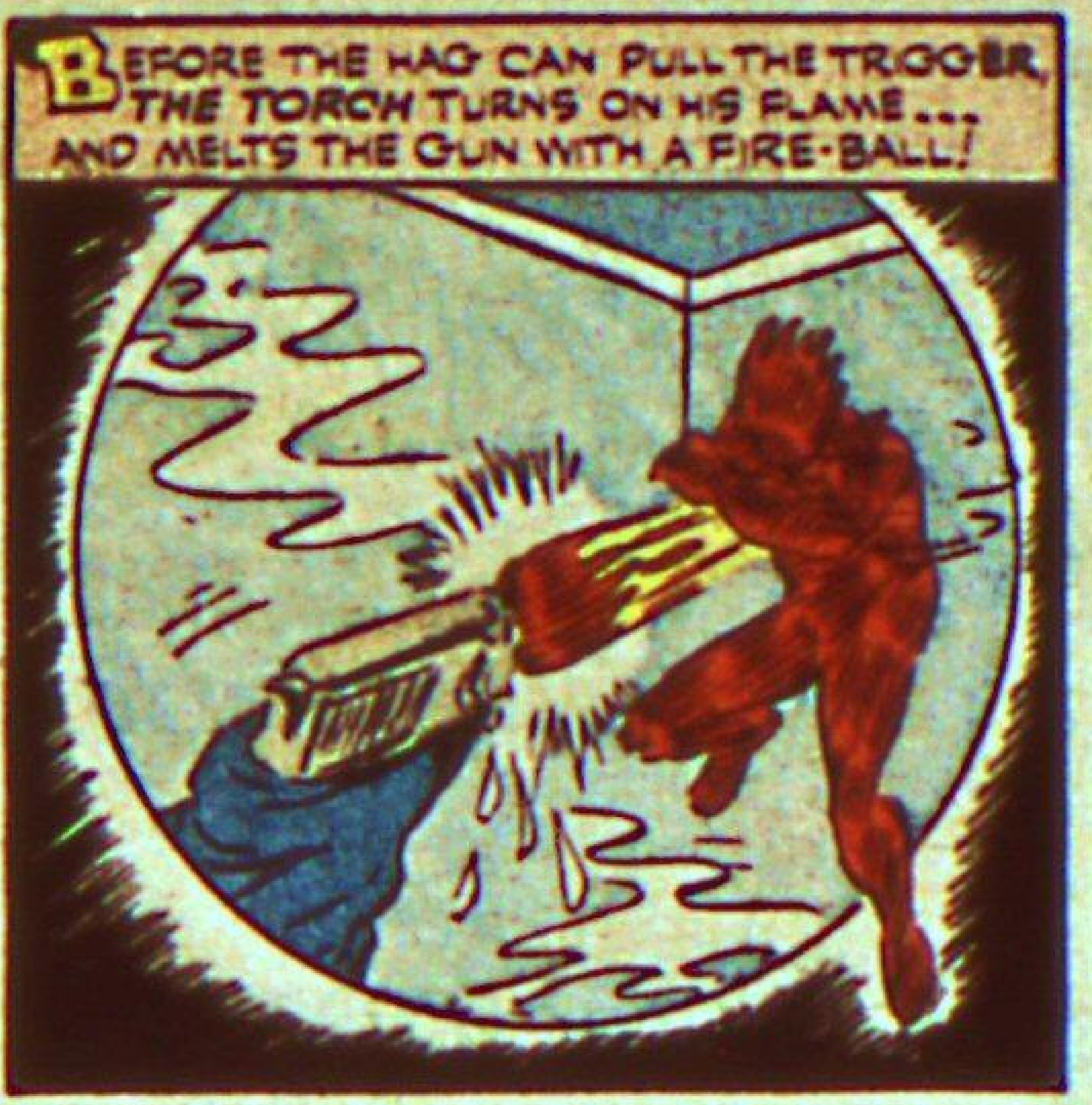

AS THE TORCH YELLS, THE FIRE-BALLS EXPLODE....
...AND FORM STRINGS OF FLAME! ...THE TORCH GRABS ONE AND ROLLS IT UP!
ALL I NEED NOW IS SOME CONFETTI TO MAKE THIS FIRE PARTY HOMEY!
THE STRINGER OF FIRE CIRCLES THE MEN AND FORMS INTO A BLAZING KNOT!
HOW'S THAT, BOYS?
WHILE OUTSIDE THE STOCK EXCHANGE, LOOKING IN...
THE TORCH HAS GOT THEM IN A ROPE OF FIRE!
YEAH, BUT HE'S GOT HIS FLAME OFF, NOW! WE COULD EASILY POLISH HIM OFF!
AT THAT MOMENT, TORO, HAVING BEEN DISCHARGED FROM THE HOSPITAL, PICKS UP A MESSAGE FOR THE TORCH FROM POLICE CHIEF RYAN AND SPEEDS TOWARD THE STOCK EXCHANGE!
OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY IS READY TO MAKE A KILL!
?
HEY, YOU CHUMP! STOP PUSHING MY ARM!
DUCK! TORO'S COMING RIGHT AT US!
AND MY FLAME ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO STOP THEM! I'LL HAVE TO TRY A BLUFF!

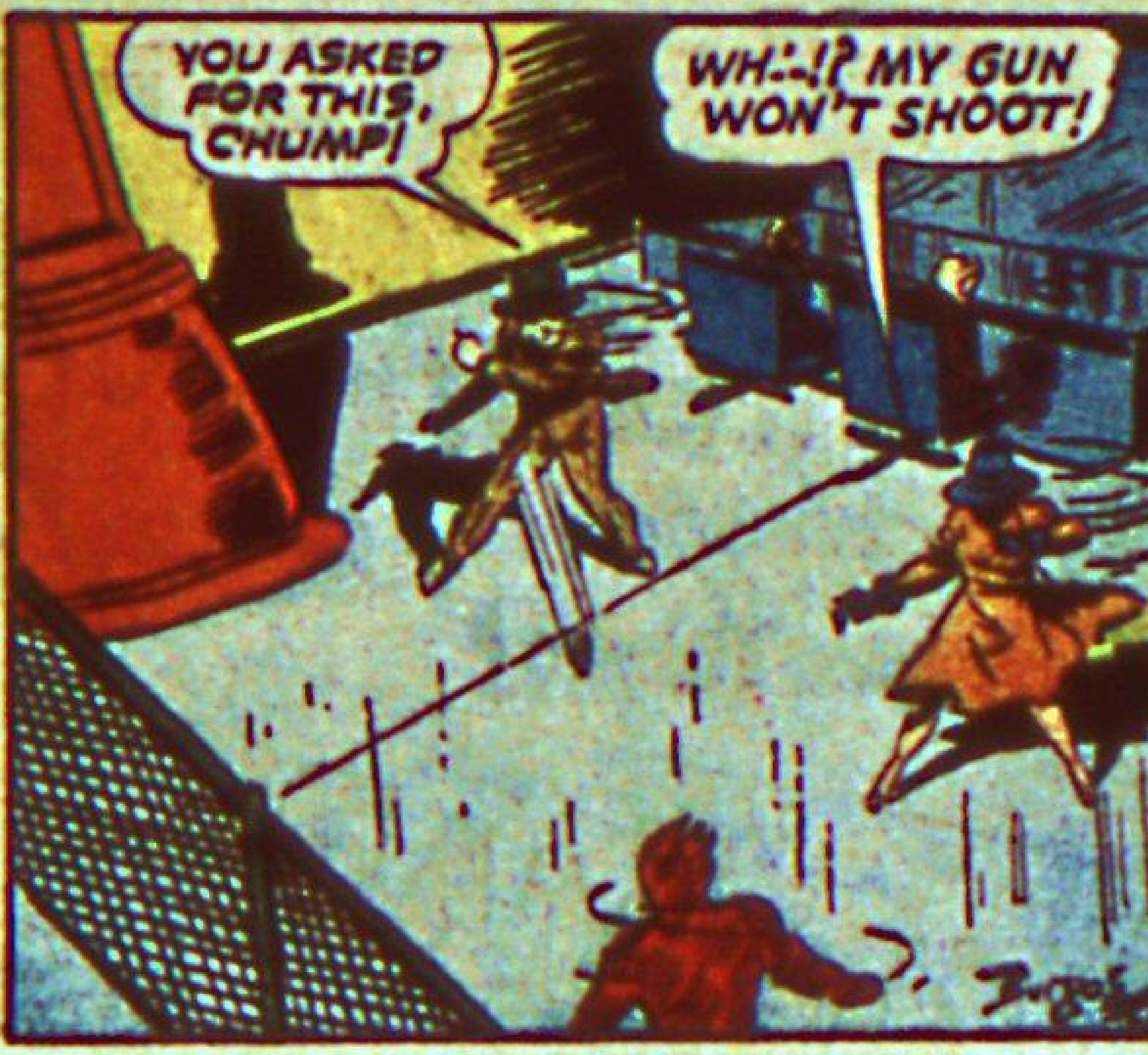

FROM MID-AIR, TORO HURLS A HOLLOW, BOMB-SHAPED TUBE OF FIRE OVER THE MEN!
THIS IS MY BAD MAN SPECIAL!
?
IF YOU BOYS MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE, IT'LL EXPLODE!
HA! IT WORKED!
TORO SUBDUES HIS FLAME...
NOW TO GET TO THE TORCH!
OUT OF MY WAY, USELESS!
UGH!
SMASH!
FEELS LIKE I WAS HIT BY A TORNADO! ..HEY, TORCH! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!
TORO! WHERE DID THAT FELLOW GO?
TURN ON YOUR FLAME! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM! HE'S ONE OF THE HAG'S MEN!
THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU! THE HAG HAS TAKEN OVER THE W-L-A-E RADIO STATION!
WHAT?.. RADIO STATION, EH? NOW I KNOW THE ANSWER TO THE HAG'S MEN BUYING STOCK!
I DON'T GET IT!
NEVER MIND! LOOK! THERE GOES THE GUY WHO KNOCKED YOU DOWN!
YEAH? WELL I'VE A LITTLE PRESENT FOR HIM!

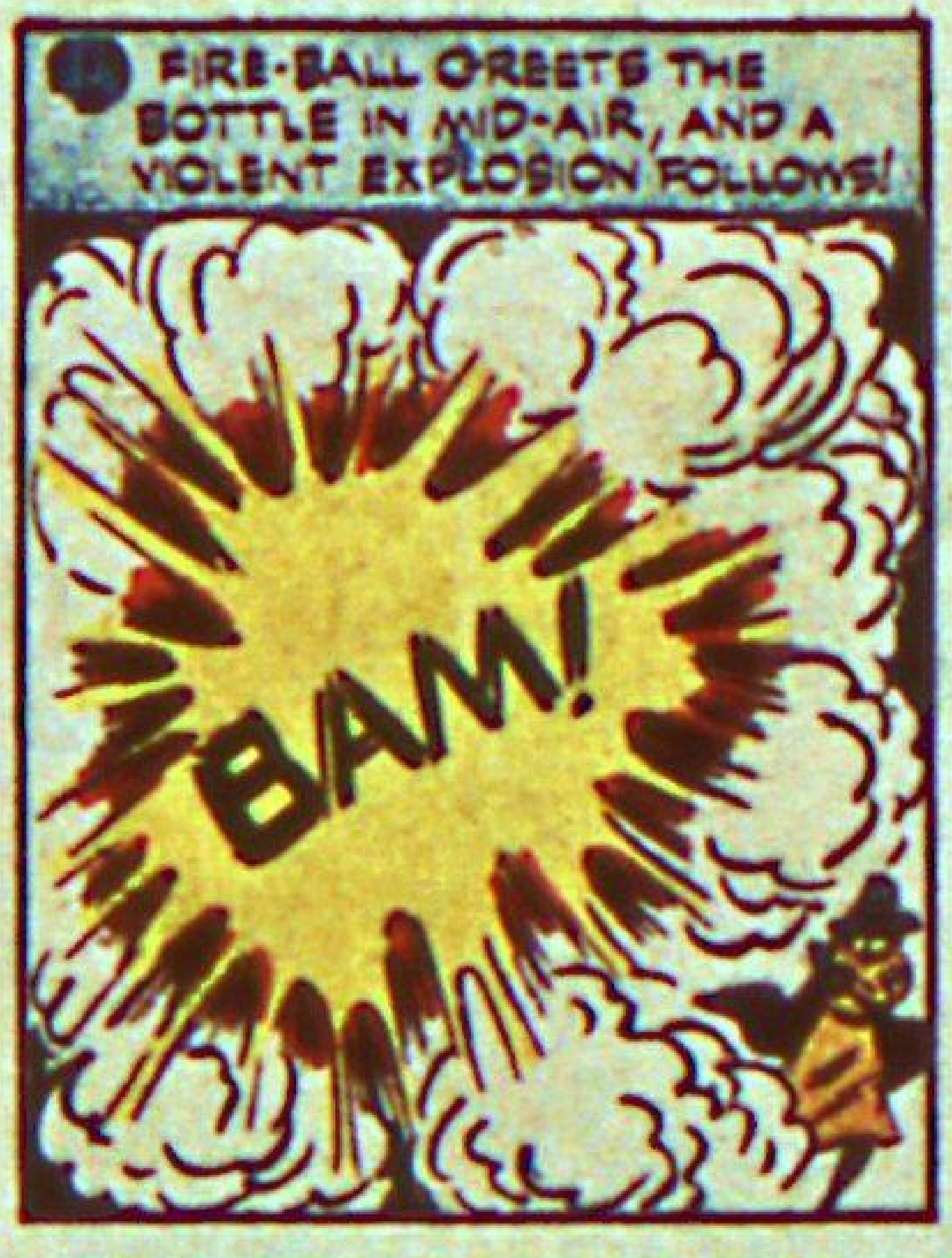

TORO DIVES DOWN LIKE A BLAZING COMET AND SHOOTS BETWEEN THE RUNNER'S FEET!
PUSH KIDS AROUND, EH? WELL, I'LL CURE YOU OF THAT!
??
BUT THE TORCH, KNOWING THAT TORO'S FLAME HAS LOST A GREAT DEAL OF ITS STRENGTH, INTERVENES!
WATCH THIS, TORO!
..AND HERE WE HAVE A SPIRAL BOUND COPY OF A RAT, TORO!
I SEE! BUT RADIO STATION W-L-A-E. IS ACROSS THE STREET! LET'S GO!
THE BLAZING FLAME MASTERS WING TOWARD THE BROADCASTING COMPANY..BUT FIND THE DOORS CLOSED...
WE'LL HAVE TO MELT THROUGH!
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
IT'S THE TORCH!
WITH TORO!
THE TORCH SENDS A BLANKET OF FLAME AT THE GUARDS!
HA! LET'S GET HIM! OUR CLOTHES CAN'T BURN!
THE TORCH HURLS TWO FIRE-BALLS THAT EXPLODE AND FORM FLAMING MASKS AROUND THE HOODLUMS' FACES!
..AND NOW, IF YOU BOYS DON'T MOVE, THE MASKS WONT HURT YOU!

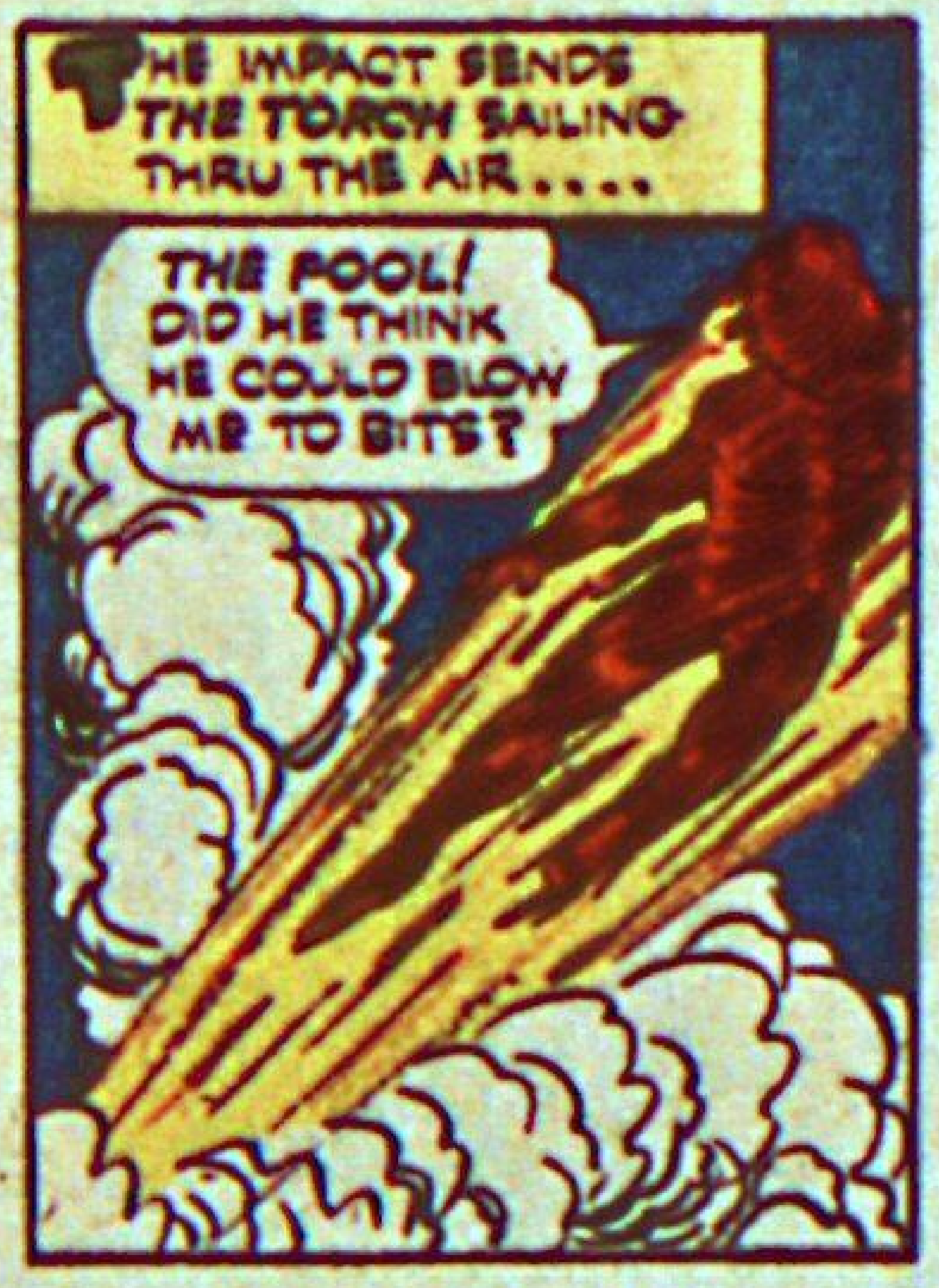

AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE FOREIGN NEWS RECEIVING DEPARTMENT...
HAG! THE TORCH IS IN THE BUILDING!
WHAT?...THIS TIME I'M GOING TO DO AWAY WITH HIM FOR GOOD!
DANG LIVE WIRE
WHIRLING, THE HAG DRAWS A GUN AND SHOOTS POINT BLANK AT TWO RADIO OPERATORS!
PICK UP THOSE MEN, AND PLACE THEM IN CHAIRS WHILE I CUT THESE LIVE TENSION WIRES!
..NOW TO TIE THESE WIRES TO THE METAL CHAIRS!
I GET IT NOW, HAG! THAT'S CLEVER!
IT'S ALL SET! THE TORCH WILL BE HERE SOON! THEN, HIS FINISH!..AND MY PLAN TO MAKE A FORTUNE SUCCESSFUL!
WHILE IN THE HALL....
I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE, BUT I CAN'T FIND THE HAG! WAIT!...I HAVEN'T BEEN TO THE FOREIGN NEWS ROOM YET!
13
HAVE YOU BOYS HAD ANY VISITORS HERE? ...WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?
THE TORCH RACES TO THE FOREIGN NEWS ROOM!
AS THE TORCH INVESTIGATES, HE SUDDENLY TURNS ON HIS FLAME..SPLIT SECONDS BEFORE HE TOUCHES THE METAL CHAIRS!
LUCKY I SAW THOSE WIRES LEADING FROM THE CHAIR! HA..THE ELECTRICITY TICKLES!

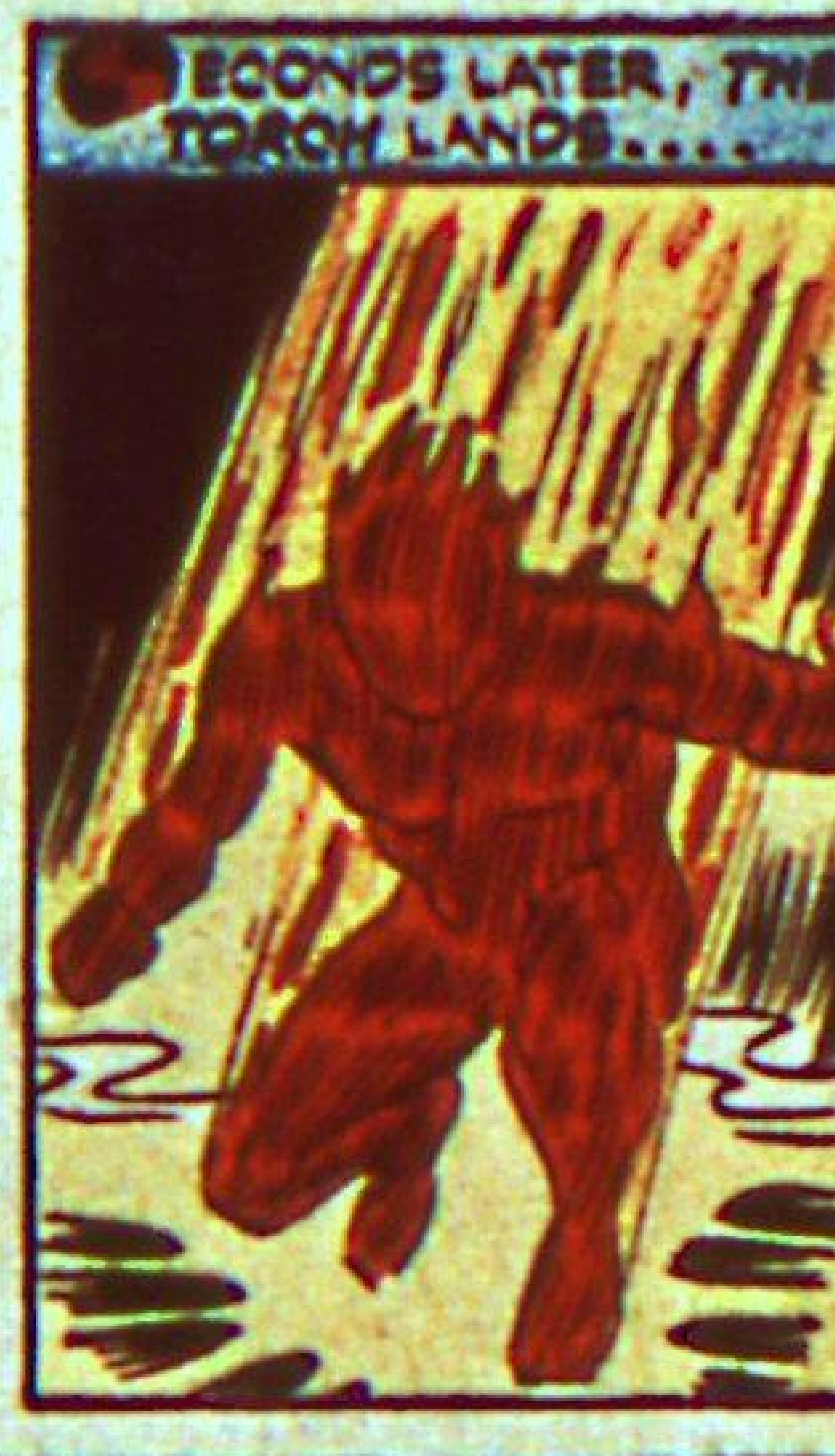

SO MY LITTLE ELECTROCUTION FAILED! WELL, THIS VIAL WONT!
HA, MISSED!
FIRE-BALL LEAVES THE TORCH'S HAND, AND BLAZES AROUND THE HAG'S HEAD....
SINCE YOUR CLOTHES ARE PROTECTED WITH CHEMICALS, HOW ABOUT YOUR HEAD?
MY HAIR! IT'S BURNED OFF!
JUST A HAIRCUT! IN CASE YOU HAVE ANY OTHER TRICKS UP YOUR SLEEVE, FORGET THEM! ..UNLESS YOU WANT A BLAZING MUD-PACK!
THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME...
PRETTY NEAT TRICK YOU HAD, TAMPERING WITH THE STOCK EXCHANGE TICKERS!
YOU CANT PROVE A THING!
EVEN IF HE COULD, IT WOULDN'T HELP HIM! EASY! THIS BOTTLE CONTAINS NITROGLYCERINE!
NICE GOING, STEVE! I'LL HANDLE HIM NOW!
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT ME FIXING THE TICKERS TO FAKE A SECOND STOCK MARKET CRASH, BUT I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING HOW THIS RADIO STATION FITS IN!
WELL, WITH CONTROL OF FOREIGN NEWS I COULD CONTROL WALL STREET AND MAKE FINANCIAL TYCOONS HOP TO MY SLIGHTEST WISH... BUT THIS IS YOUR FINISH!
THINK SO? PULL THE TRIGGER!

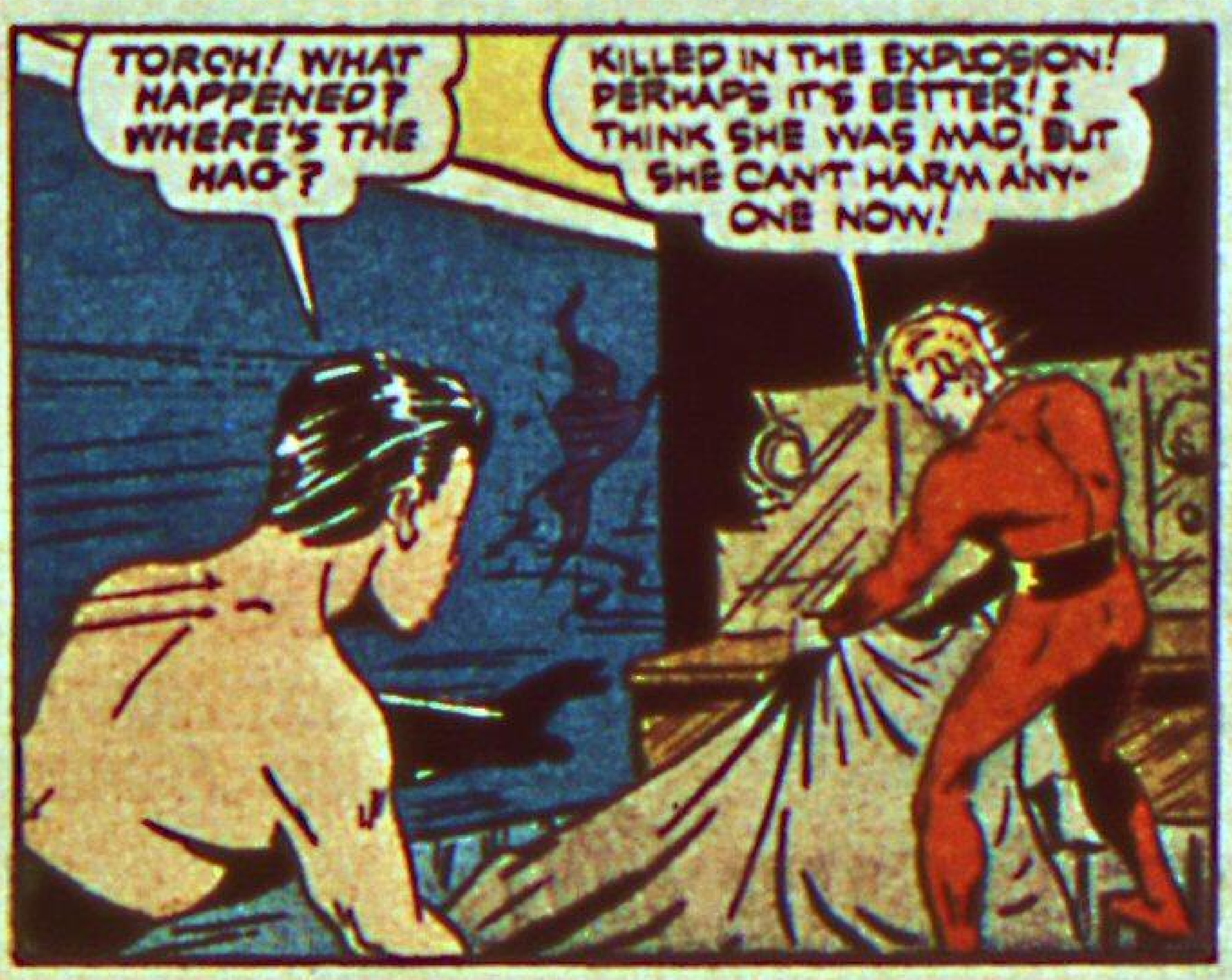

BEFORE THE HAG CAN PULL THE TRIGGER, THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME... AND MELTS THE GUN WITH A FIRE-BALL!

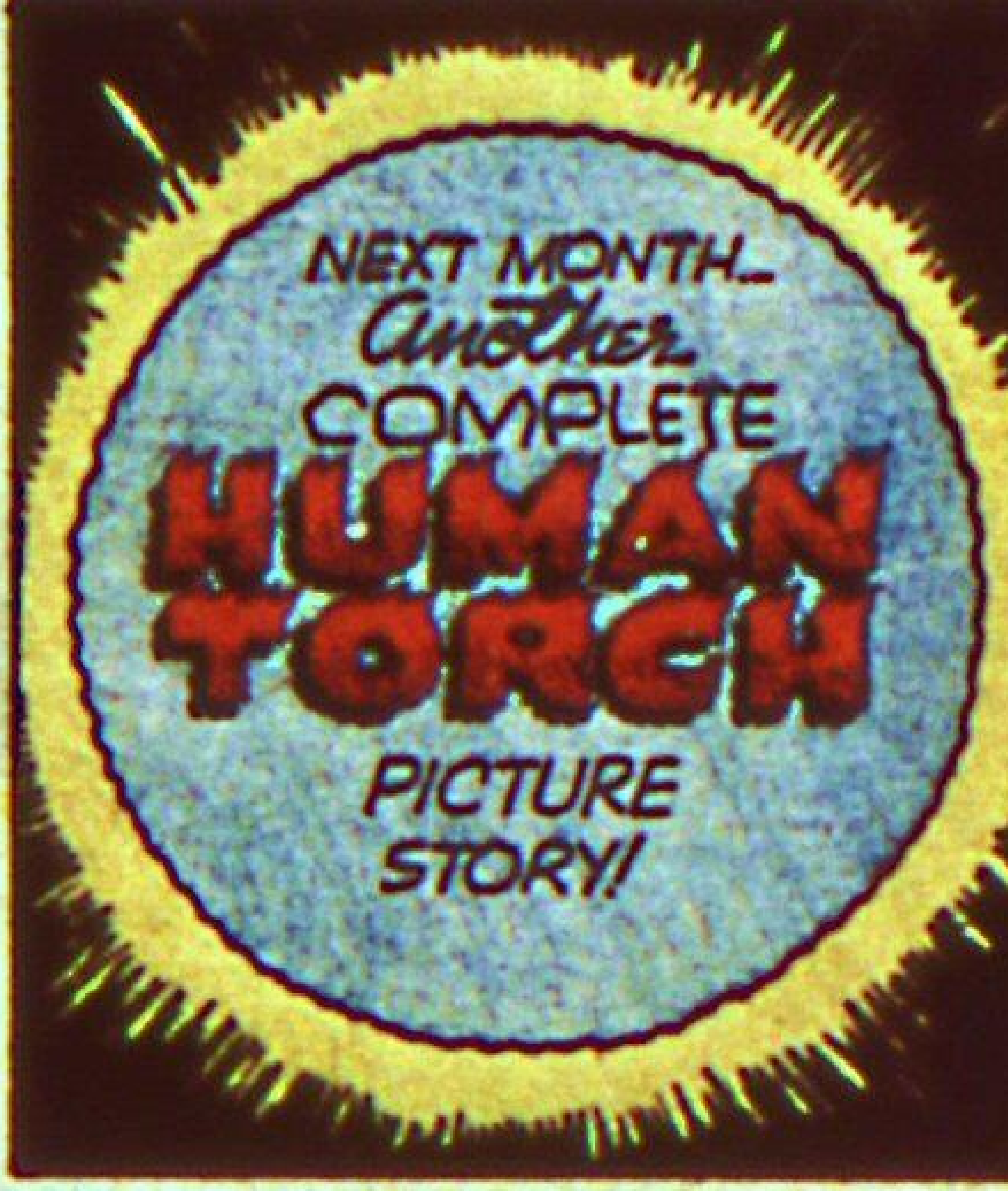

YOU ASKED FOR THIS, CHUMP!
WH--!? MY GUN WON'T SHOOT!


A FIRE-BALL GREETS THE BOTTLE IN MID-AIR, AND A VIOLENT EXPLOSION FOLLOWS!
BAM!


THE IMPACT SENDS THE TORCH SAILING THRU THE AIR....
THE FOOL! DID HE THINK HE COULD BLOW ME TO BITS?


SECONDS LATER, THE TORCH LANDS....

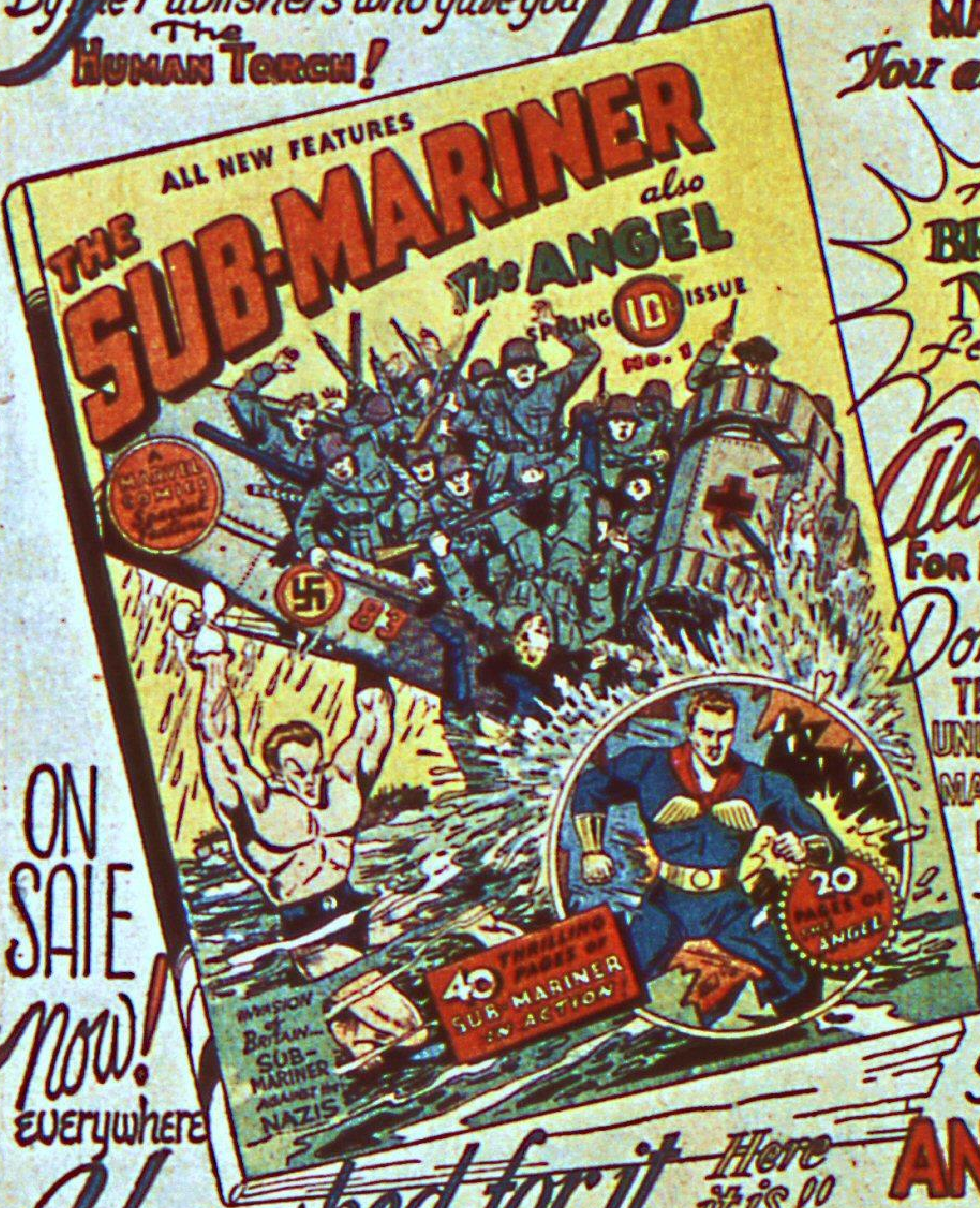

TORCH! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S THE HAG?
KILLED IN THE EXPLOSION! PERHAPS IT'S BETTER! I THINK SHE WAS MAD, BUT SHE CAN'T HARM ANYONE NOW!


NEXT MONTH- Another COMPLETE HUMAN TORCH PICTURE STORY!

Gangway Mates!!

HERE IT COMES!
By the Publishers who gave you
The
HUMAN TORCH!

The
MAGAZINE
You asked for


ALL NEW FEATURES
THE SUB-MARINER
also
The ANGEL
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No. 1
A MARVEL COMIC Special Feature
83
INVASION OF BRITAIN— SUB-MARINER AGAINST THE NAZIS
40 THRILLING PAGES OF SUB MARINER IN ACTION
20 PAGES OF THE ANGEL

All
BRAND
NEW
features

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THE MOST
UNUSUAL COMIC
MAGAZINE EVER
PUBLISHED
featuring
SUB
MARINER
and
The
ANGEL
IN ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE
STORIES OF ACTION

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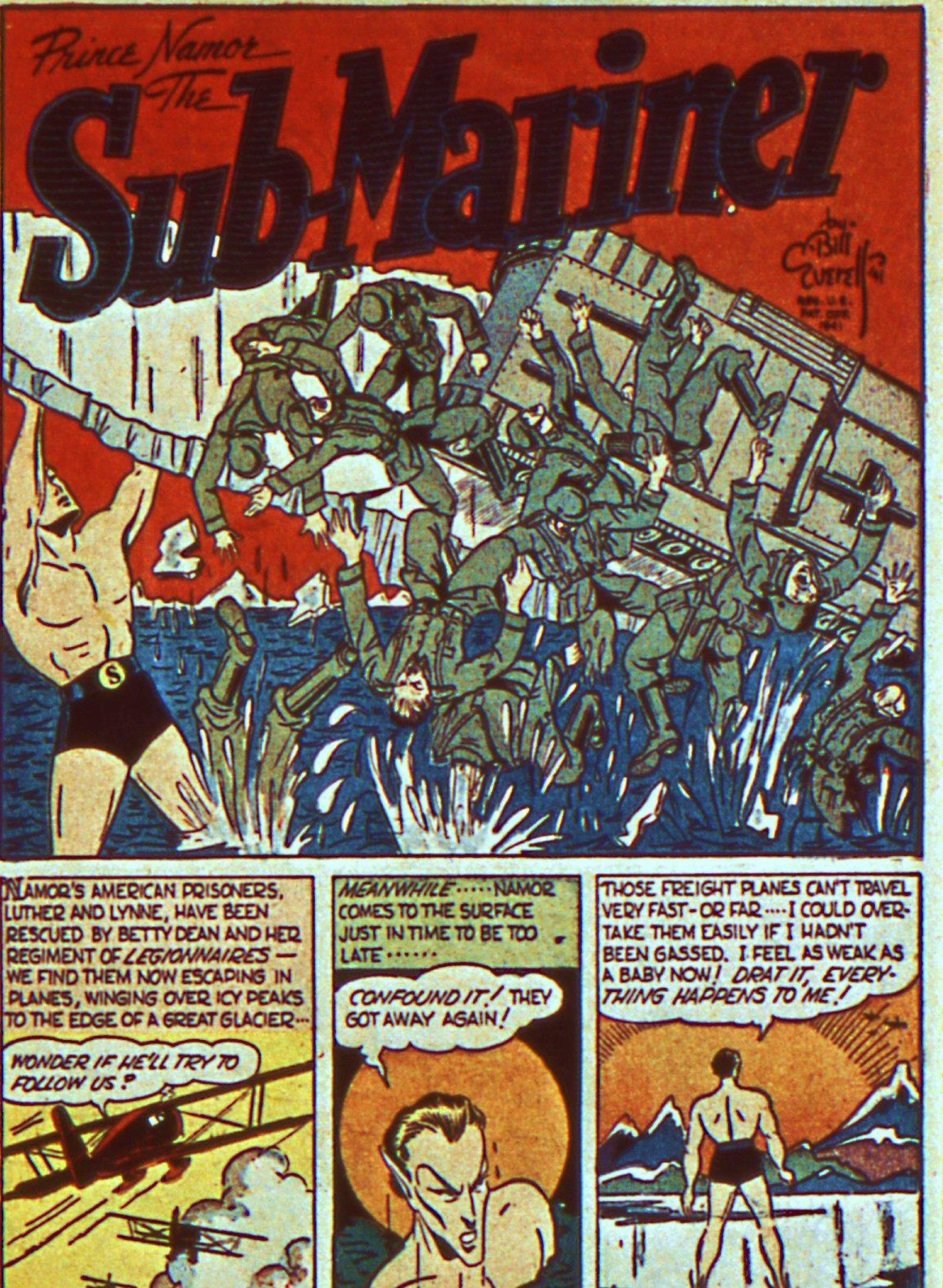
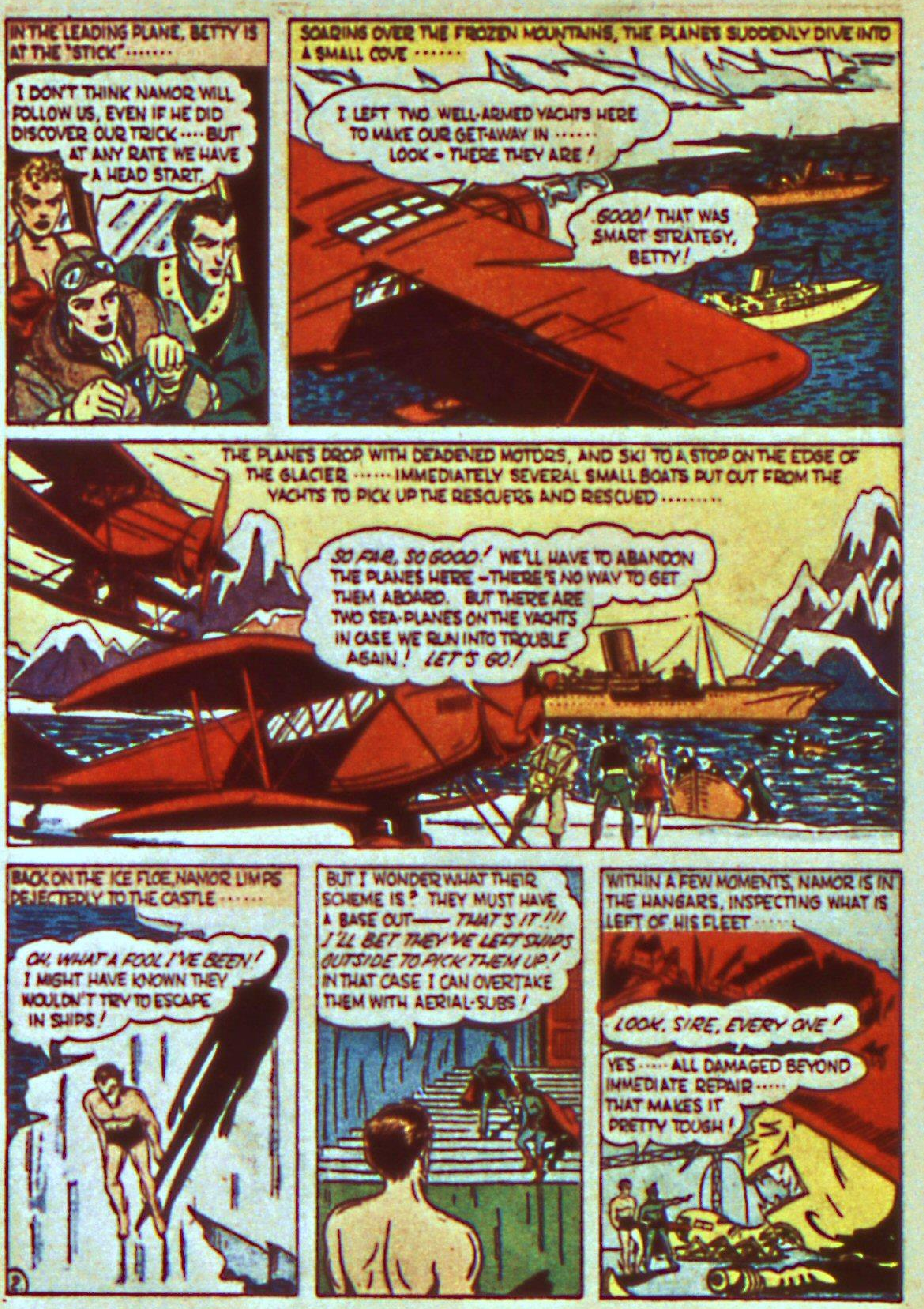
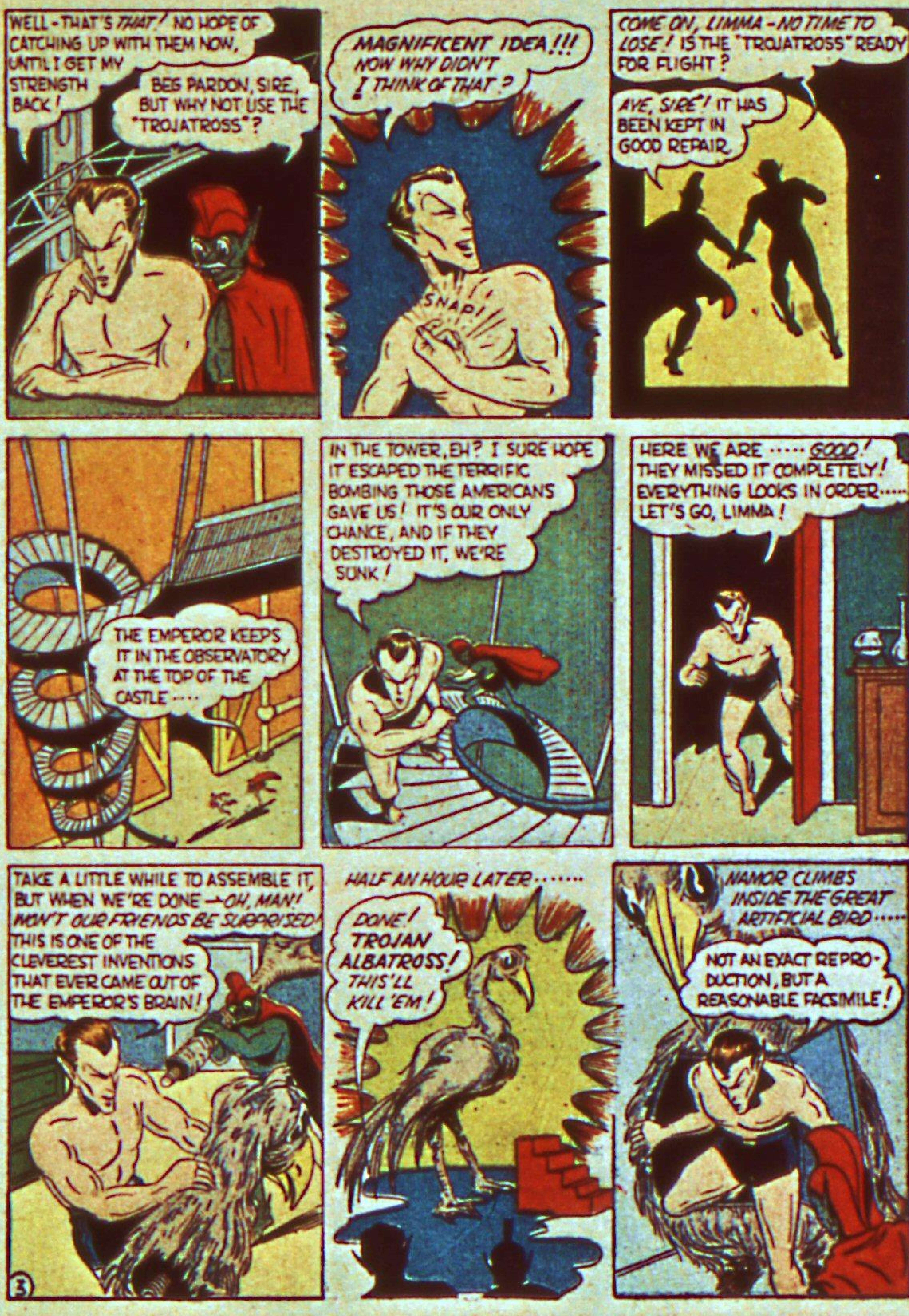
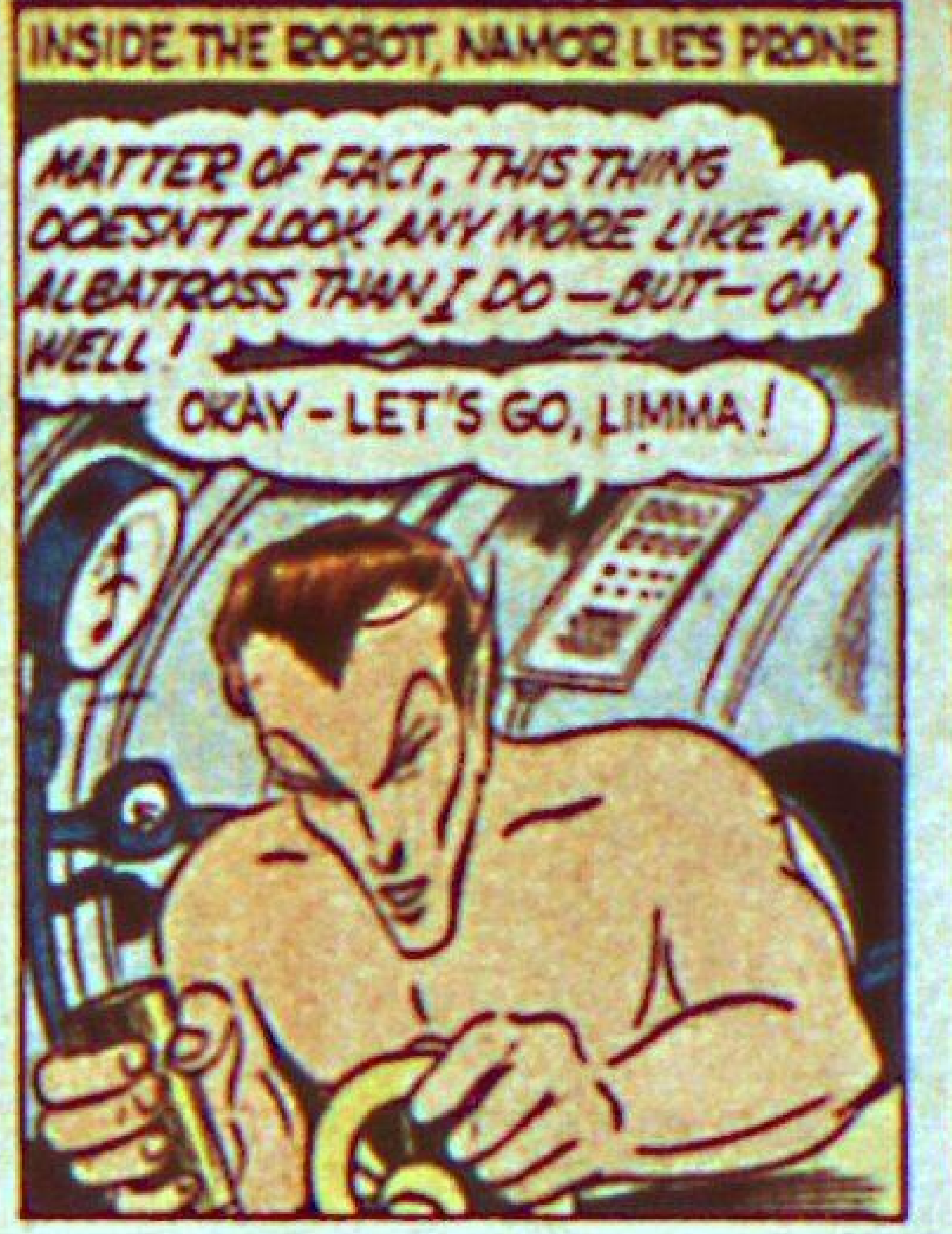
You asked for it Here it is!!

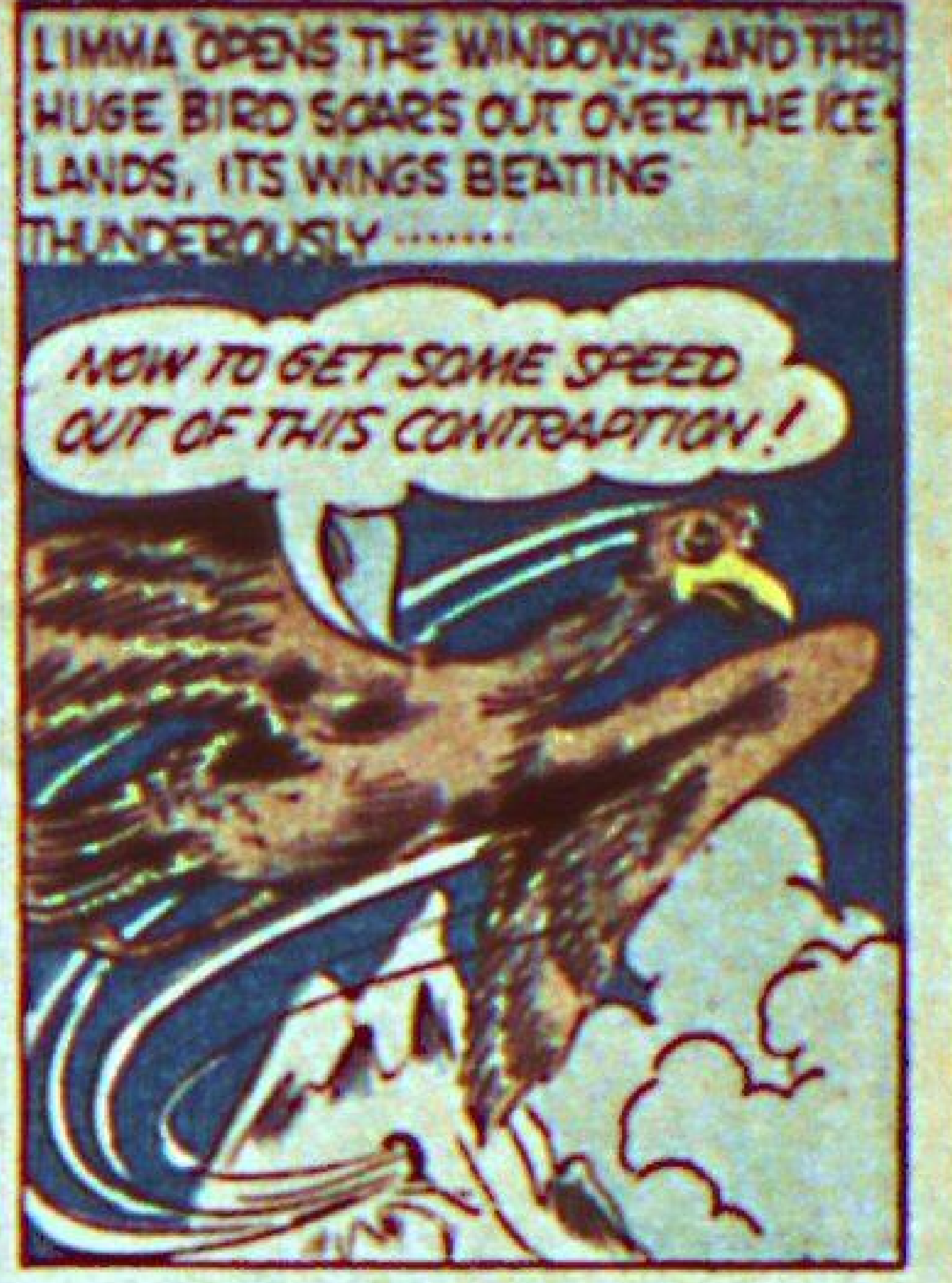
SPRING ISSUE 10¢

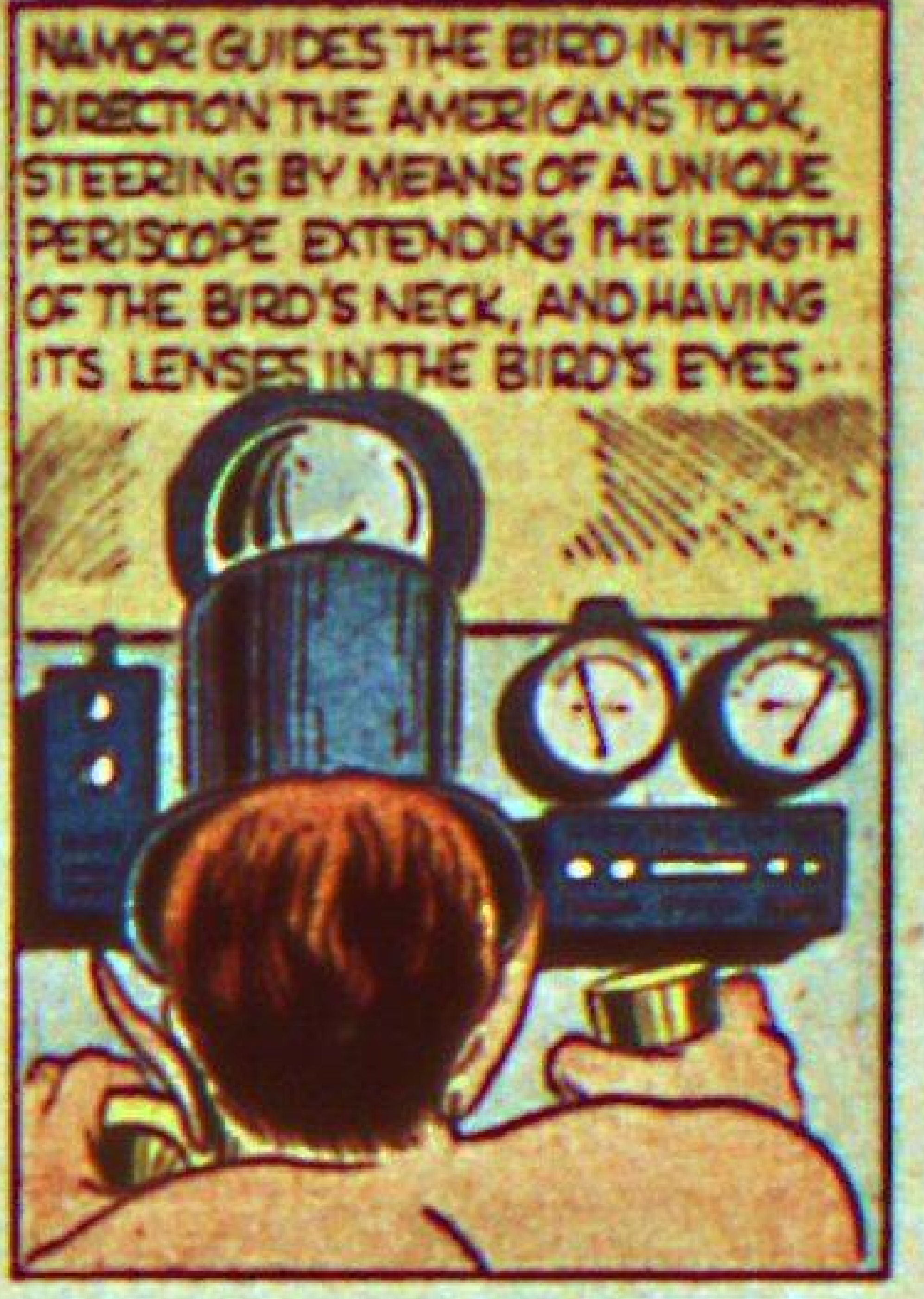

Prince Namor The Sub-Mariner
by Bill Everett '41
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1941
NAMOR'S AMERICAN PRISONERS, LUTHER AND LYNNE, HAVE BEEN RESCUED BY BETTY DEAN AND HER REGIMENT OF *LEGIONNAIRES* — WE FIND THEM NOW ESCAPING IN PLANES, WINGING OVER ICY PEAKS TO THE EDGE OF A GREAT GLACIER...
WONDER IF HE'LL TRY TO FOLLOW US?
MEANWHILE ..... NAMOR COMES TO THE SURFACE JUST IN TIME TO BE TOO LATE ......
CONFOUND IT! THEY GOT AWAY AGAIN!
THOSE FREIGHT PLANES CAN'T TRAVEL VERY FAST - OR FAR .... I COULD OVERTAKE THEM EASILY IF I HADN'T BEEN GASSED. I FEEL AS WEAK AS A BABY NOW! *DRAT IT, EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME!*

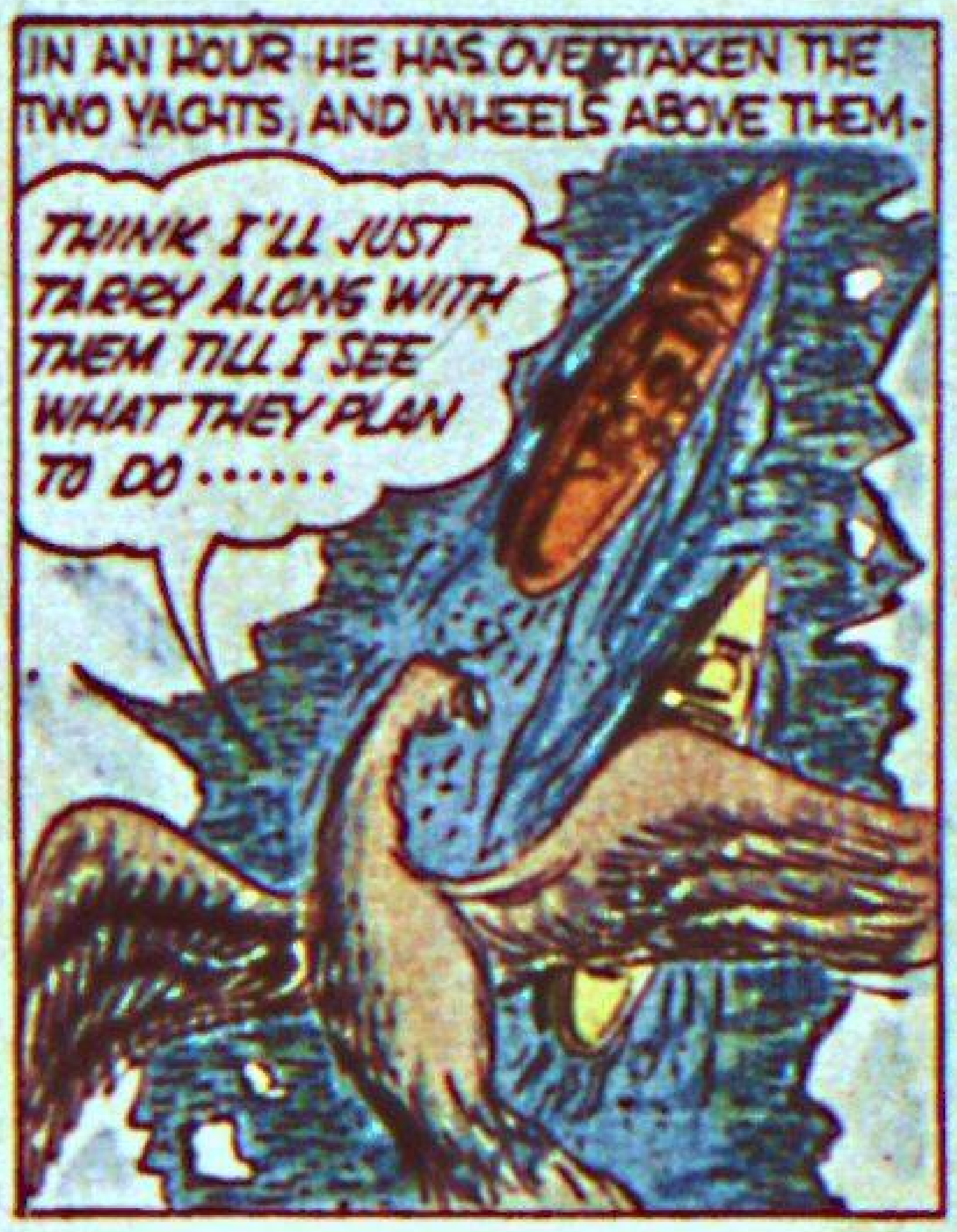

IN THE LEADING PLANE, BETTY IS AT THE "STICK"·······
I DON'T THINK NAMOR WILL FOLLOW US, EVEN IF HE DID DISCOVER OUR TRICK···· BUT AT ANY RATE WE HAVE A HEAD START.
SOARING OVER THE FROZEN MOUNTAINS, THE PLANES SUDDENLY DIVE INTO A SMALL COVE·······
I LEFT TWO WELL-ARMED YACHTS HERE TO MAKE OUR GET-AWAY IN······ LOOK - THERE THEY ARE!
GOOD! THAT WAS SMART STRATEGY, BETTY!
THE PLANES DROP WITH DEADENED MOTORS, AND SKI TO A STOP ON THE EDGE OF THE GLACIER······ IMMEDIATELY SEVERAL SMALL BOATS PUT OUT FROM THE YACHTS TO PICK UP THE RESCUERS AND RESCUED·········
SO FAR, SO GOOD! WE'LL HAVE TO ABANDON THE PLANES HERE - THERE'S NO WAY TO GET THEM ABOARD. BUT THERE ARE TWO SEA-PLANES ON THE YACHTS IN CASE WE RUN INTO TROUBLE AGAIN! LET'S GO!
BACK ON THE ICE FLOE, NAMOR LIMPS DEJECTEDLY TO THE CASTLE······
OH, WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THEY WOULDN'T TRY TO ESCAPE IN SHIPS!
BUT I WONDER WHAT THEIR SCHEME IS? THEY MUST HAVE A BASE OUT—— THAT'S IT!!! I'LL BET THEY'VE LEFT SHIPS OUTSIDE TO PICK THEM UP! IN THAT CASE I CAN OVERTAKE THEM WITH AERIAL-SUBS!
WITHIN A FEW MOMENTS, NAMOR IS IN THE HANGARS, INSPECTING WHAT IS LEFT OF HIS FLEET······
LOOK, SIRE, EVERY ONE!
YES···· ALL DAMAGED BEYOND IMMEDIATE REPAIR····· THAT MAKES IT PRETTY TOUGH!
2

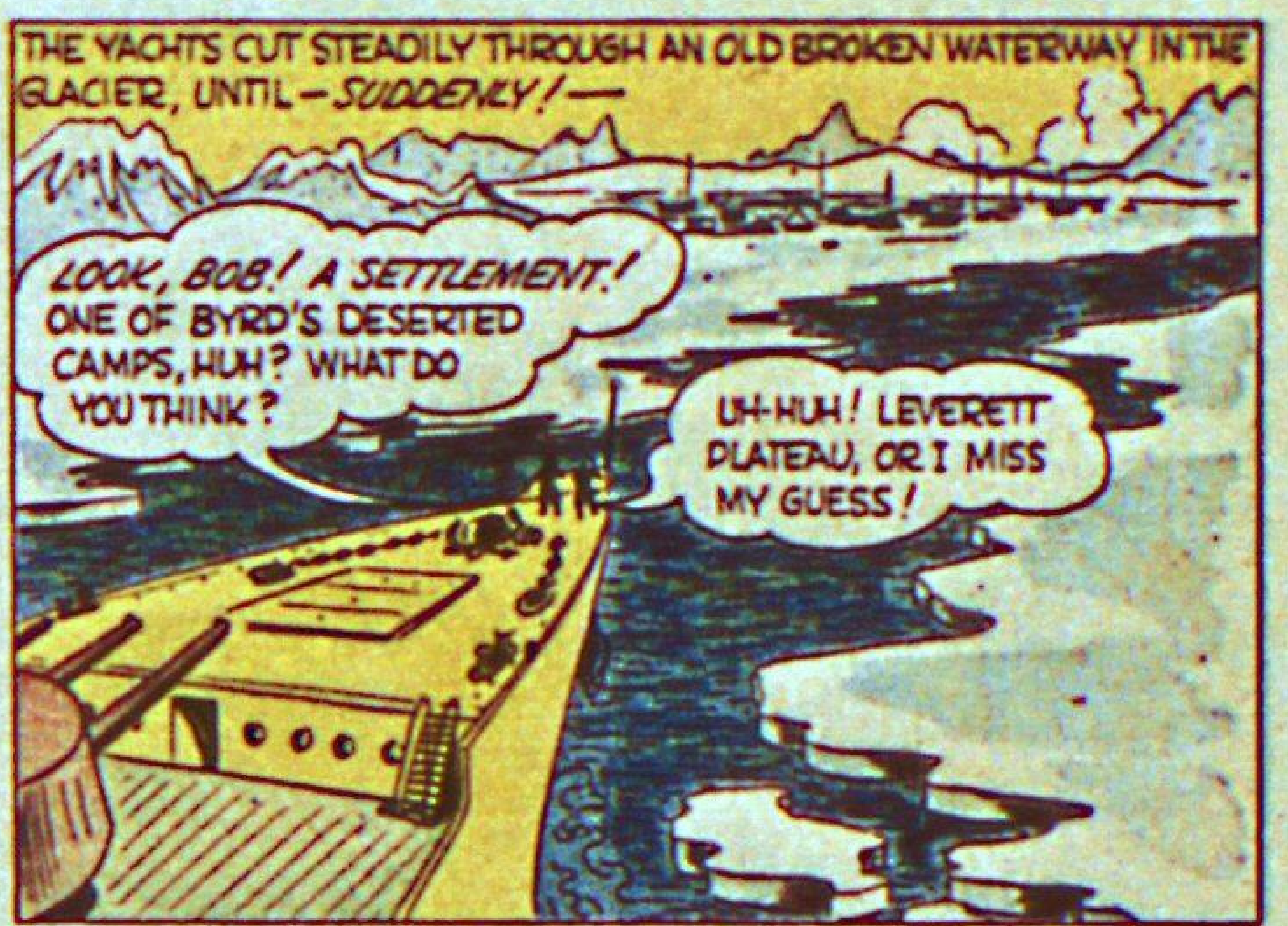

WELL - THAT'S *THAT!* NO HOPE OF CATCHING UP WITH THEM NOW, UNTIL I GET MY STRENGTH BACK!
BEG PARDON, SIRE, BUT WHY NOT USE THE "TROJATROSS"?
MAGNIFICENT IDEA!!! NOW WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?
SNAP!
COME ON, LIMMA - NO TIME TO LOSE! IS THE "TROJATROSS" READY FOR FLIGHT?
AYE, SIRE! IT HAS BEEN KEPT IN GOOD REPAIR.
THE EMPEROR KEEPS IT IN THE OBSERVATORY AT THE TOP OF THE CASTLE....
IN THE TOWER, EH? I SURE HOPE IT ESCAPED THE TERRIFIC BOMBING THOSE AMERICANS GAVE US! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE, AND IF THEY DESTROYED IT, WE'RE SUNK!
HERE WE ARE ..... *GOOD!* THEY MISSED IT COMPLETELY! EVERYTHING LOOKS IN ORDER..... LET'S GO, LIMMA!
TAKE A LITTLE WHILE TO ASSEMBLE IT, BUT WHEN WE'RE DONE → *OH, MAN! WON'T OUR FRIENDS BE SURPRISED!* THIS IS ONE OF THE CLEVEREST INVENTIONS THAT EVER CAME OUT OF THE EMPEROR'S BRAIN!
3
HALF AN HOUR LATER.......
DONE! TROJAN ALBATROSS! THIS'LL KILL 'EM!
NAMOR CLIMBS INSIDE THE GREAT ARTIFICIAL BIRD.....
NOT AN EXACT REPRODUCTION, BUT A REASONABLE FACSIMILE!

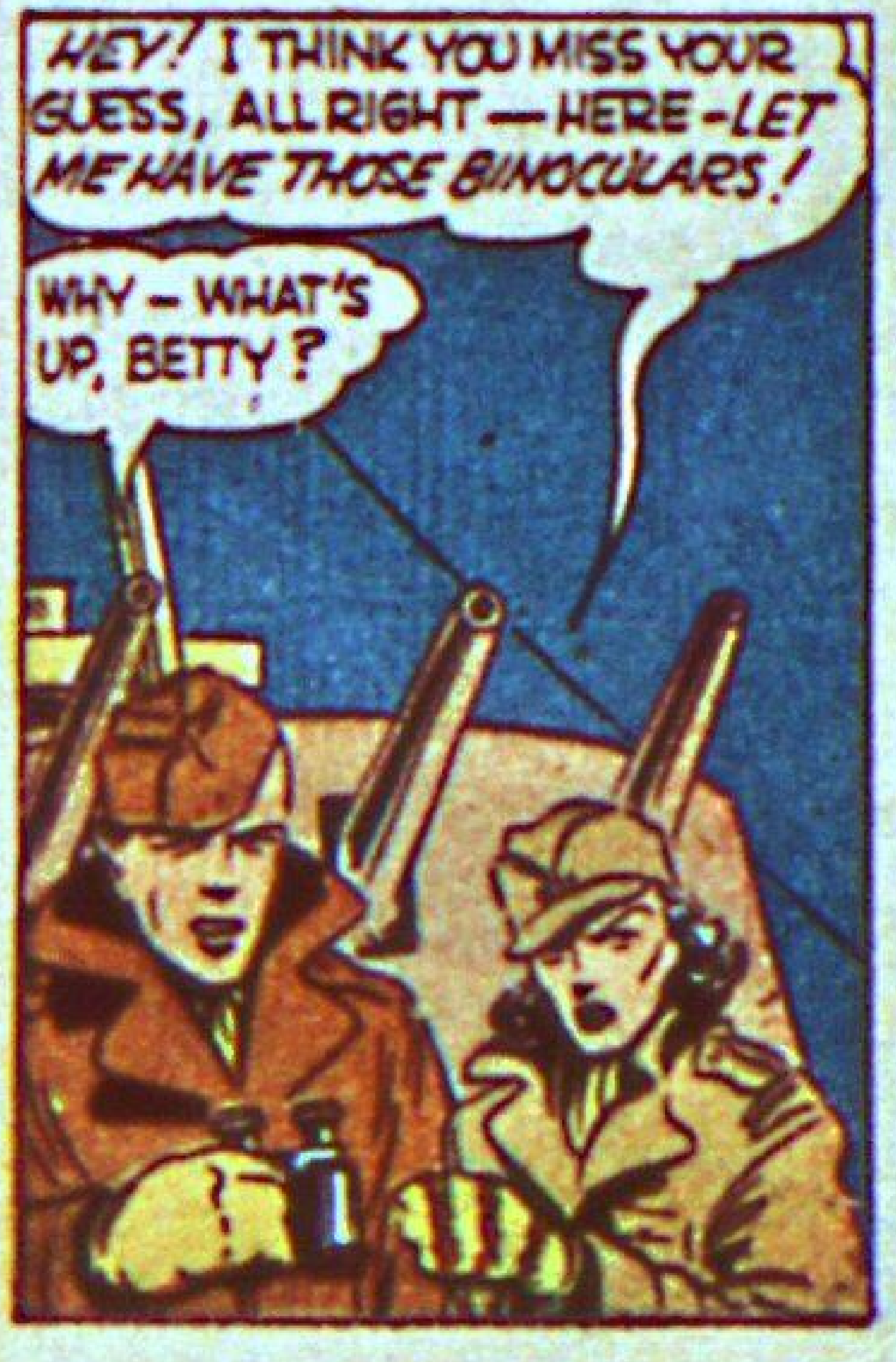

INSIDE THE ROBOT, NAMOR LIES PRONE
MATTER OF FACT, THIS THING DOESN'T LOOK ANY MORE LIKE AN ALBATROSS THAN I DO — BUT — OH WELL!
OKAY - LET'S GO, LIMMA!

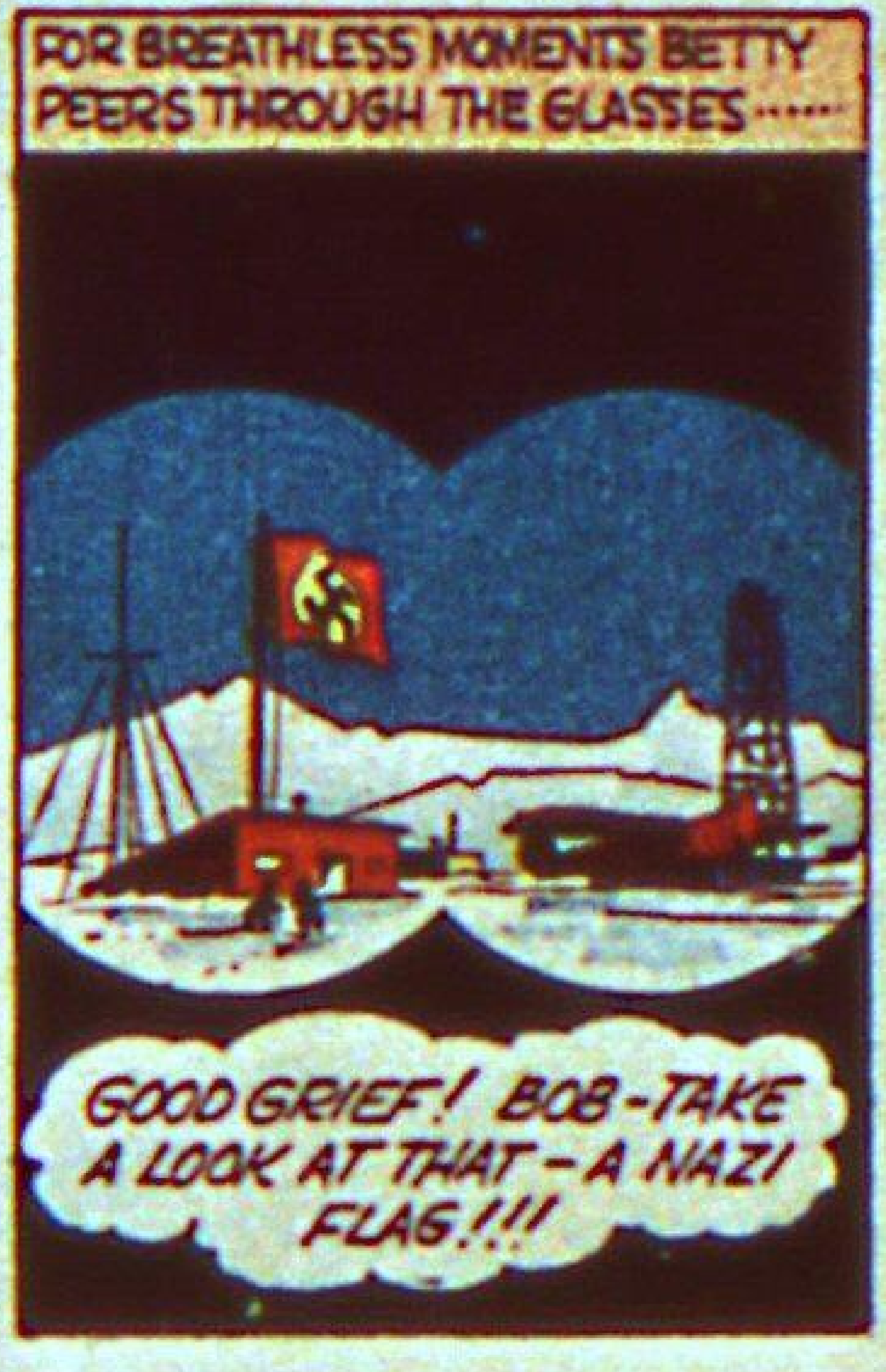

LIMMA OPENS THE WINDOWS, AND THE HUGE BIRD SOARS OUT OVER THE ICE-LANDS, ITS WINGS BEATING THUNDEROUSLY ·······
NOW TO GET SOME SPEED OUT OF THIS CONTRAPTION!

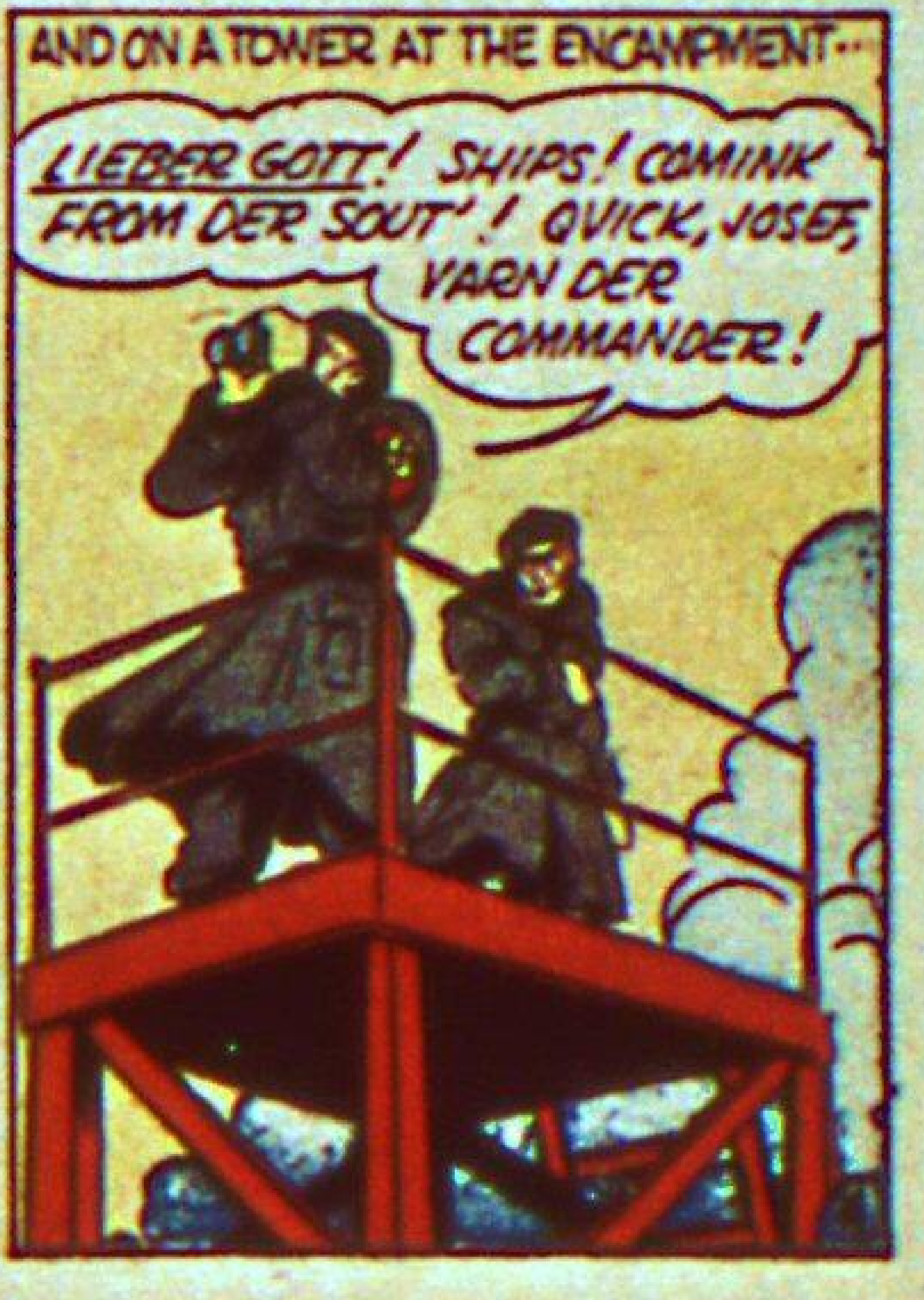

NAMOR GUIDES THE BIRD IN THE DIRECTION THE AMERICANS TOOK, STEERING BY MEANS OF A UNIQUE PERISCOPE EXTENDING THE LENGTH OF THE BIRD'S NECK, AND HAVING ITS LENSES IN THE BIRD'S EYES··

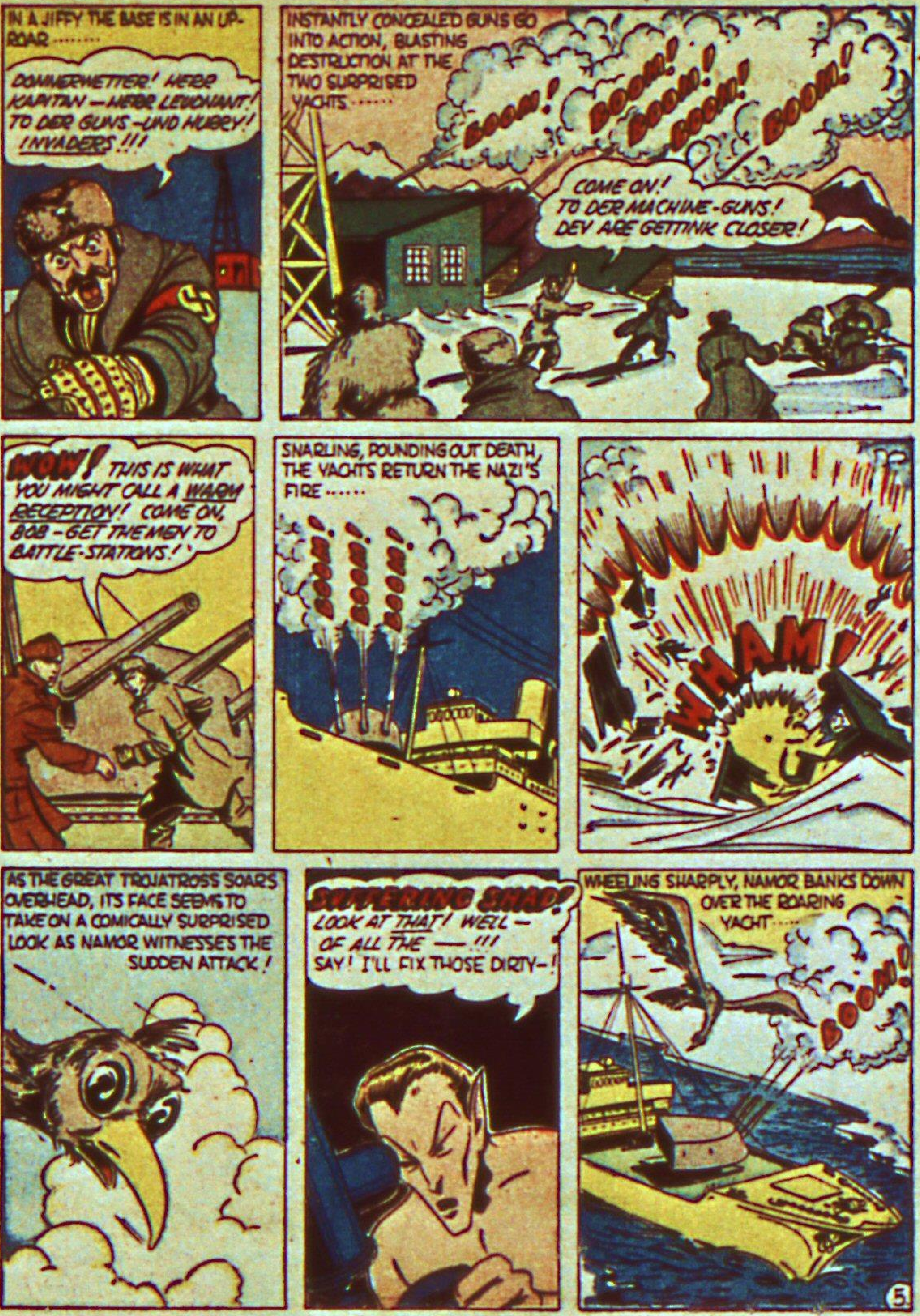

IN AN HOUR HE HAS OVERTAKEN THE TWO YACHTS, AND WHEELS ABOVE THEM-
THINK I'LL JUST TARRY ALONG WITH THEM TILL I SEE WHAT THEY PLAN TO DO ······

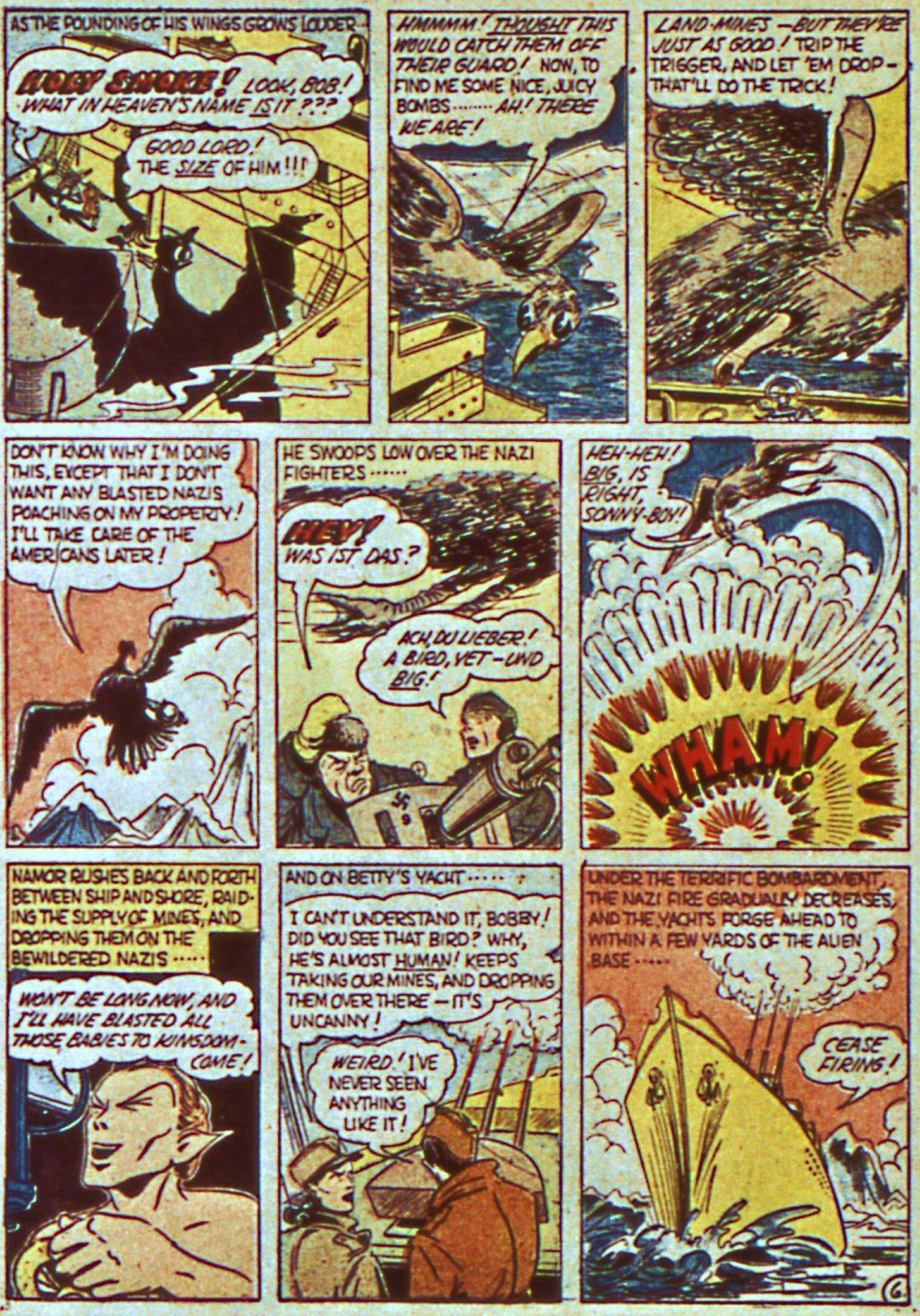

THE YACHTS CUT STEADILY THROUGH AN OLD BROKEN WATERWAY IN THE GLACIER, UNTIL — SUDDENLY! —
LOOK, BOB! A SETTLEMENT! ONE OF BYRD'S DESERTED CAMPS, HUH? WHAT DO YOU THINK?
UH-HUH! LEVERETT PLATEAU, OR I MISS MY GUESS!

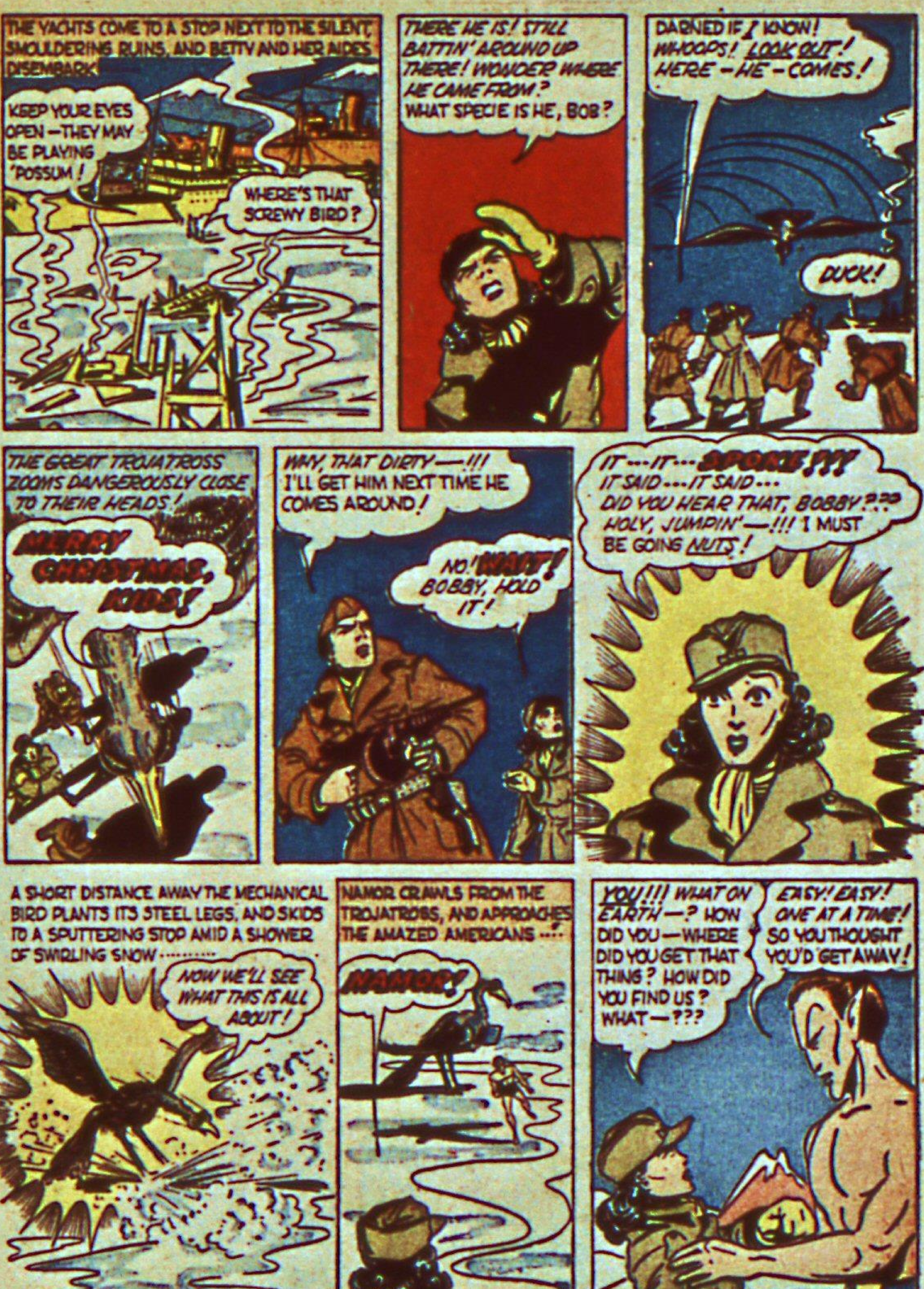

HEY! I THINK YOU MISS YOUR GUESS, ALL RIGHT — HERE - LET ME HAVE THOSE BINOCULARS!
WHY - WHAT'S UP, BETTY?

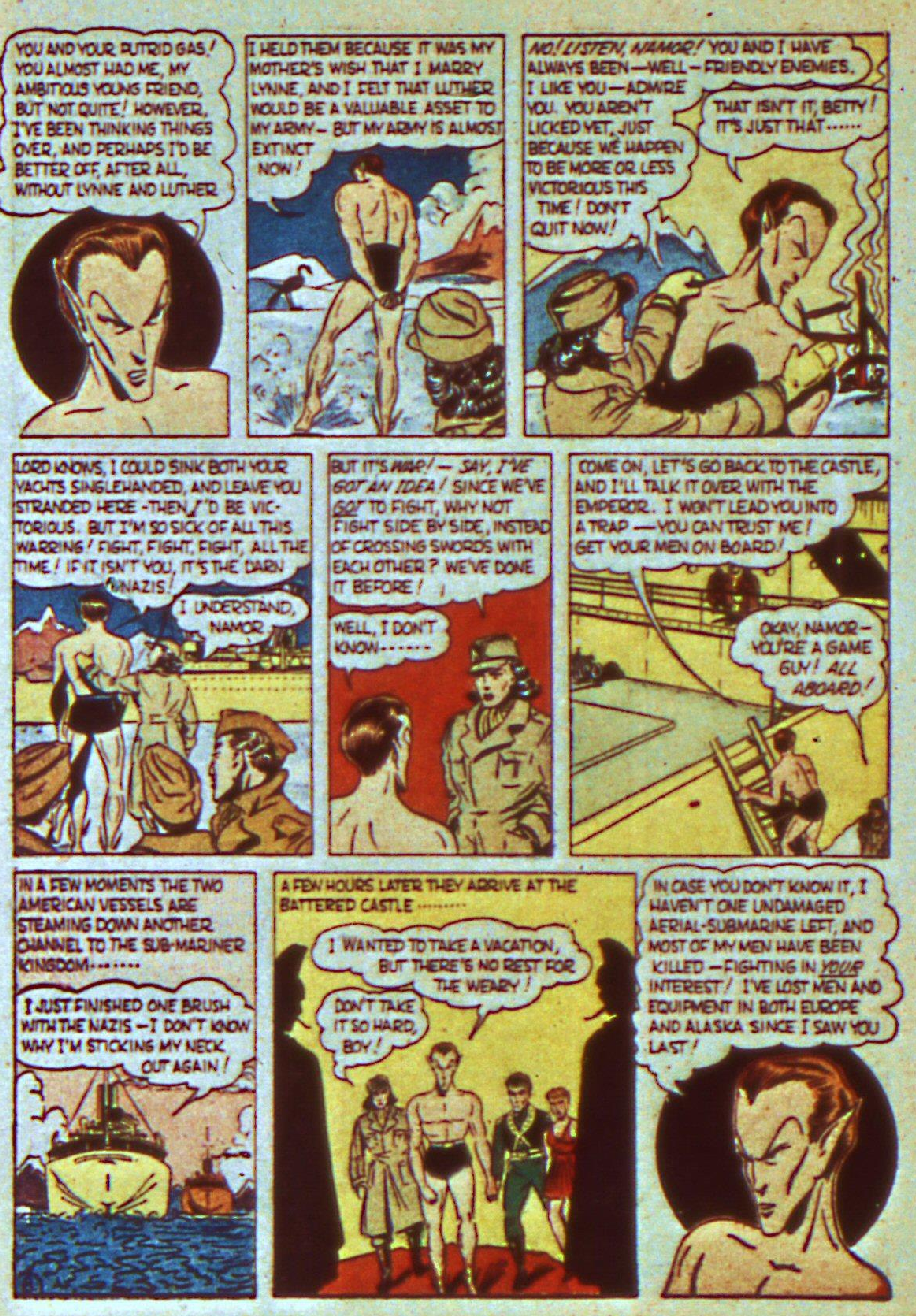

FOR BREATHLESS MOMENTS BETTY PEERS THROUGH THE GLASSES ·····
GOOD GRIEF! BOB - TAKE A LOOK AT THAT - A NAZI FLAG!!!

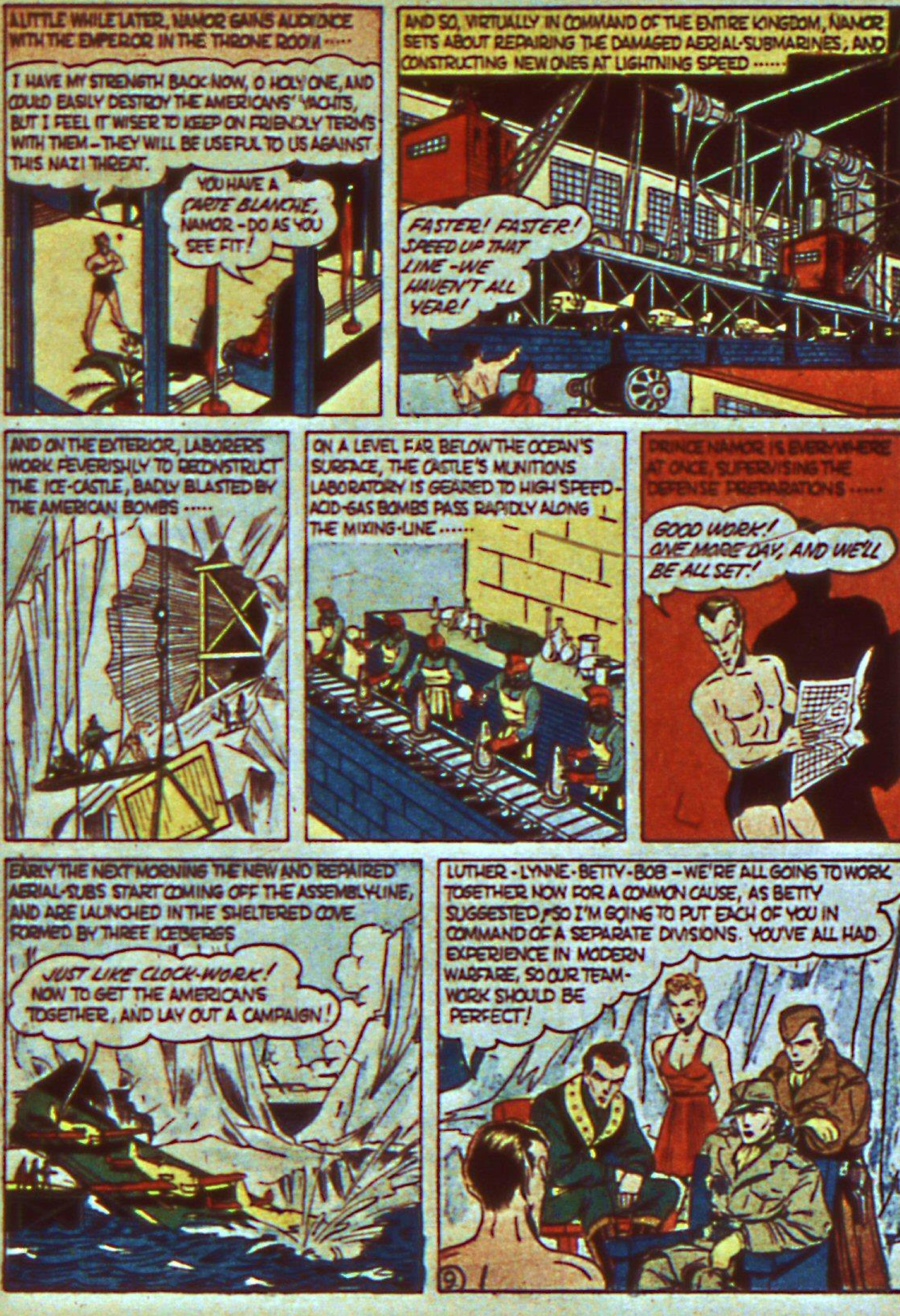

AND ON A TOWER AT THE ENCAMPMENT··
LIEBER GOTT! SHIPS! COMINK FROM DER SOUT'! QVICK, JOSEF, VARN DER COMMANDER!

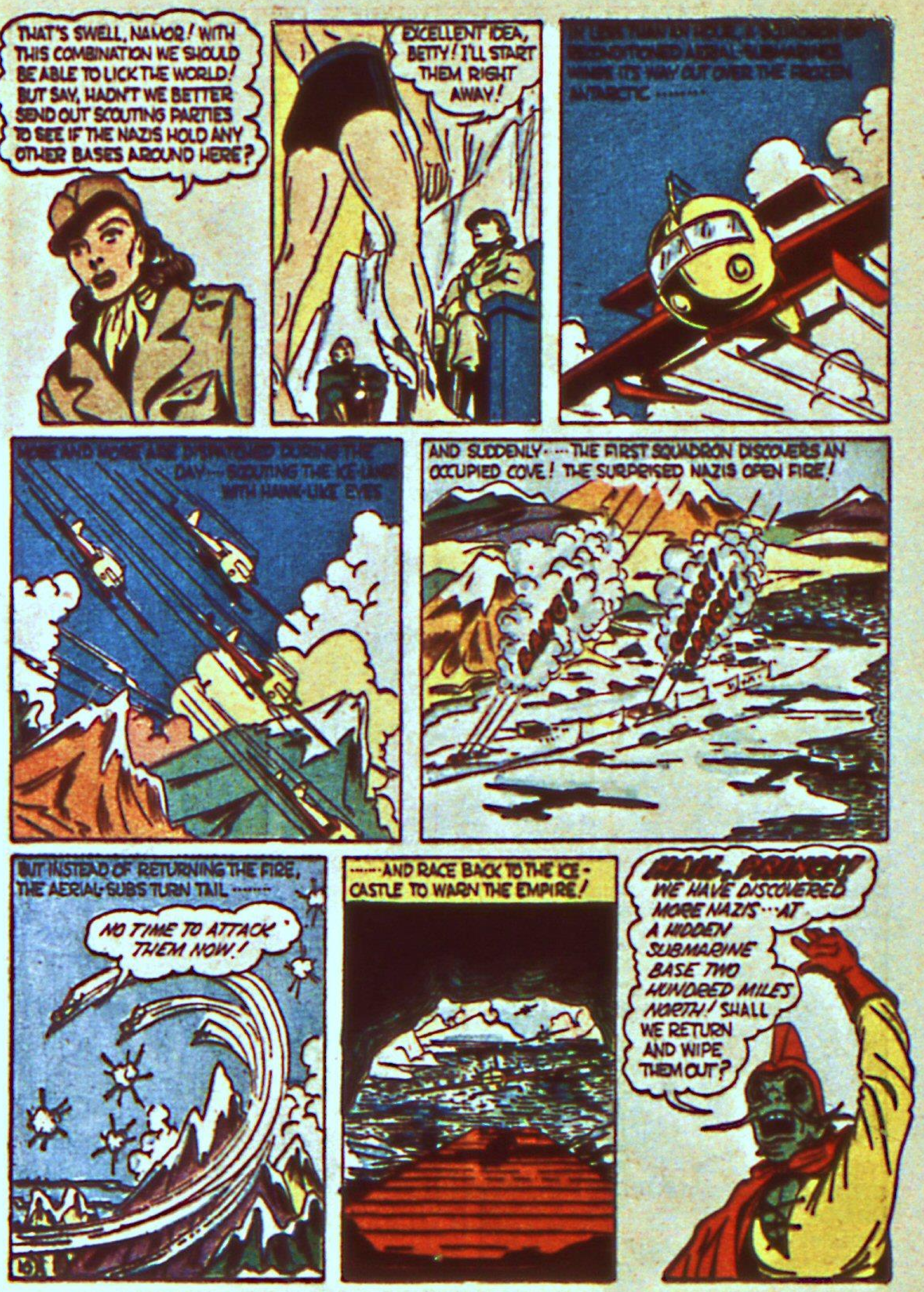

IN A JIFFY THE BASE IS IN AN UPROAR ....
DONNERWETTER! HERR KAPITAN—HERR LEUDNANT! TO DER GUNS—UND HURRY! INVADERS!!!
INSTANTLY CONCEALED GUNS GO INTO ACTION, BLASTING DESTRUCTION AT THE TWO SURPRISED YACHTS ......
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
COME ON! TO DER MACHINE-GUNS! DEY ARE GETTINK CLOSER!
WOW! THIS IS WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A WARM RECEPTION! COME ON, BOB—GET THE MEN TO BATTLE-STATIONS!
SNARLING, POUNDING OUT DEATH, THE YACHTS RETURN THE NAZI'S FIRE ......
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
WHAM!
AS THE GREAT TROJATROSS SOARS OVERHEAD, ITS FACE SEEMS TO TAKE ON A COMICALLY SURPRISED LOOK AS NAMOR WITNESSES THE SUDDEN ATTACK!
SUFFERING SHAD! LOOK AT THAT! WELL—OF ALL THE —!!! SAY! I'LL FIX THOSE DIRTY—!
WHEELING SHARPLY, NAMOR BANKS DOWN OVER THE ROARING YACHT ......
BOOM!

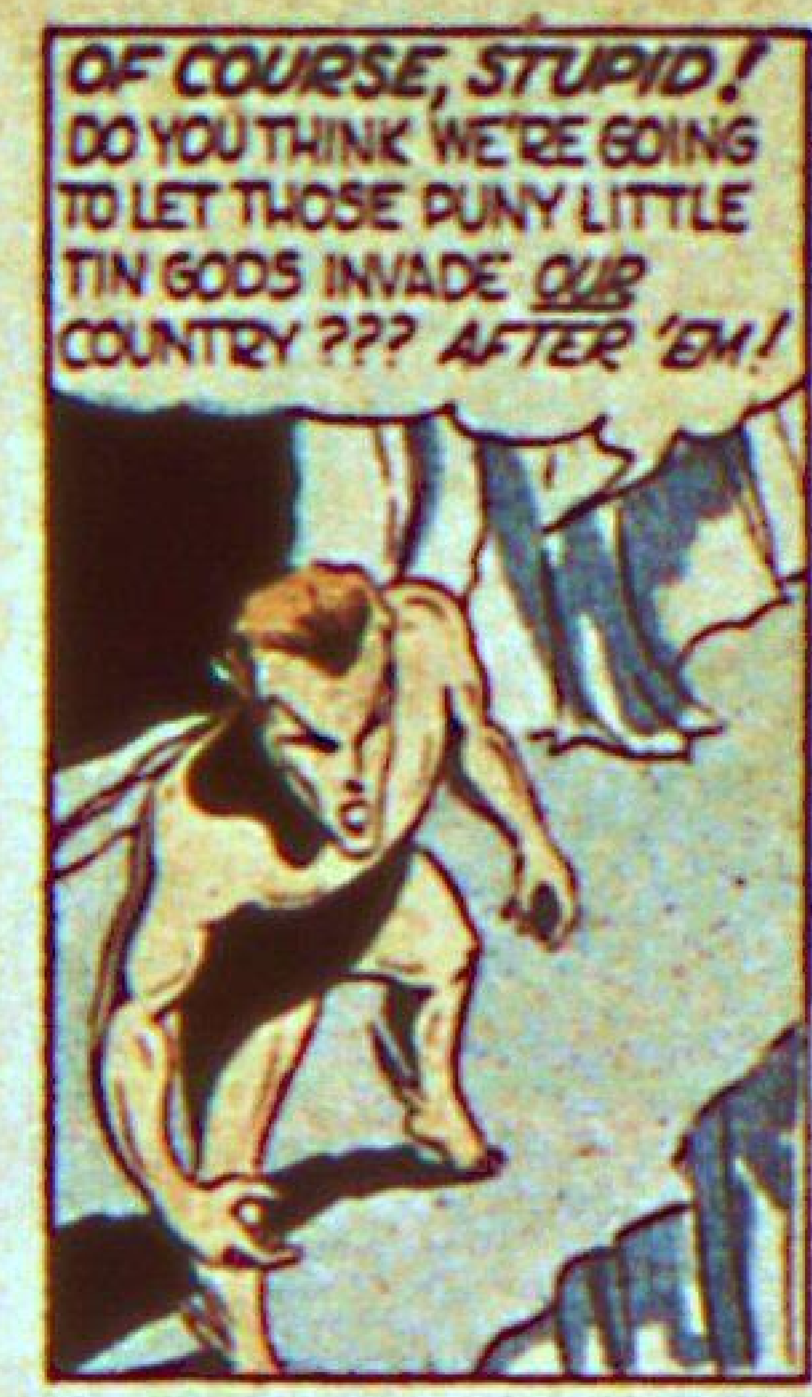

AS THE POUNDING OF HIS WINGS GROWS LOUDER...
HOLY SMOKE! LOOK, BOB! WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME IS IT???
GOOD LORD! THE SIZE OF HIM!!!
HMMMM! THOUGHT THIS WOULD CATCH THEM OFF THEIR GUARD! NOW, TO FIND ME SOME NICE, JUICY BOMBS........ AH! THERE WE ARE!
LAND-MINES —BUT THEY'RE JUST AS GOOD! TRIP THE TRIGGER, AND LET 'EM DROP- THAT'LL DO THE TRICK!
DON'T KNOW WHY I'M DOING THIS, EXCEPT THAT I DON'T WANT ANY BLASTED NAZIS POACHING ON MY PROPERTY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE AMERICANS LATER!
HE SWOOPS LOW OVER THE NAZI FIGHTERS......
HEY! WAS IST DAS?
ACH, DU LIEBER! A BIRD, YET-UND BIG!
HEH-HEH! BIG, IS RIGHT, SONNY-BOY!
WHAM!
NAMOR RUSHES BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN SHIP AND SHORE, RAIDING THE SUPPLY OF MINES, AND DROPPING THEM ON THE BEWILDERED NAZIS.....
WON'T BE LONG NOW, AND I'LL HAVE BLASTED ALL THOSE BABIES TO KINGDOM-COME!
AND ON BETTY'S YACHT.....
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, BOBBY! DID YOU SEE THAT BIRD? WHY, HE'S ALMOST HUMAN! KEEPS TAKING OUR MINES, AND DROPPING THEM OVER THERE — IT'S UNCANNY!
WEIRD! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!
UNDER THE TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT, THE NAZI FIRE GRADUALLY DECREASES, AND THE YACHTS FORGE AHEAD TO WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF THE ALIEN BASE.....
CEASE FIRING!
6

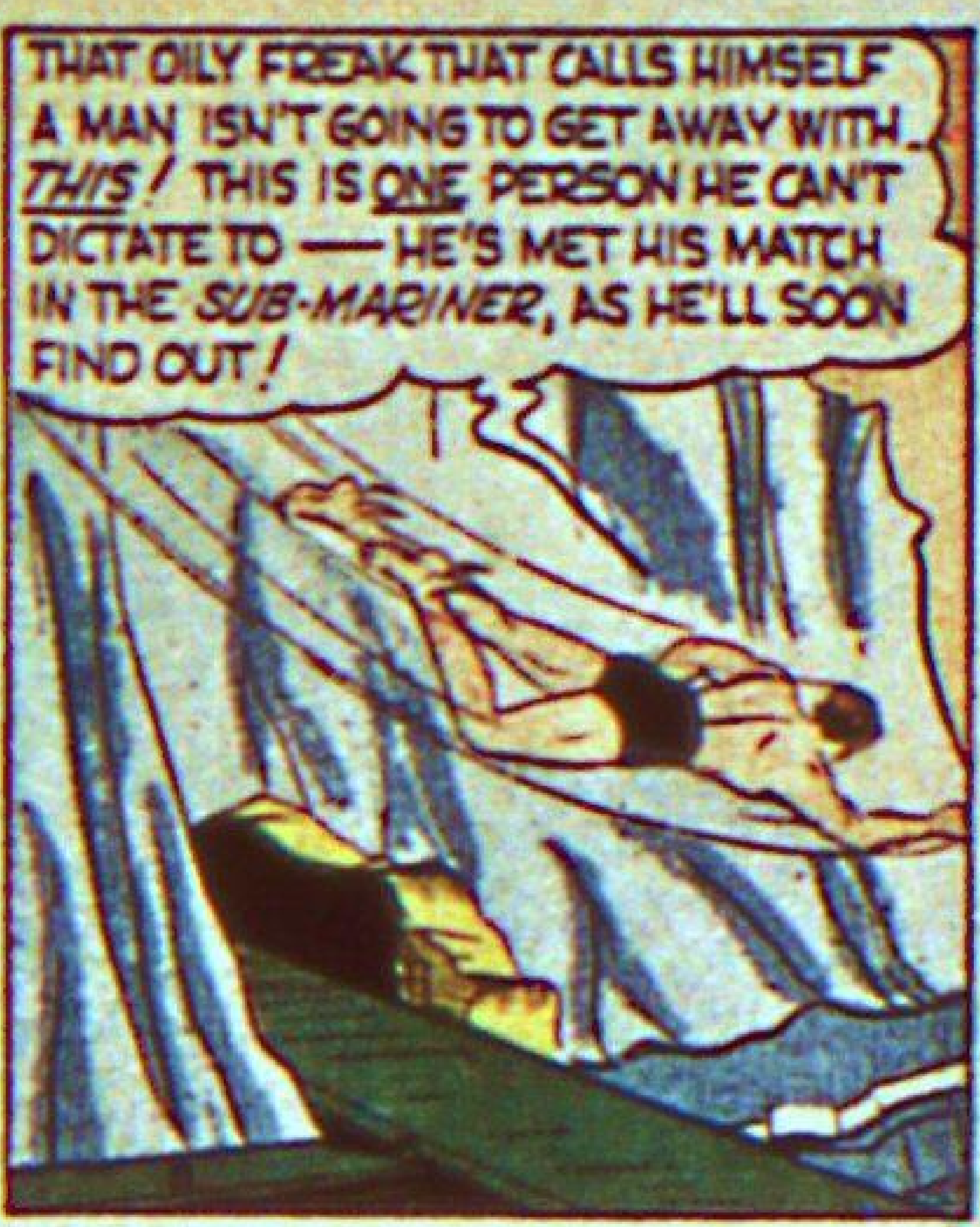

THE YACHTS COME TO A STOP NEXT TO THE SILENT, SMOULDERING RUINS, AND BETTY AND HER AIDES DISEMBARK
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN—THEY MAY BE PLAYING 'POSSUM!
WHERE'S THAT SCREWY BIRD?
THERE HE IS! STILL BATTIN' AROUND UP THERE! WONDER WHERE HE CAME FROM? WHAT SPECIE IS HE, BOB?
DARNED IF I KNOW! WHOOPS! LOOK OUT! HERE—HE—COMES!
DUCK!
THE GREAT TROJATROSS ZOOMS DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THEIR HEADS!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, KIDS!
WHY, THAT DIRTY—!!! I'LL GET HIM NEXT TIME HE COMES AROUND!
NO! WAIT! BOBBY, HOLD IT!
IT...IT...SPOKE!!! IT SAID...IT SAID... DID YOU HEAR THAT, BOBBY??? HOLY, JUMPIN'—!!! I MUST BE GOING NUTS!
A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY THE MECHANICAL BIRD PLANTS ITS STEEL LEGS, AND SKIDS TO A SPUTTERING STOP AMID A SHOWER OF SWIRLING SNOW..........
NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
NAMOR CRAWLS FROM THE TROJATROSS, AND APPROACHES THE AMAZED AMERICANS...
NAMOR!
YOU!!!! WHAT ON EARTH—? HOW DID YOU—WHERE DID YOU GET THAT THING? HOW DID YOU FIND US? WHAT—???
EASY! EASY! ONE AT A TIME! SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY!

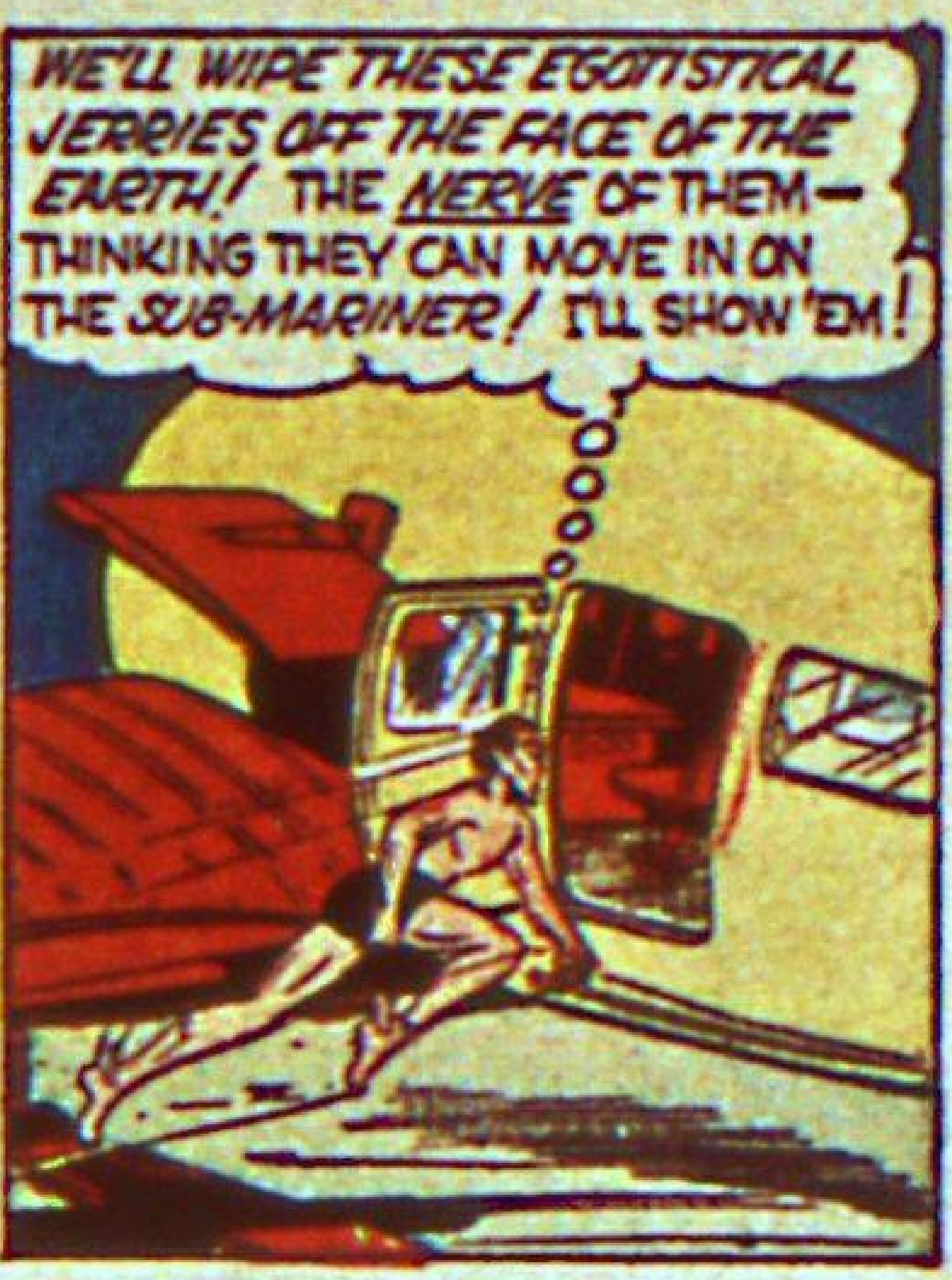

YOU AND YOUR PUTRID GAS! YOU ALMOST HAD ME, MY AMBITIOUS YOUNG FRIEND, BUT NOT QUITE! HOWEVER, I'VE BEEN THINKING THINGS OVER, AND PERHAPS I'D BE BETTER OFF, AFTER ALL, WITHOUT LYNNE AND LUTHER.
I HELD THEM BECAUSE IT WAS MY MOTHER'S WISH THAT I MARRY LYNNE, AND I FELT THAT LUTHER WOULD BE A VALUABLE ASSET TO MY ARMY — BUT MY ARMY IS ALMOST EXTINCT NOW!
NO! LISTEN, NAMOR! YOU AND I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN—WELL—FRIENDLY ENEMIES. I LIKE YOU—ADMIRE YOU. YOU AREN'T LICKED YET, JUST BECAUSE WE HAPPEN TO BE MORE OR LESS VICTORIOUS THIS TIME! DON'T QUIT NOW!
THAT ISN'T IT, BETTY! IT'S JUST THAT......
LORD KNOWS, I COULD SINK BOTH YOUR YACHTS SINGLEHANDED, AND LEAVE YOU STRANDED HERE -THEN I'D BE VICTORIOUS. BUT I'M SO SICK OF ALL THIS WARRING! FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT, ALL THE TIME! IF IT ISN'T YOU, IT'S THE DARN NAZIS!
I UNDERSTAND, NAMOR.
BUT IT'S WAR! — SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! SINCE WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT, WHY NOT FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE, INSTEAD OF CROSSING SWORDS WITH EACH OTHER? WE'VE DONE IT BEFORE!
WELL, I DON'T KNOW......
COME ON, LET'S GO BACK TO THE CASTLE, AND I'LL TALK IT OVER WITH THE EMPEROR. I WON'T LEAD YOU INTO A TRAP —YOU CAN TRUST ME! GET YOUR MEN ON BOARD!
OKAY, NAMOR— YOU'RE A GAME GUY! ALL ABOARD!
IN A FEW MOMENTS THE TWO AMERICAN VESSELS ARE STEAMING DOWN ANOTHER CHANNEL TO THE SUB-MARINER KINGDOM.......
I JUST FINISHED ONE BRUSH WITH THE NAZIS — I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M STICKING MY NECK OUT AGAIN!
8
A FEW HOURS LATER THEY ARRIVE AT THE BATTERED CASTLE.........
I WANTED TO TAKE A VACATION, BUT THERE'S NO REST FOR THE WEARY!
DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, BOY!
IN CASE YOU DON'T KNOW IT, I HAVEN'T ONE UNDAMAGED AERIAL-SUBMARINE LEFT, AND MOST OF MY MEN HAVE BEEN KILLED —FIGHTING IN YOUR INTEREST! I'VE LOST MEN AND EQUIPMENT IN BOTH EUROPE AND ALASKA SINCE I SAW YOU LAST!

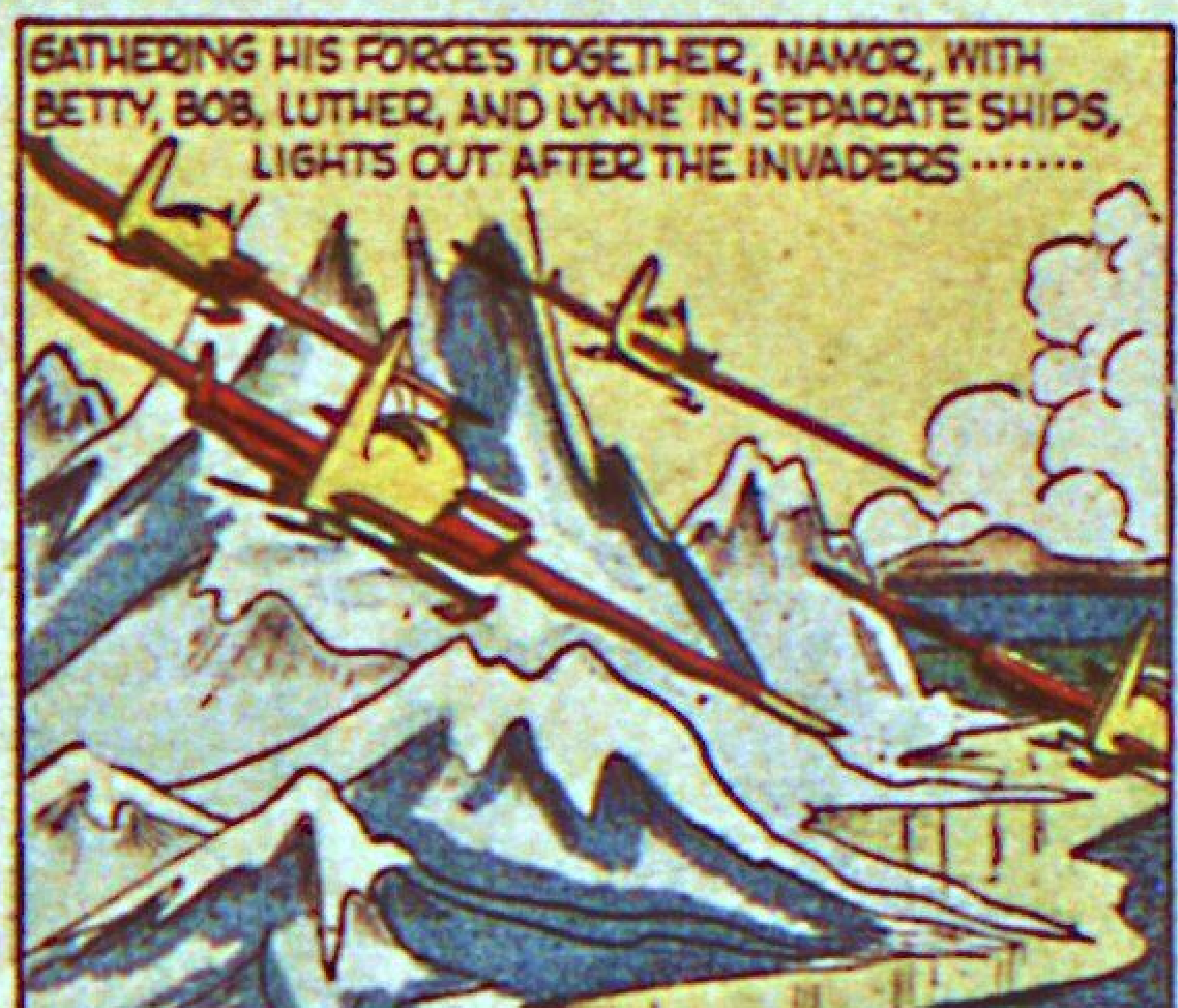

A LITTLE WHILE LATER, NAMOR GAINS AUDIENCE WITH THE EMPEROR IN THE THRONE ROOM .....
I HAVE MY STRENGTH BACK NOW, O HOLY ONE, AND COULD EASILY DESTROY THE AMERICANS' YACHTS, BUT I FEEL IT WISER TO KEEP ON FRIENDLY TERMS WITH THEM - THEY WILL BE USEFUL TO US AGAINST THIS NAZI THREAT.
YOU HAVE A CARTE BLANCHE, NAMOR - DO AS YOU SEE FIT!
AND SO, VIRTUALLY IN COMMAND OF THE ENTIRE KINGDOM, NAMOR SETS ABOUT REPAIRING THE DAMAGED AERIAL-SUBMARINES, AND CONSTRUCTING NEW ONES AT LIGHTNING SPEED .....
FASTER! FASTER! SPEED UP THAT LINE - WE HAVEN'T ALL YEAR!
AND ON THE EXTERIOR, LABORERS WORK FEVERISHLY TO RECONSTRUCT THE ICE-CASTLE, BADLY BLASTED BY THE AMERICAN BOMBS .....
ON A LEVEL FAR BELOW THE OCEAN'S SURFACE, THE CASTLE'S MUNITIONS LABORATORY IS GEARED TO HIGH SPEED - ACID-GAS BOMBS PASS RAPIDLY ALONG THE MIXING-LINE .....
PRINCE NAMOR IS EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, SUPERVISING THE DEFENSE PREPARATIONS .....
GOOD WORK! ONE MORE DAY, AND WE'LL BE ALL SET!
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING THE NEW AND REPAIRED AERIAL-SUBS START COMING OFF THE ASSEMBLY-LINE, AND ARE LAUNCHED IN THE SHELTERED COVE FORMED BY THREE ICEBERGS
JUST LIKE CLOCK-WORK! NOW TO GET THE AMERICANS TOGETHER, AND LAY OUT A CAMPAIGN!
LUTHER - LYNNE - BETTY - BOB - WE'RE ALL GOING TO WORK TOGETHER NOW FOR A COMMON CAUSE, AS BETTY SUGGESTED, SO I'M GOING TO PUT EACH OF YOU IN COMMAND OF A SEPARATE DIVISIONS. YOU'VE ALL HAD EXPERIENCE IN MODERN WARFARE, SO OUR TEAM-WORK SHOULD BE PERFECT!

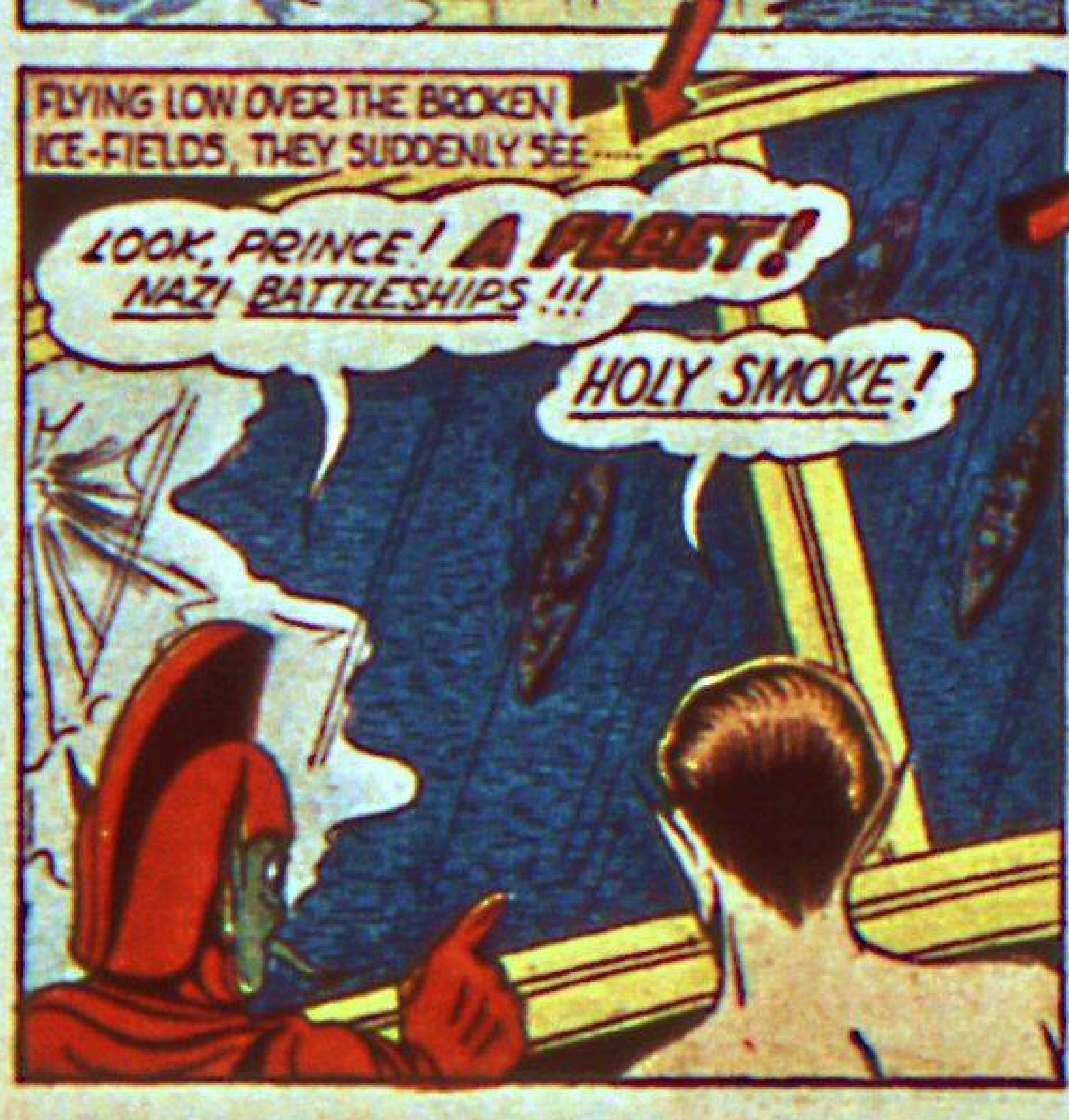

THAT'S SWELL, NAMOR! WITH THIS COMBINATION WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO LICK THE WORLD! BUT SAY, HADN'T WE BETTER SEND OUT SCOUTING PARTIES TO SEE IF THE NAZIS HOLD ANY OTHER BASES AROUND HERE?
EXCELLENT IDEA, BETTY! I'LL START THEM RIGHT AWAY!
IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, A SQUADRON OF RECONDITIONED AERIAL-SUBMARINES WINGS ITS WAY OUT OVER THE FROZEN ANTARCTIC ....
MORE AND MORE ARE DISPATCHED DURING THE DAY--- SCOUTING THE ICE-LANDS WITH HAWK-LIKE EYES
AND SUDDENLY---- THE FIRST SQUADRON DISCOVERS AN OCCUPIED COVE! THE SURPRISED NAZIS OPEN FIRE!
CRACK!
CRACK!
BUT INSTEAD OF RETURNING THE FIRE, THE AERIAL-SUBS TURN TAIL ....
NO TIME TO ATTACK THEM NOW!
......AND RACE BACK TO THE ICE-CASTLE TO WARN THE EMPIRE!
HAIL... PRINCE! WE HAVE DISCOVERED MORE NAZIS···AT A HIDDEN SUBMARINE BASE TWO HUNDRED MILES NORTH! SHALL WE RETURN AND WIPE THEM OUT?

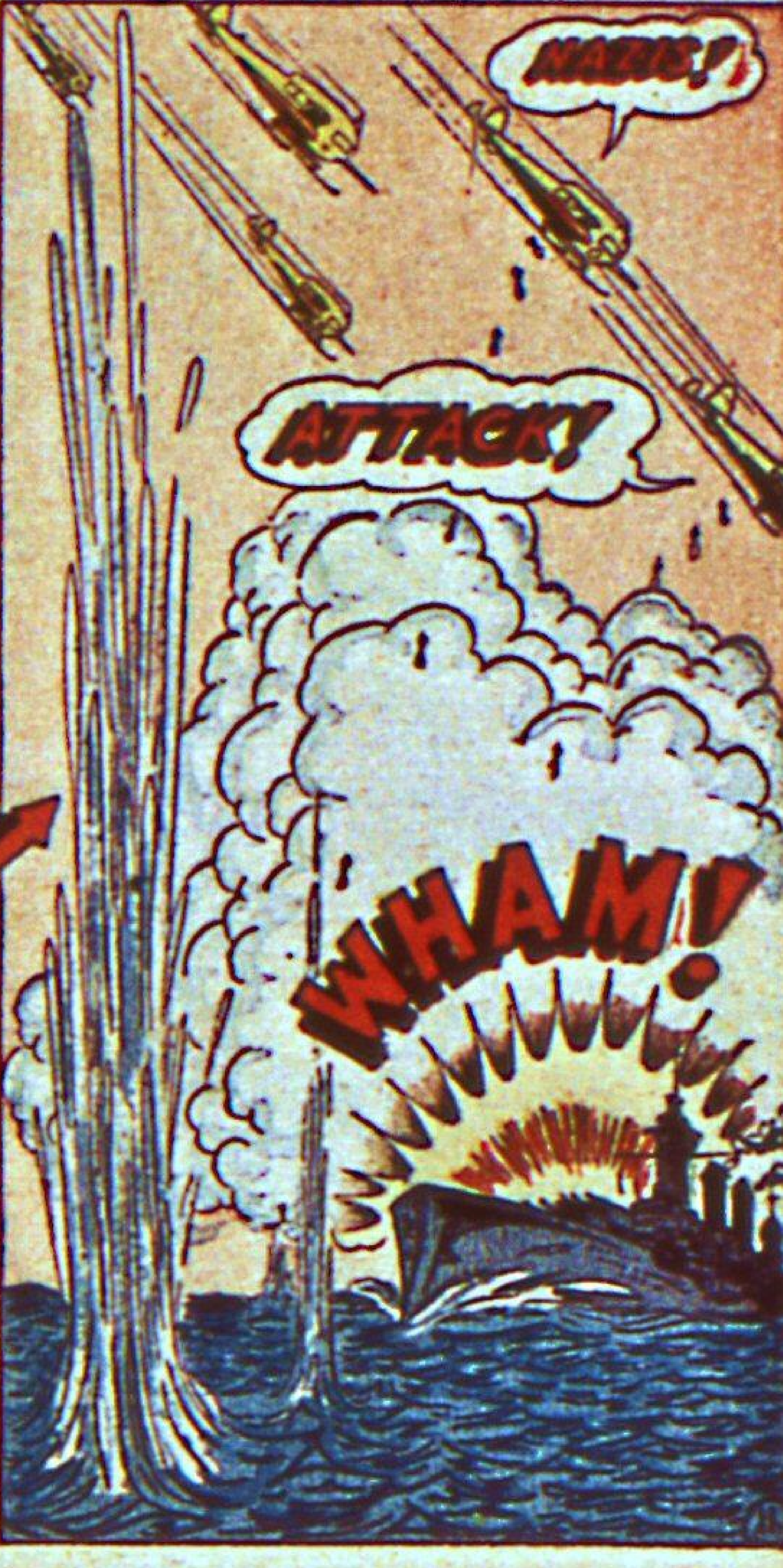

OF COURSE, STUPID! DO YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO LET THOSE PUNY LITTLE TIN GODS INVADE OUR COUNTRY??? AFTER 'EM!

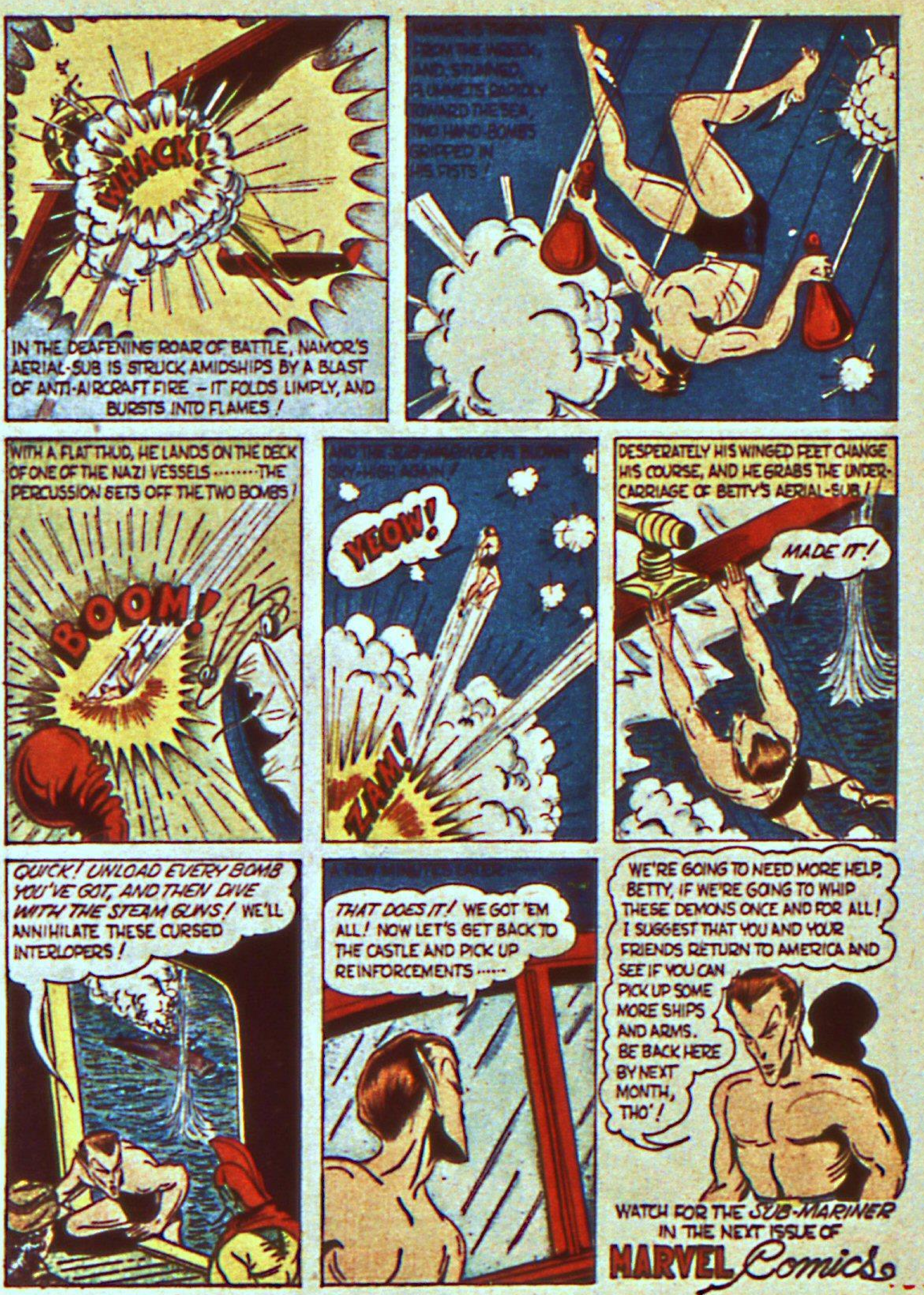

THAT OILY FREAK THAT CALLS HIMSELF A MAN ISN'T GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS! THIS IS ONE PERSON HE CAN'T DICTATE TO — HE'S MET HIS MATCH IN THE SUB-MARINER, AS HE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

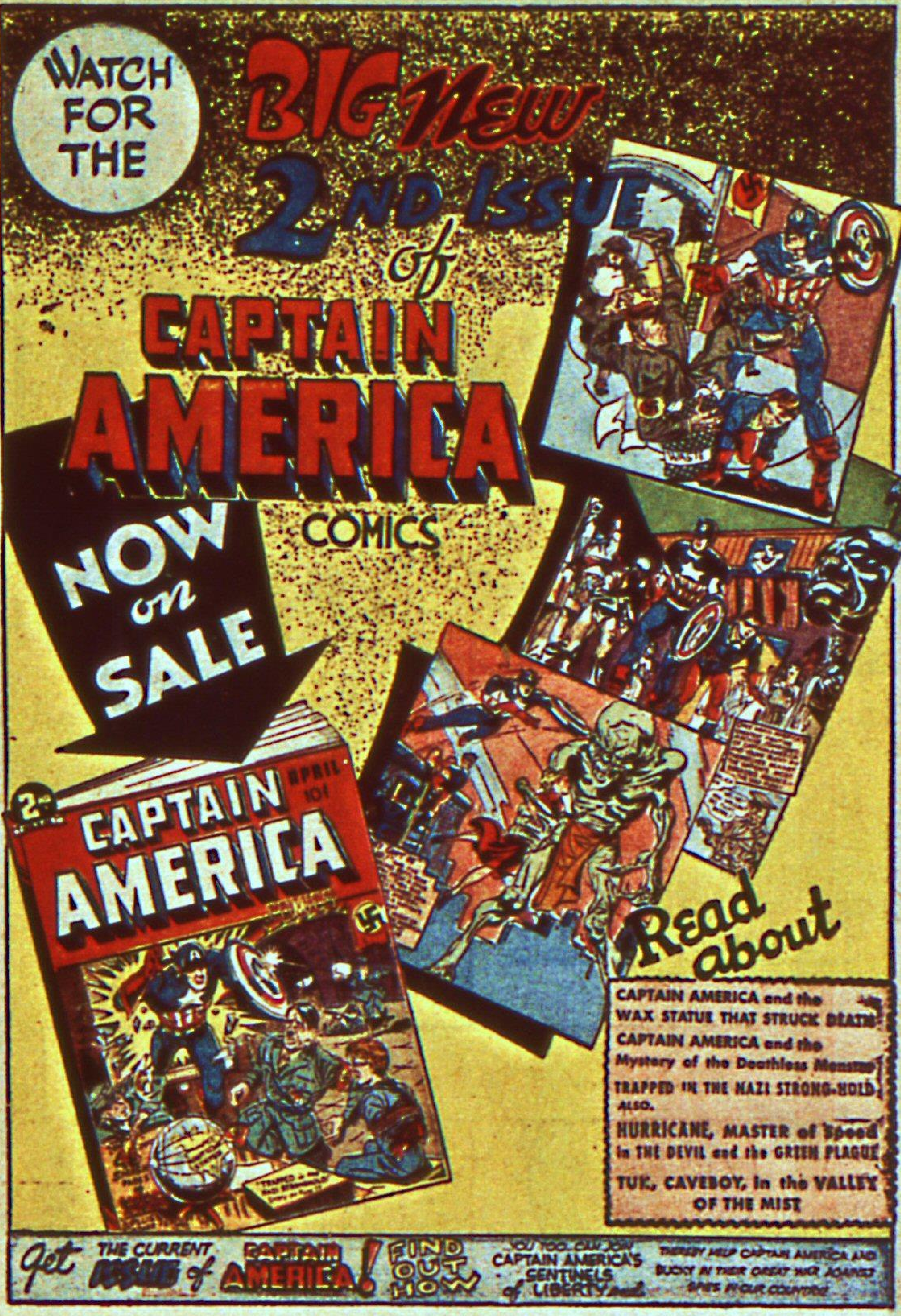

WE'LL WIPE THESE EGOTISTICAL JERRIES OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH! THE NERVE OF THEM— THINKING THEY CAN MOVE IN ON THE SUB-MARINER! I'LL SHOW 'EM!


GATHERING HIS FORCES TOGETHER, NAMOR, WITH BETTY, BOB, LUTHER, AND LYNNE IN SEPARATE SHIPS, LIGHTS OUT AFTER THE INVADERS.......


FLYING LOW OVER THE BROKEN ICE-FIELDS, THEY SUDDENLY SEE.....
LOOK, PRINCE! A FLEET! NAZI BATTLESHIPS!!!
HOLY SMOKE!


NAZIS!
ATTACK!
WHAM!


WHACK!
IN THE DEAFENING ROAR OF BATTLE, NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUB IS STRUCK AMIDSHIPS BY A BLAST OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE – IT FOLDS LIMPLY, AND BURSTS INTO FLAMES!
NAMOR IS THROWN FROM THE WRECK, AND, STUNNED, PLUMMETS RAPIDLY TOWARD THE SEA, TWO HAND-BOMBS GRIPPED IN HIS FISTS!
WITH A FLAT THUD, HE LANDS ON THE DECK OF ONE OF THE NAZI VESSELS .... THE PERCUSSION SETS OFF THE TWO BOMBS!
BOOM!
AND THE SUB-MARINER IS BLOWN SKY-HIGH AGAIN!
YEOW!
ZAM!
DESPERATELY HIS WINGED FEET CHANGE HIS COURSE, AND HE GRABS THE UNDER-CARRIAGE OF BETTY'S AERIAL-SUB!
MADE IT!
QUICK! UNLOAD EVERY BOMB YOU'VE GOT, AND THEN DIVE WITH THE STEAM GUNS! WE'LL ANNIHILATE THESE CURSED INTERLOPERS!
A FEW MINUTES LATER.....
THAT DOES IT! WE GOT 'EM ALL! NOW LET'S GET BACK TO THE CASTLE AND PICK UP REINFORCEMENTS ......
WE'RE GOING TO NEED MORE HELP, BETTY, IF WE'RE GOING TO WHIP THESE DEMONS ONCE AND FOR ALL! I SUGGEST THAT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS RETURN TO AMERICA AND SEE IF YOU CAN PICK UP SOME MORE SHIPS AND ARMS. BE BACK HERE BY NEXT MONTH, THO'!
WATCH FOR THE SUB-MARINER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL Comics


WATCH FOR THE
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2ND ISSUE
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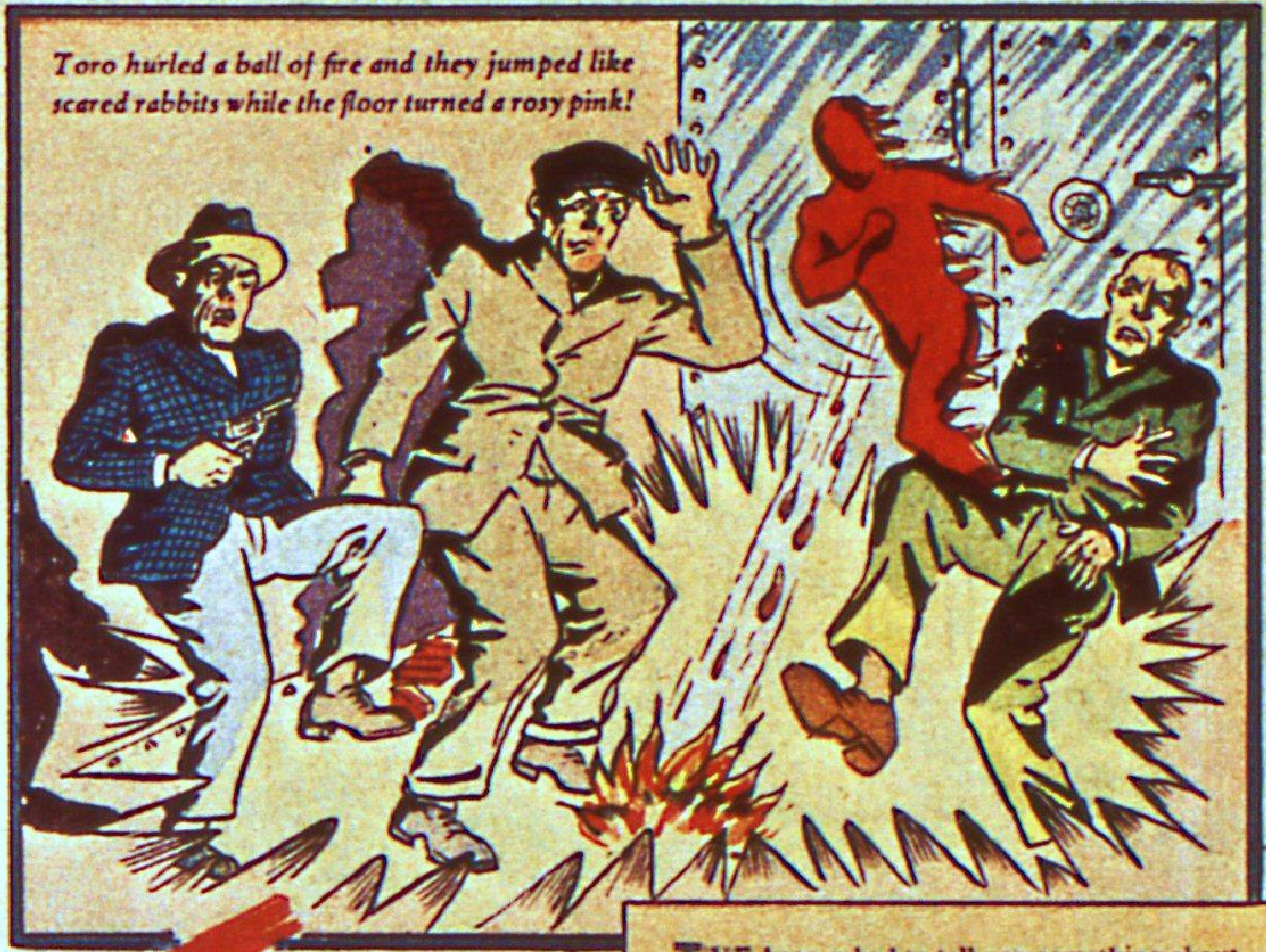
COMICS
NOW on SALE
CAPTAIN AMERICA
Read about
CAPTAIN AMERICA and the WAX STATUE THAT STRUCK DEATH
CAPTAIN AMERICA and the Mystery of the Deathless Monster
TRAPPED IN THE NAZI STRONG-HOLD
ALSO.
HURRICANE, MASTER of Speed in THE DEVIL and the GREEN PLAGUE
TUK, CAVEBOY, in the VALLEY OF THE MIST
Get THE CURRENT ISSUE of CAPTAIN AMERICA!
FIND OUT HOW
YOU TOO CAN JOIN CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS of LIBERTY and
THEREBY HELP CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY IN THEIR GREAT WAR AGAINST SPIES IN OUR COUNTRY


Toro hurled a ball of fire and they jumped like scared rabbits while the floor turned a rosy pink!

Toro TELLS ALL

By TORO, the Flaming Torch Kid

As Told to Roy Gill

I'VE been asked to tell you something about myself. Some of the things I'm going to tell you you might already know — but there are still a few items that I have not, as yet, imparted to anyone!

"If you remember, I first met the HUMAN TORCH while I was with Pops Circus, and it was at that time that I first showed any of my strange ability to control flame.

"The TORCH taught me how to control the powers I seemed to have been born with . . powers that are, I believe, peculiar to myself. It was the TORCH who developed them for me . . . and it was the TORCH who showed me how to use them in the cause of good instead of evil!

"I REMEMBER, a short time after I first met the Torch, when two strange men came to the circus looking for a good "fire-eater." They said they were from a theatre in a nearby city and wanted the act for a *filler*—since one of their featured artists had become suddenly ill.

"Pops referred them to me, and I spoke to them. They offered me what I thought was a lot of money for such a short job, and I hesitated. However, they were good salesmen, and since I needed the money, I took the job.

"That night they drove me to the town and ushered me into a rather dirty stage entrance. I didn't like the looks of the place—but I figured most small town show houses were like that.

"The place seemed to be deserted. We didn't see a soul until a big fellow, he must have been every inch of seven feet, came popping out of a doorway. Without a word he grabbed me by the arm and started to pull me toward a stairway leading to the cellar!

"I was a *hot-headed* kid, even then, and I didn't like being handled that way . . . so I turned on my flame and left the big boy standing there blowing on a burned hand!

"He was plenty mad, but the other men—the ones who brought me there—asked me to pay no attention to him. They sent him away and explained that he was showing me the way to the dressing rooms downstairs.

"At the bottom of the steps I received a big surprise! It seems they had prepared a party and *I* was the *turkey!* One of them threw a pail of chemicals into my face—and I found I was powerless . . . I couldn't even work up a fever, let alone a flame!

"They tied my arms and legs and dragged me through a tunnel. It had been dug through the side of the cellar wall. The dirt and bricks were piled to one side, and the dirt roof was held up with simple props. At the end of the short tunnel, it was about ten feet long, we came to a blank brick wall.

"The big fellow, back with us again, kicked at it and it fell through. On the other side of that wall I found the explanation to the whole affair. It was a bank!

"They told me point blank what was expected of me. I was to shoot my hottest flame at the lock on the huge vault . . . until it was open. If I didn't, they told me they would blow my brains out!

"I told them that their chemical had queered their own game—I simply couldn't! Their answer was another chemical—the leader poured it onto my head out of a test tube, while the others stood there with their guns pointed at my stupid head!

"I knew then that they knew what they were doing. I tested my flame and it worked. The TORCH had told me that I had to be careful about certain things . . . and one of them was *bullets!* I could melt ordinary lead—but if someone should shoot a steel shell at me . . . I'd feel it . . . *same as you!*

"I WAS in a spot, and I *knew* it! I didn't want to do as they said, because that would be stealing—yet, I felt I was too young to die! The leader of them made up my mind for me. He fired a shot at the floor, a bare *half inch* from my foot, and told me to start working! I hardly heard the shot . . . his gun had a silencer on it. I walked toward the vault.

"What to do? I tried to 'master mind' my way out of it, but my head was swimming. I couldn't think of a thing. I shot a flame from my hand, after turning my body into fire, and watched it turn the steel door a dull red . . . the color seemed to clear my head. The red color was *heat* . . . and the floor was metal . . . Ah! An idea!

"I stood back, and so did they, preparing to hurl a hot ball of fire at the door. I shot the ball . . . hot enough to burn the lock right out of the vault . . . but my aim was bad . . . (purposely) . . . and it hit the floor!

"It licked at their feet, and they jumped like scared rabbits while the floor turned to a rosy pink! I decided to beat it out of there and get the police, but, just as I reached the top of a flight of nearby stairs, one of the men fired a shot at me—a *steel* bullet!

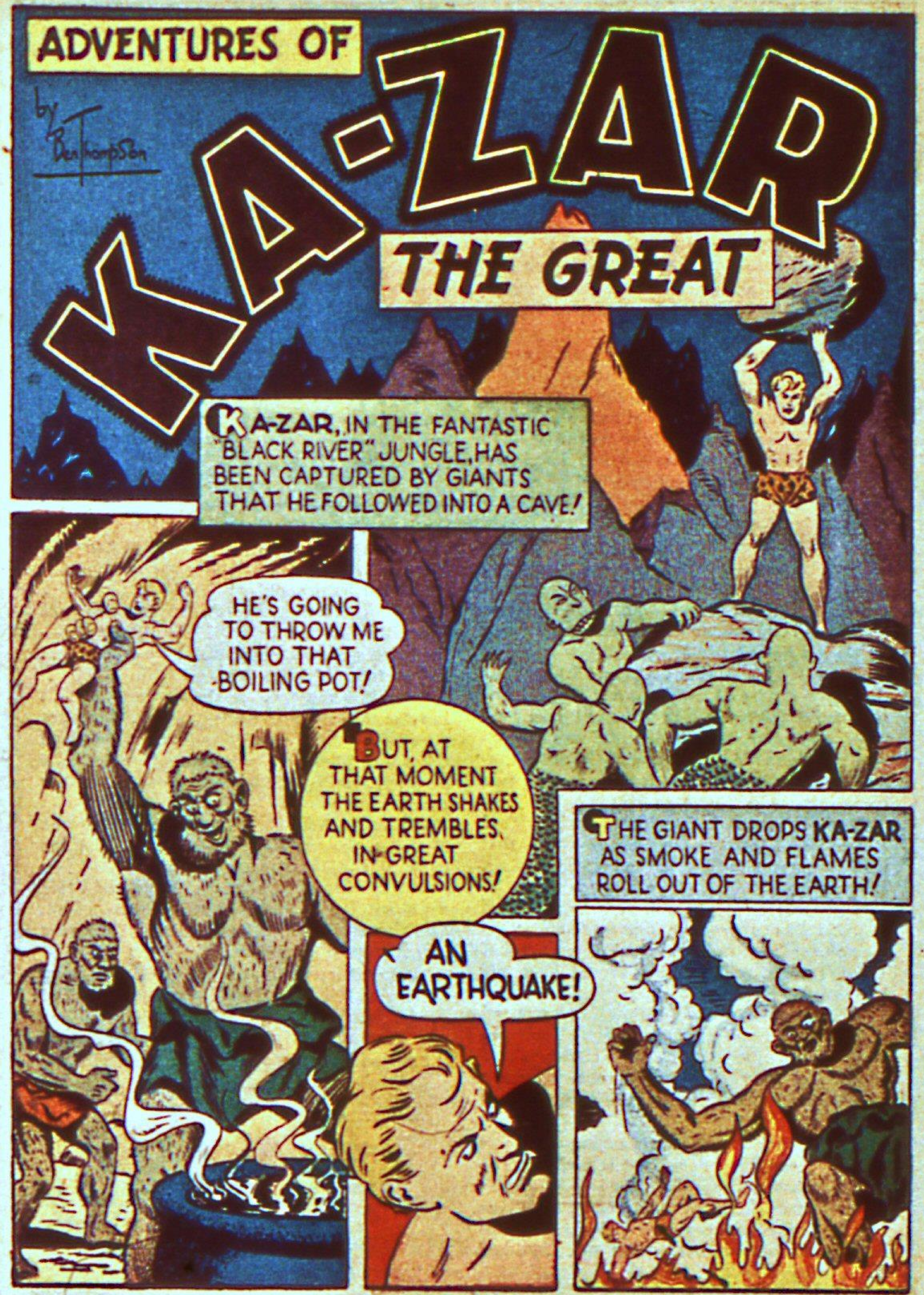
"I tried to stop it, and I did manage to heat it up a bit, but the TORCH was right again—the bullet grazed my head and I went down . . . and *out!*

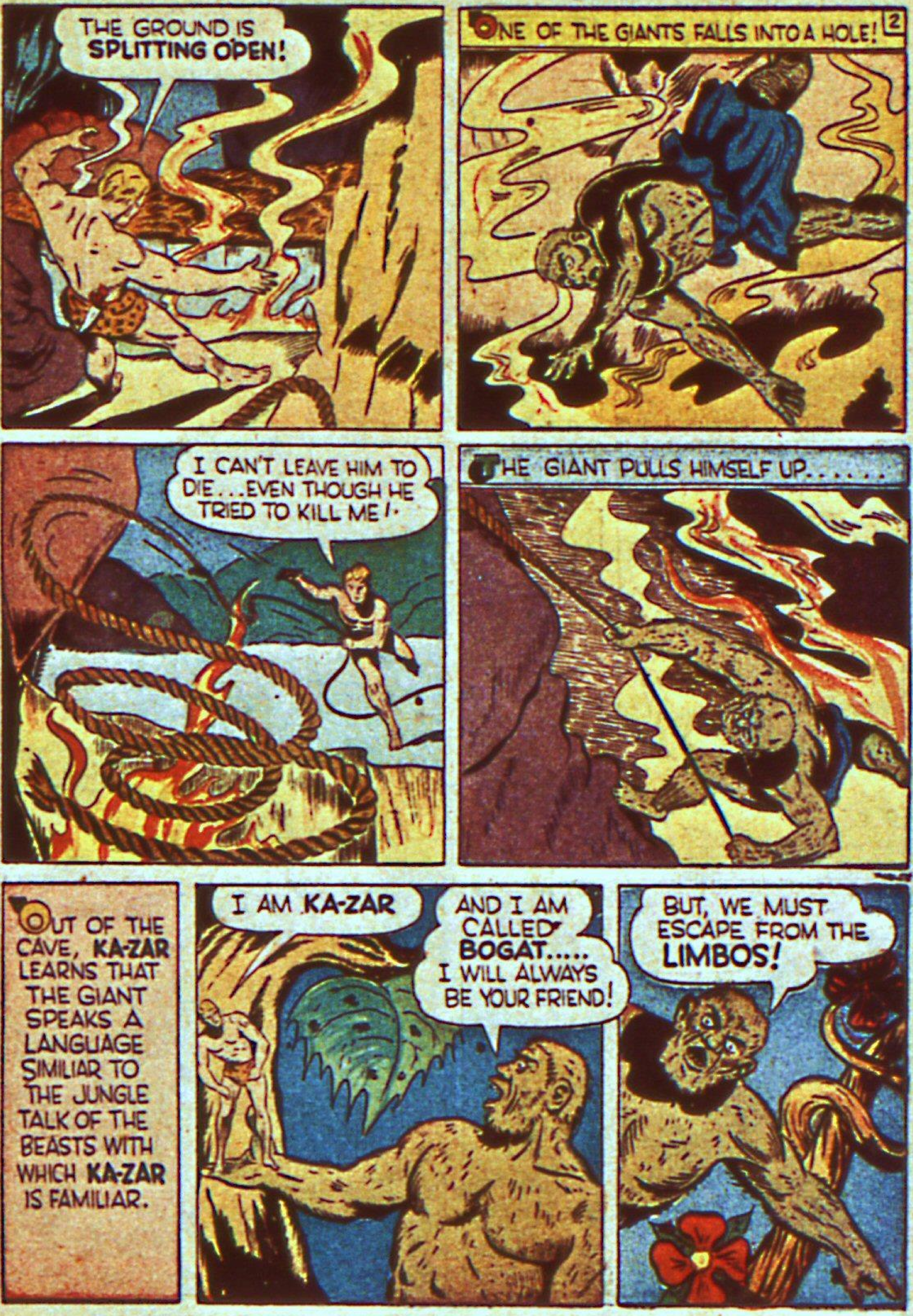
"I stayed out, too, for the entire night . . . but due to the fact that the bullet had been hot when it hit me, I didn't lose much blood, and there was almost no infection. When I awoke I sat up, peering into the wrong end of another gun!

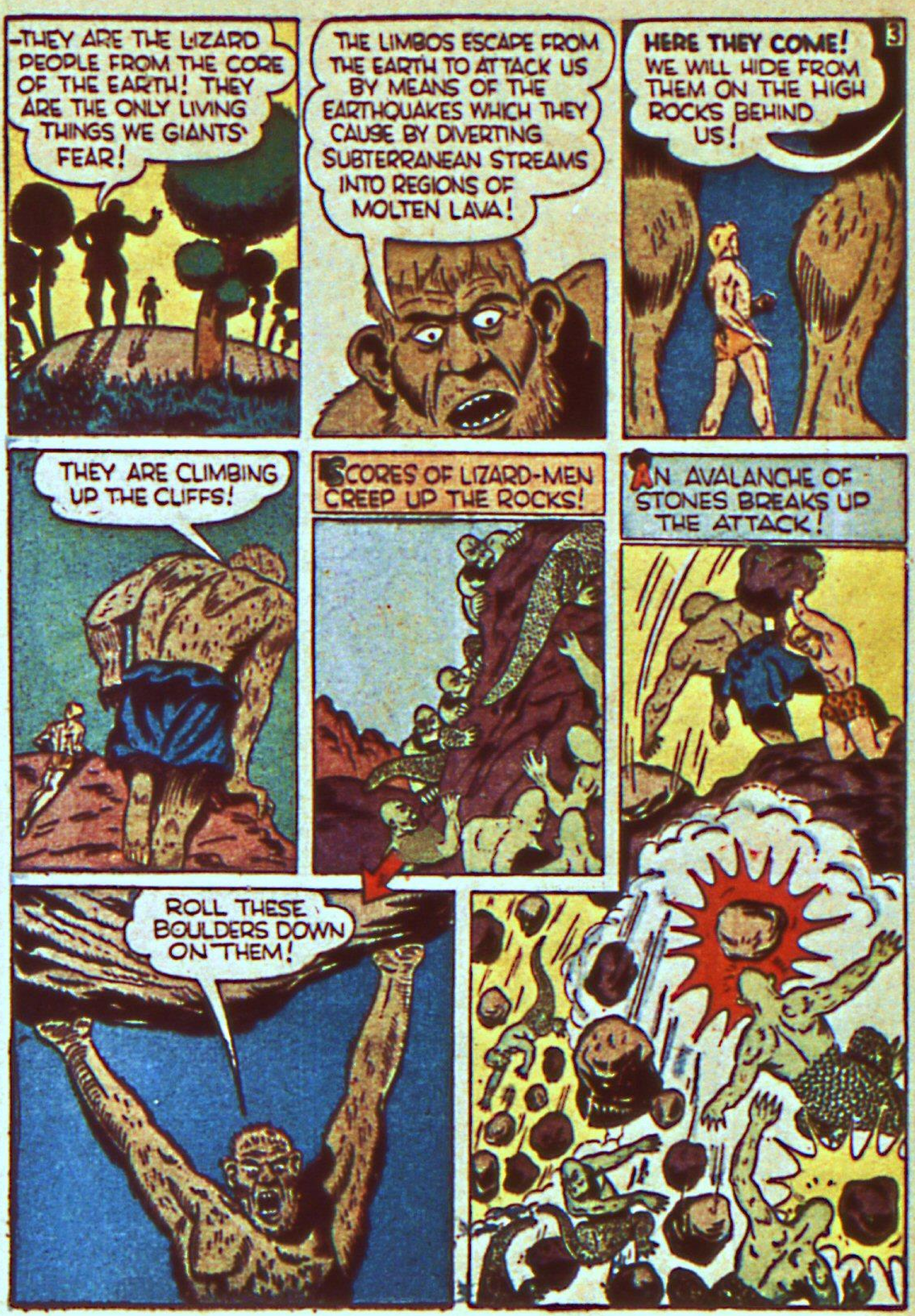
"This time, however, the gun was held by one of the bank clerks—it was morning, and the bank crew was starting to arrive!

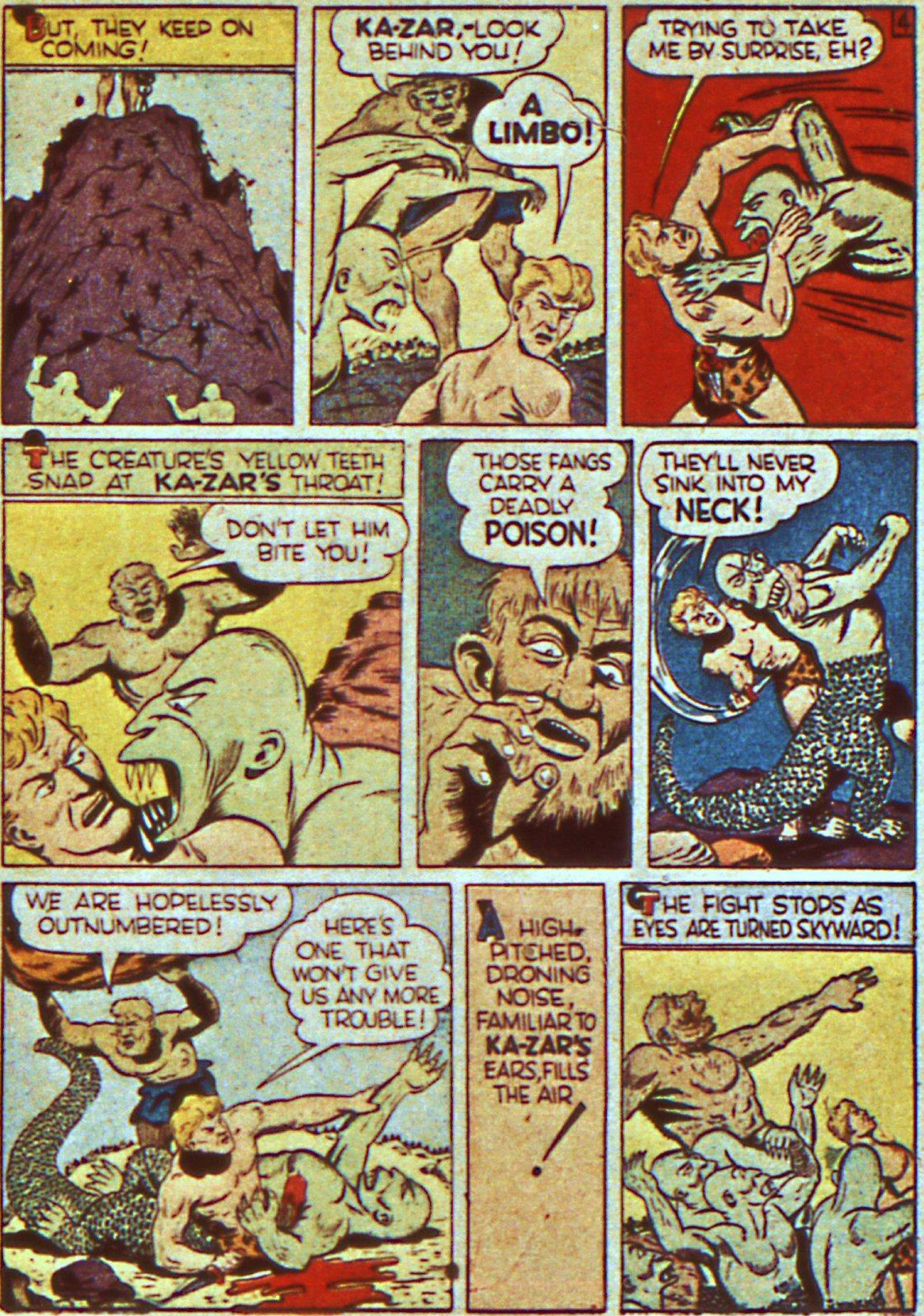
"I was taken into one of the offices, and I told my story. They found the men in the basement, also unconscious—and badly burned. They were turned over to the police.

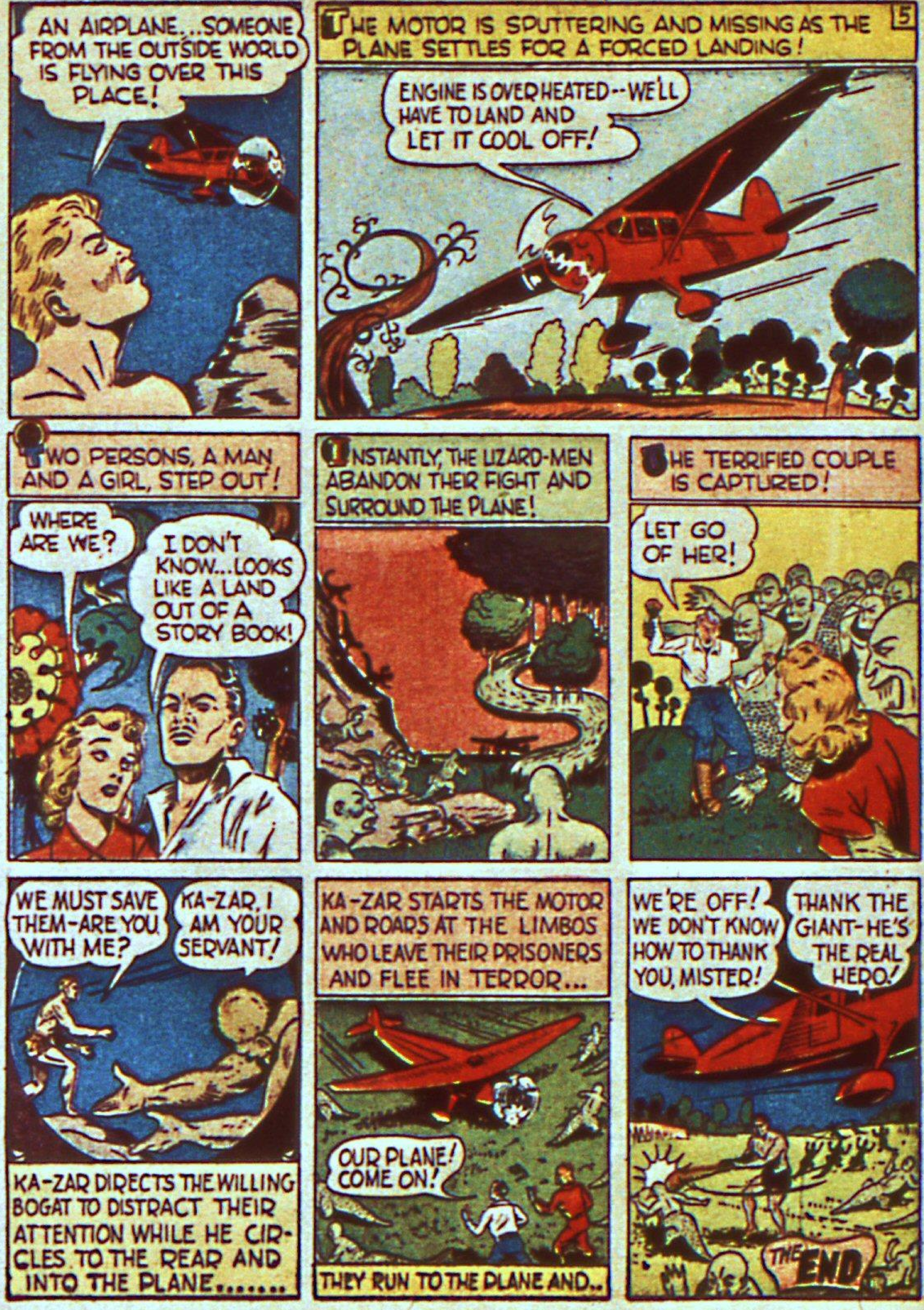
"I guess they thought I was a hero for saving the bank, but I learned a good lesson! I've always followed the TORCH'S code from then on: 'Find out first if a thing is RIGHT—and if you find it isn't, stay OUT—or FIGHT!'"


ADVENTURES OF
KA-ZAR
THE GREAT
by Ben Thompson
KA-ZAR, IN THE FANTASTIC "BLACK RIVER" JUNGLE, HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY GIANTS THAT HE FOLLOWED INTO A CAVE!
HE'S GOING TO THROW ME INTO THAT BOILING POT!
BUT, AT THAT MOMENT THE EARTH SHAKES AND TREMBLES IN GREAT CONVULSIONS!
AN EARTHQUAKE!
THE GIANT DROPS KA-ZAR AS SMOKE AND FLAMES ROLL OUT OF THE EARTH!


THE GROUND IS SPLITTING OPEN!
ONE OF THE GIANTS FALLS INTO A HOLE!
2
I CAN'T LEAVE HIM TO DIE...EVEN THOUGH HE TRIED TO KILL ME!
THE GIANT PULLS HIMSELF UP......
OUT OF THE CAVE, KA-ZAR LEARNS THAT THE GIANT SPEAKS A LANGUAGE SIMILIAR TO THE JUNGLE TALK OF THE BEASTS WITH WHICH KA-ZAR IS FAMILIAR.
I AM KA-ZAR
AND I AM CALLED BOGAT..... I WILL ALWAYS BE YOUR FRIEND!
BUT, WE MUST ESCAPE FROM THE LIMBOS!


3
-THEY ARE THE LIZARD PEOPLE FROM THE CORE OF THE EARTH! THEY ARE THE ONLY LIVING THINGS WE GIANTS' FEAR!
THE LIMBOS ESCAPE FROM THE EARTH TO ATTACK US BY MEANS OF THE EARTHQUAKES WHICH THEY CAUSE BY DIVERTING SUBTERRANEAN STREAMS INTO REGIONS OF MOLTEN LAVA!
HERE THEY COME! WE WILL HIDE FROM THEM ON THE HIGH ROCKS BEHIND US!
THEY ARE CLIMBING UP THE CLIFFS!
SCORES OF LIZARD-MEN CREEP UP THE ROCKS!
AN AVALANCHE OF STONES BREAKS UP THE ATTACK!
ROLL THESE BOULDERS DOWN ON THEM!


BUT, THEY KEEP ON COMING!
KA-ZAR, - LOOK BEHIND YOU!
A LIMBO!
TRYING TO TAKE ME BY SURPRISE, EH?
4
THE CREATURE'S YELLOW TEETH SNAP AT KA-ZAR'S THROAT!
DON'T LET HIM BITE YOU!
THOSE FANGS CARRY A DEADLY POISON!
THEY'LL NEVER SINK INTO MY NECK!
WE ARE HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED!
HERE'S ONE THAT WON'T GIVE US ANY MORE TROUBLE!
A HIGH-PITCHED, DRONING NOISE, FAMILIAR TO KA-ZAR'S EARS, FILLS THE AIR!
THE FIGHT STOPS AS EYES ARE TURNED SKYWARD!

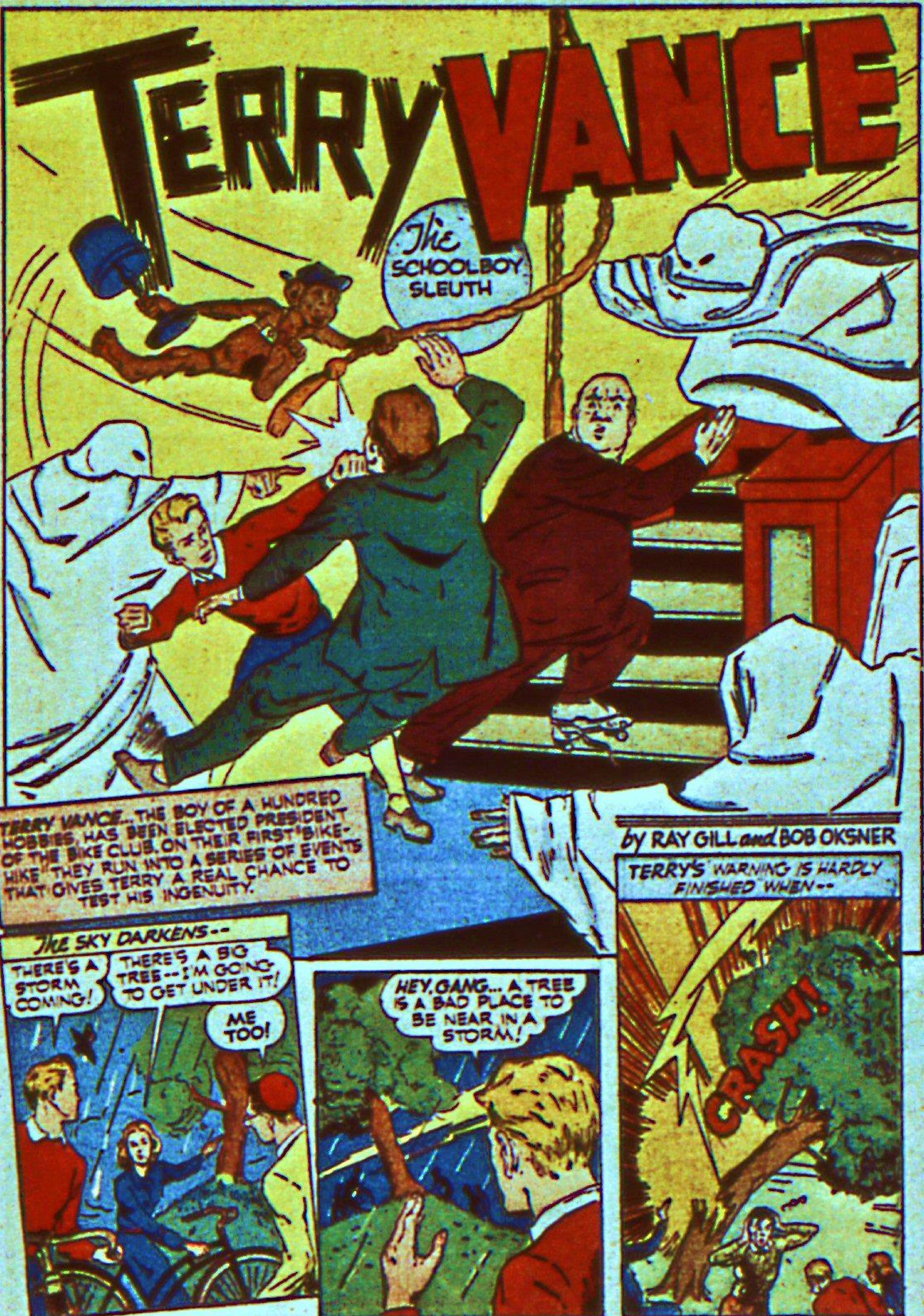

AN AIRPLANE...SOMEONE FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD IS FLYING OVER THIS PLACE!
THE MOTOR IS SPUTTERING AND MISSING AS THE PLANE SETTLES FOR A FORCED LANDING!
5
ENGINE IS OVERHEATED--WE'LL HAVE TO LAND AND LET IT COOL OFF!
TWO PERSONS, A MAN AND A GIRL, STEP OUT!
WHERE ARE WE?
I DON'T KNOW...LOOKS LIKE A LAND OUT OF A STORY BOOK!
INSTANTLY, THE LIZARD-MEN ABANDON THEIR FIGHT AND SURROUND THE PLANE!
THE TERRIFIED COUPLE IS CAPTURED!
LET GO OF HER!
WE MUST SAVE THEM-ARE YOU WITH ME?
KA-ZAR, I AM YOUR SERVANT!
KA-ZAR DIRECTS THE WILLING BOGAT TO DISTRACT THEIR ATTENTION WHILE HE CIRCLES TO THE REAR AND INTO THE PLANE......
KA-ZAR STARTS THE MOTOR AND ROARS AT THE LIMBOS WHO LEAVE THEIR PRISONERS AND FLEE IN TERROR...
OUR PLANE! COME ON!
THEY RUN TO THE PLANE AND..
WE'RE OFF! WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, MISTER!
THANK THE GIANT-HE'S THE REAL HERO!
THE END

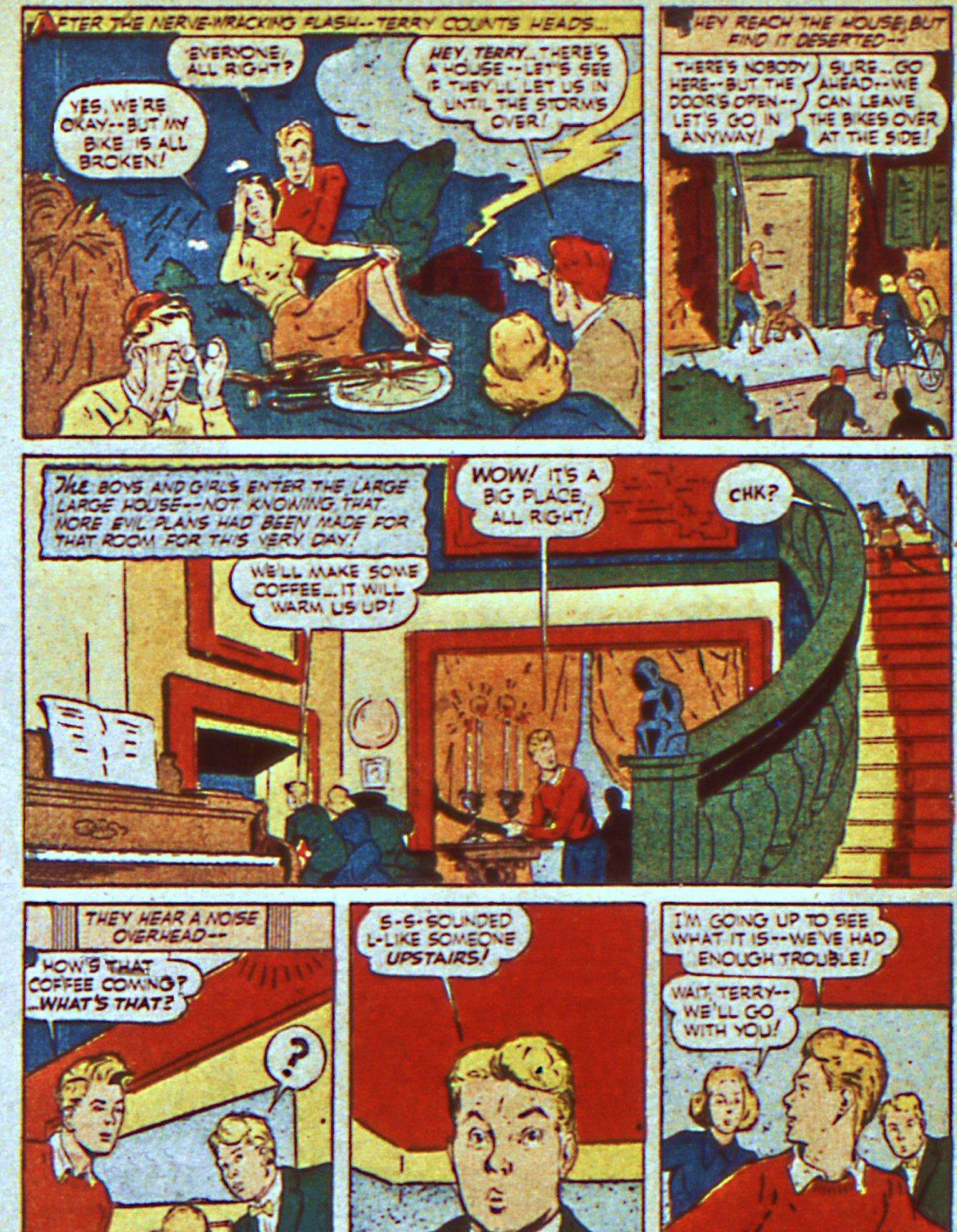
TERRY VANCE

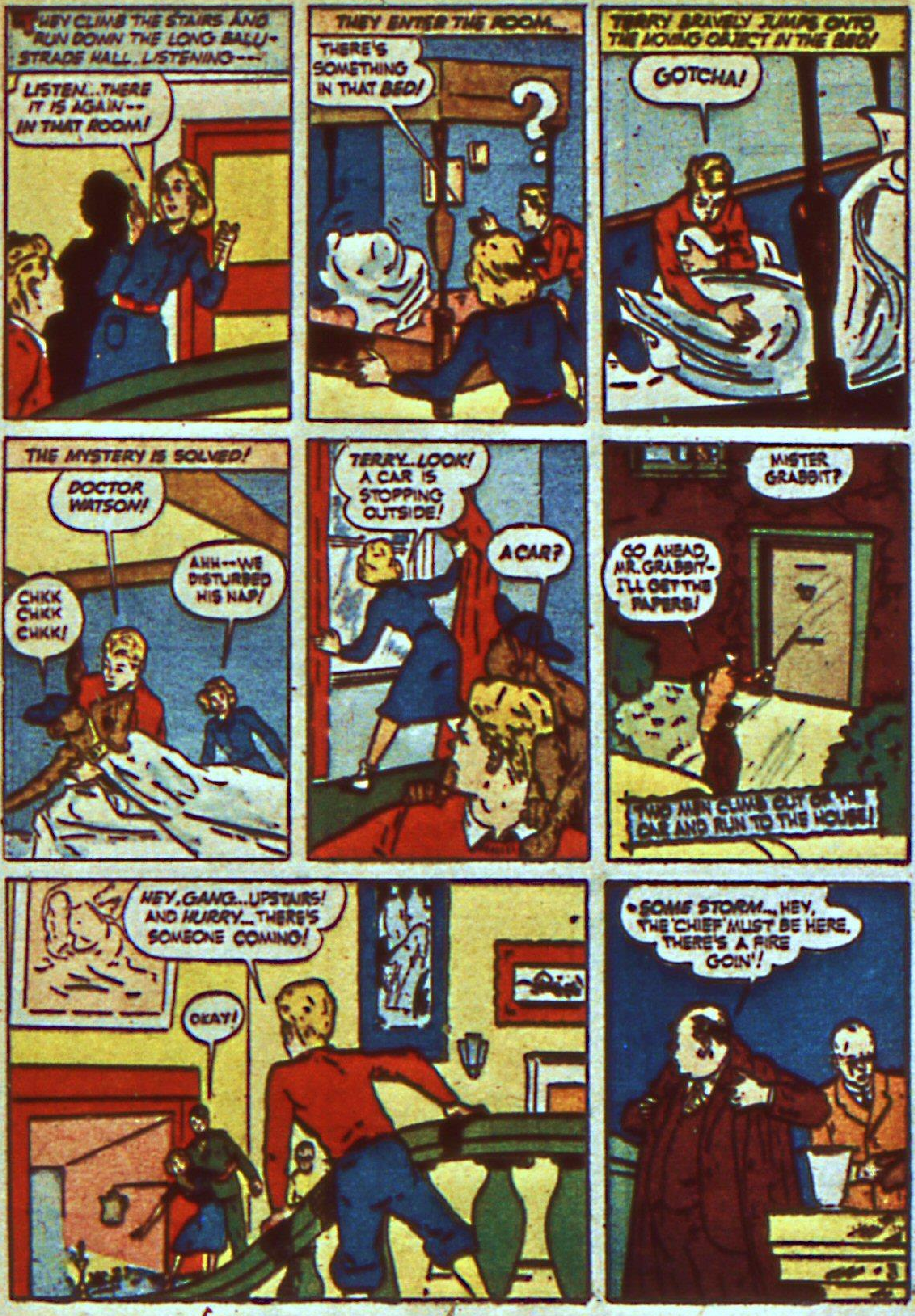
The SCHOOLBOY SLEUTH

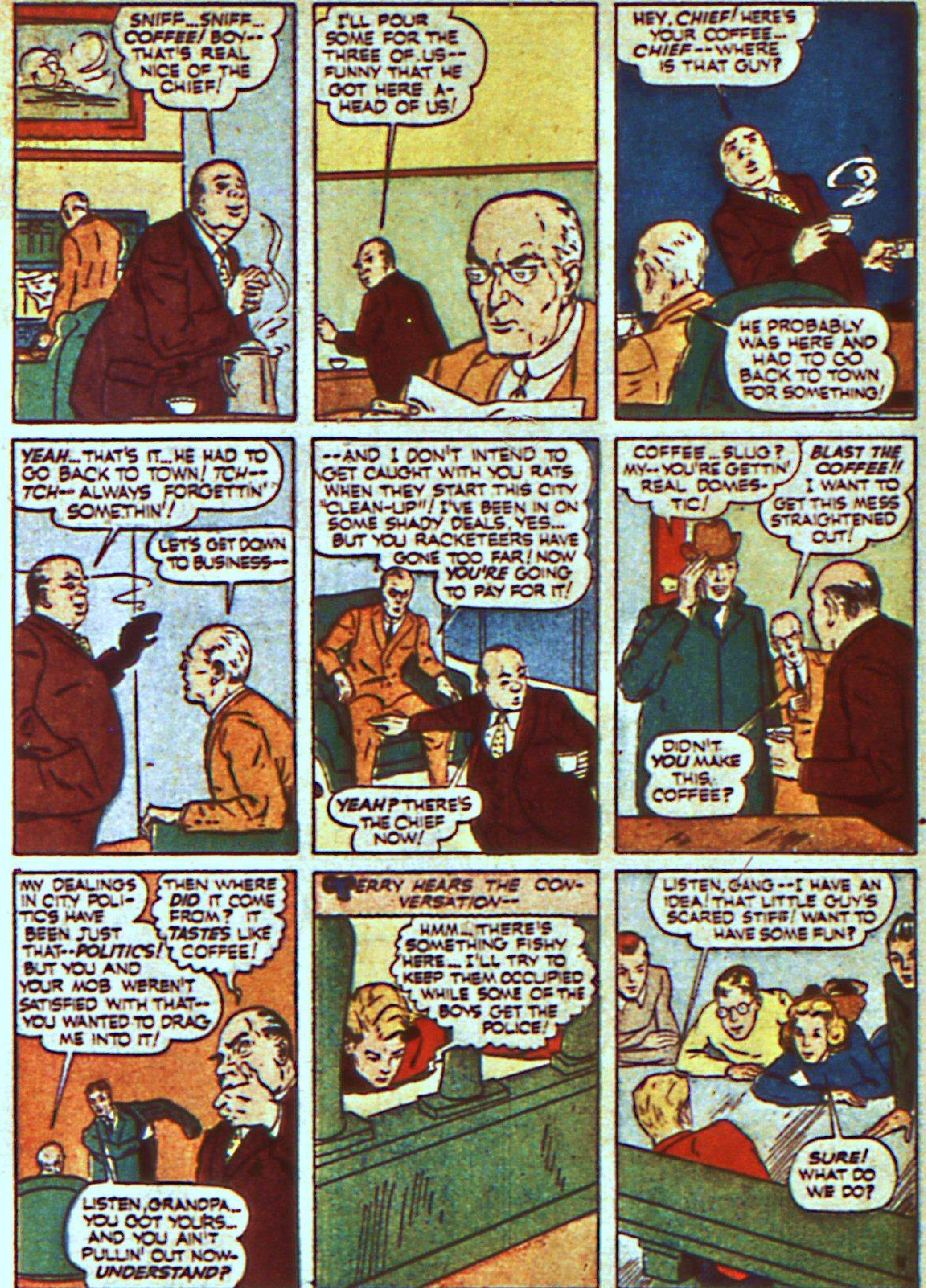
by RAY GILL and BOB OKSNER

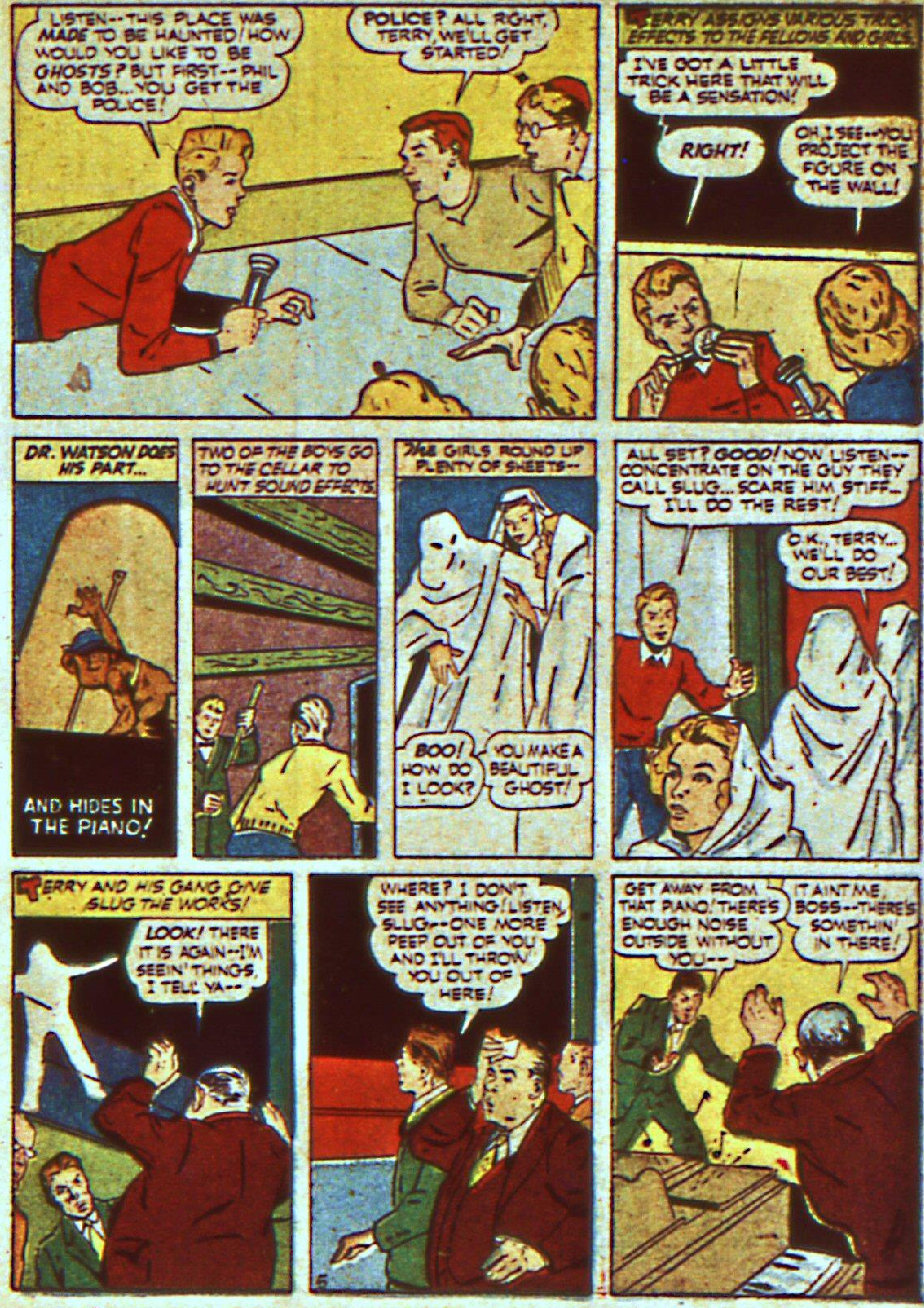
TERRY VANCE.. THE BOY OF A HUNDRED HOBBIES, HAS BEEN ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE BIKE CLUB. ON THEIR FIRST "BIKE-HIKE" THEY RUN INTO A SERIES OF EVENTS THAT GIVES TERRY A REAL CHANCE TO TEST HIS INGENUITY.

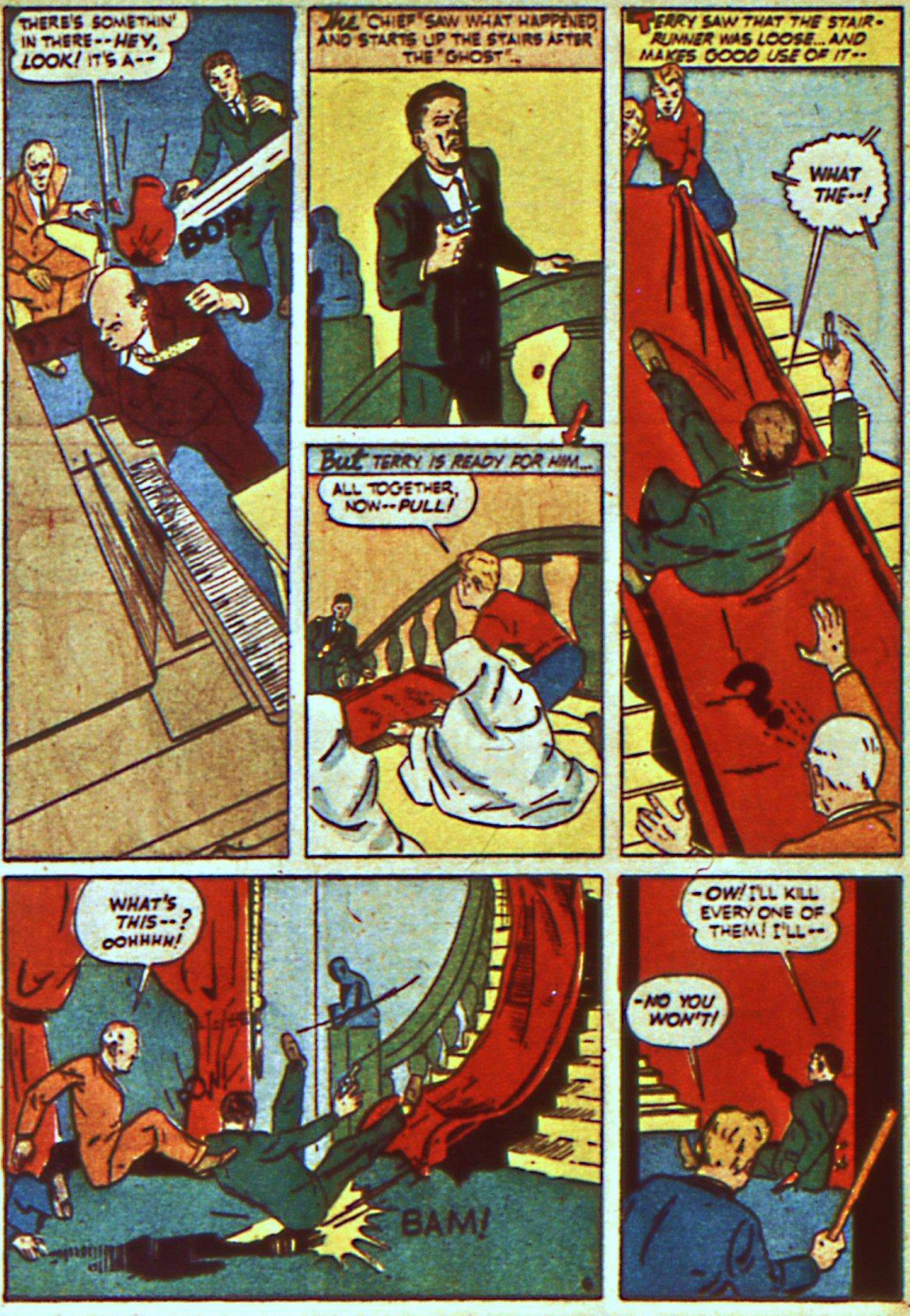

The SKY DARKENS--
THERE'S A STORM COMING!
THERE'S A BIG TREE--I'M GOING TO GET UNDER IT!
ME TOO!
HEY, GANG... A TREE IS A BAD PLACE TO BE NEAR IN A STORM!
TERRY'S WARNING IS HARDLY FINISHED WHEN--
CRASH!

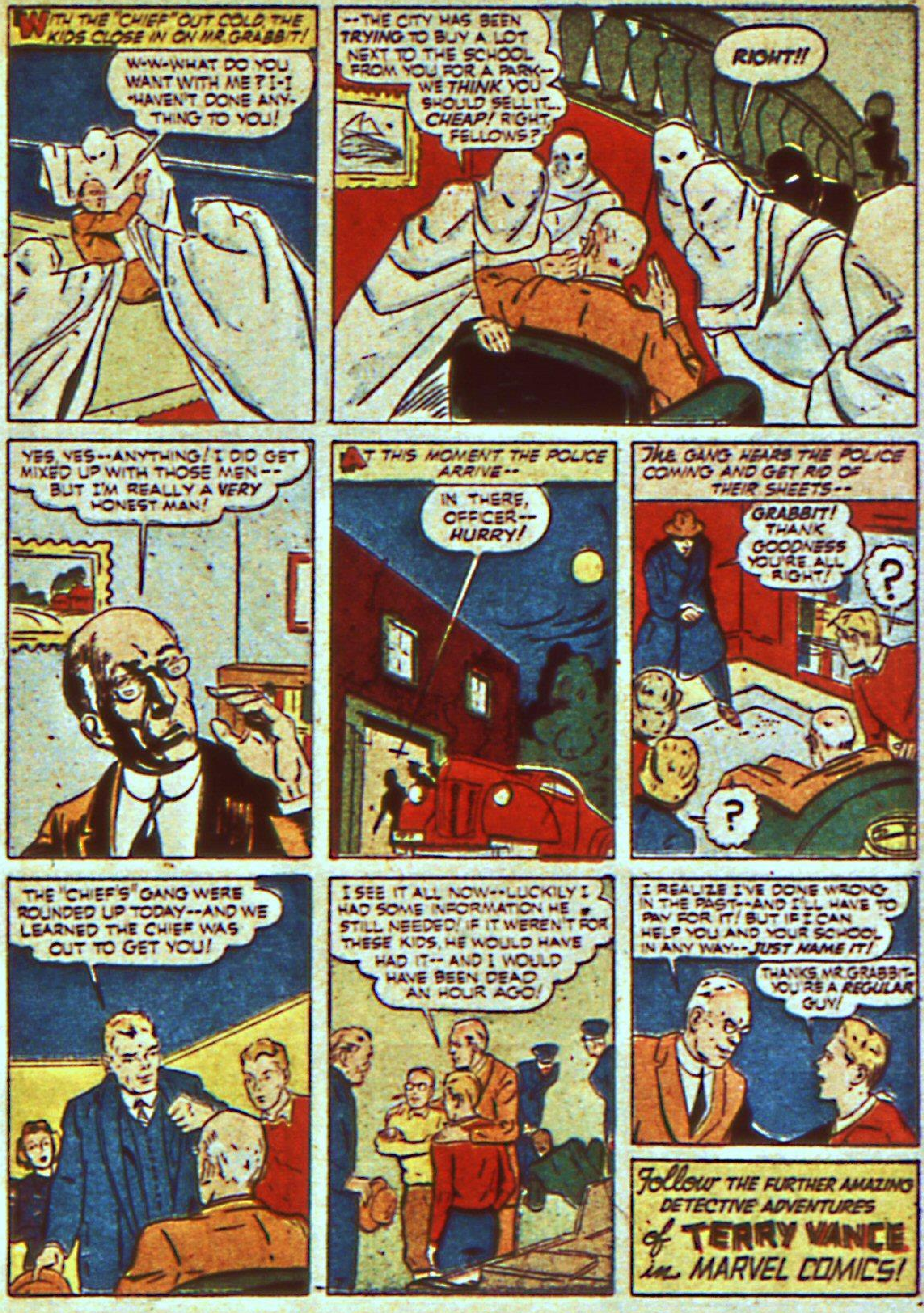

AFTER THE NERVE-WRACKING FLASH--TERRY COUNTS HEADS...
EVERYONE ALL RIGHT?
YES, WE'RE OKAY--BUT MY BIKE IS ALL BROKEN!
HEY, TERRY...THERE'S A HOUSE--LET'S SEE IF THEY'LL LET US IN UNTIL THE STORM'S OVER!
THEY REACH THE HOUSE, BUT FIND IT DESERTED--
THERE'S NOBODY HERE--BUT THE DOOR'S OPEN--LET'S GO IN ANYWAY!
SURE...GO AHEAD--WE CAN LEAVE THE BIKES OVER AT THE SIDE!
The BOYS AND GIRLS ENTER THE LARGE LARGE HOUSE--NOT KNOWING THAT MORE EVIL PLANS HAD BEEN MADE FOR THAT ROOM FOR THIS VERY DAY!
WOW! IT'S A BIG PLACE, ALL RIGHT!
CHK?
WE'LL MAKE SOME COFFEE... IT WILL WARM US UP!
THEY HEAR A NOISE OVERHEAD--
HOW'S THAT COFFEE COMING? ...WHAT'S THAT?
?
S-S-SOUNDED L-LIKE SOMEONE UPSTAIRS!
I'M GOING UP TO SEE WHAT IT IS--WE'VE HAD ENOUGH TROUBLE!
WAIT, TERRY--WE'LL GO WITH YOU!

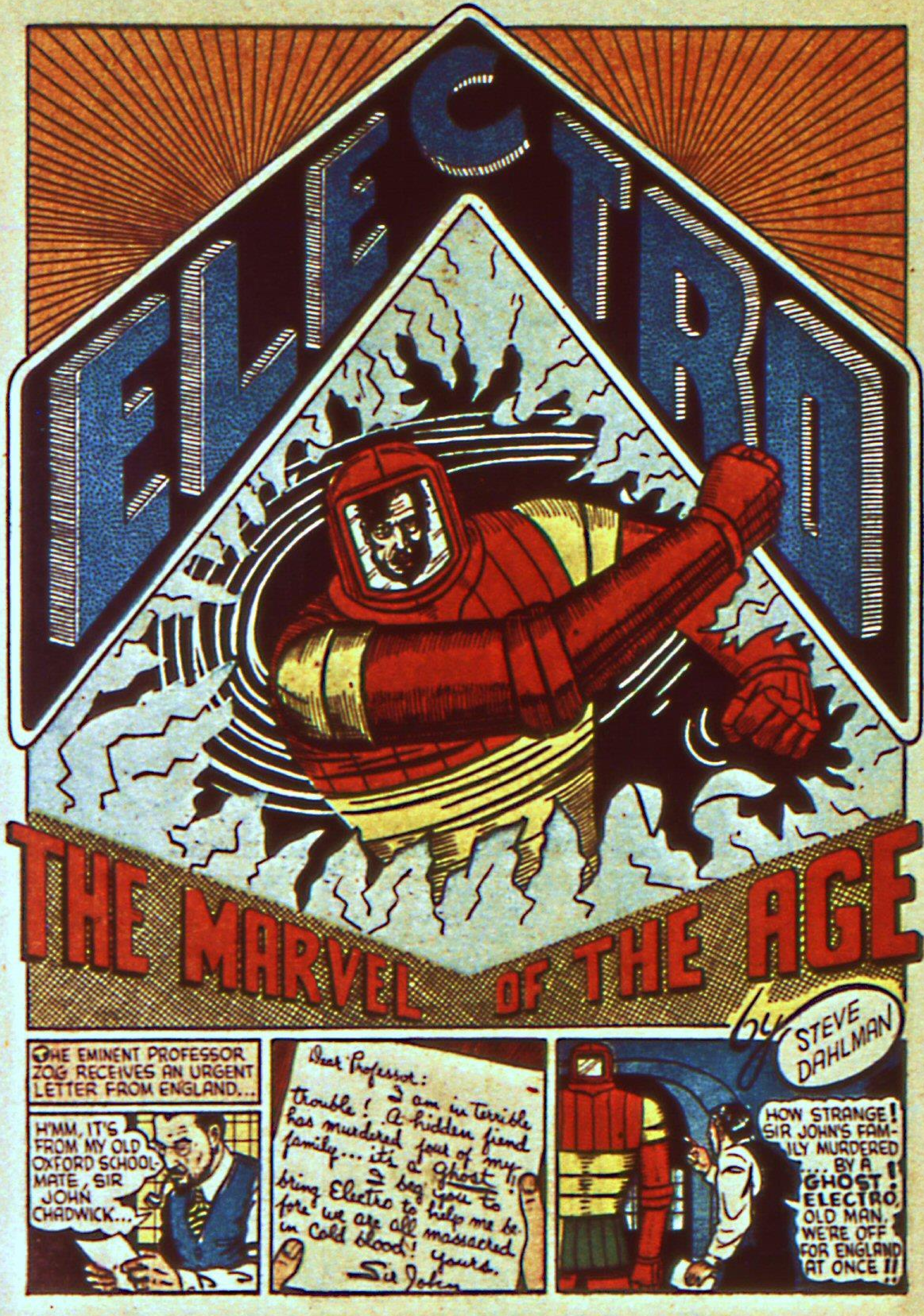

THEY CLIMB THE STAIRS AND RUN DOWN THE LONG BALUSTRADE HALL, LISTENING---
LISTEN...THERE IT IS AGAIN-- IN THAT ROOM!
THEY ENTER THE ROOM...
THERE'S SOMETHING IN THAT *BED!*
?
TERRY BRAVELY JUMPS ONTO THE MOVING OBJECT IN THE BED!
GOTCHA!
THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED!
DOCTOR WATSON!
CHKK CHKK CHKK!
AHH--WE DISTURBED HIS NAP!
TERRY...LOOK! A CAR IS STOPPING OUTSIDE!
A CAR?
MISTER GRABBIT?
GO AHEAD, MR. GRABBIT-I'LL GET THE PAPERS!
TWO MEN CLIMB OUT OF THE CAR AND RUN TO THE HOUSE!
HEY, GANG...UPSTAIRS! AND *HURRY*...THERE'S SOMEONE COMING!
OKAY!
SOME STORM... HEY, THE 'CHIEF' MUST BE HERE. THERE'S A FIRE GOIN'!

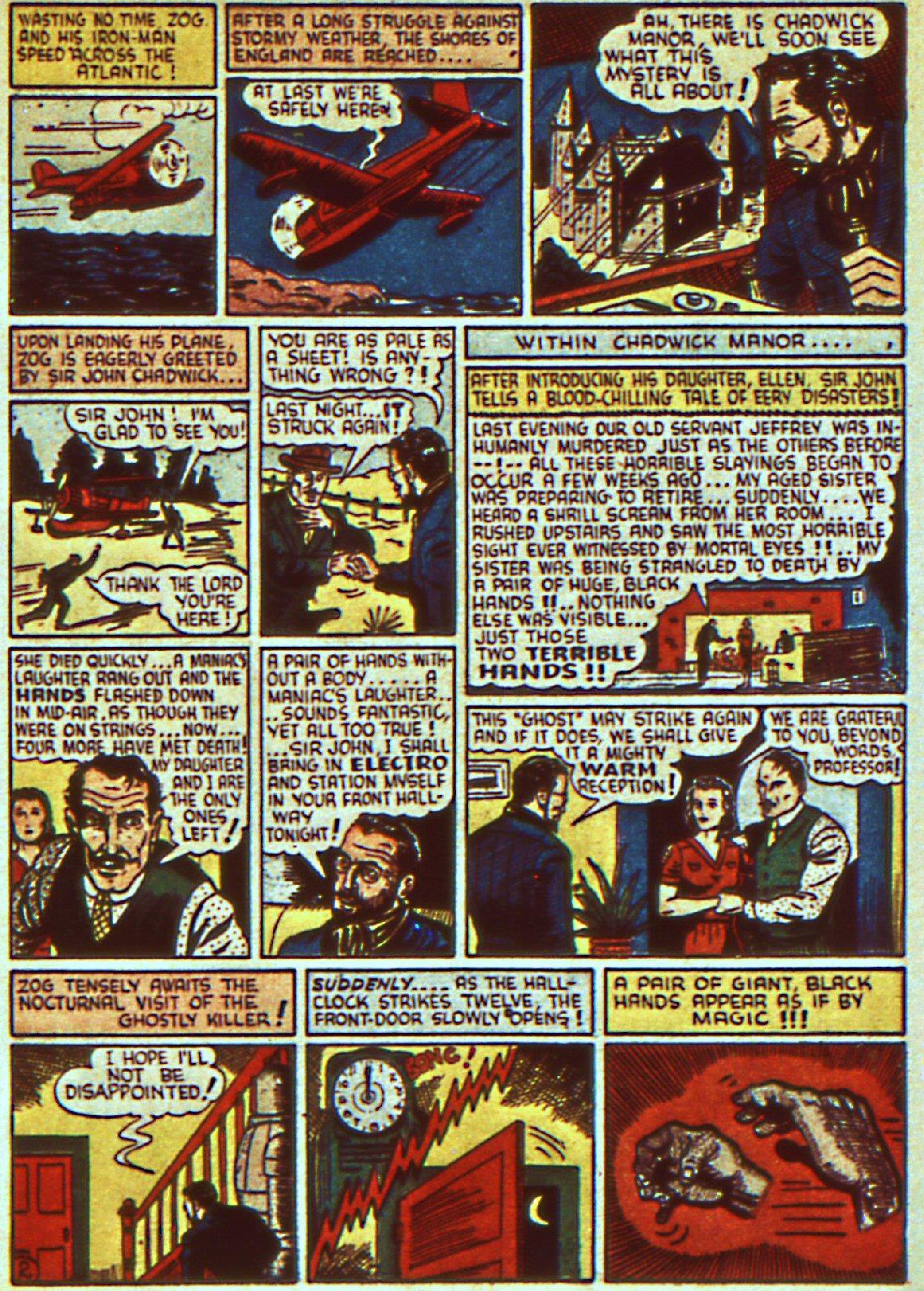

SNIFF...SNIFF... COFFEE! BOY--THAT'S REAL NICE OF THE CHIEF!
I'LL POUR SOME FOR THE THREE OF US--FUNNY THAT HE GOT HERE AHEAD OF US!
HEY, CHIEF! HERE'S YOUR COFFEE... CHIEF--WHERE IS THAT GUY?
HE PROBABLY WAS HERE AND HAD TO GO BACK TO TOWN FOR SOMETHING!
YEAH...THAT'S IT...HE HAD TO GO BACK TO TOWN! TCH--TCH--ALWAYS FORGETTIN' SOMETHIN'!
LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS--
--AND I DON'T INTEND TO GET CAUGHT WITH YOU RATS WHEN THEY START THIS CITY "CLEAN-UP"! I'VE BEEN IN ON SOME SHADY DEALS, YES... BUT YOU RACKETEERS HAVE GONE TOO FAR! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR IT!
YEAH? THERE'S THE CHIEF NOW!
COFFEE...SLUG? MY--YOU'RE GETTIN' REAL DOMESTIC!
BLAST THE COFFEE!! I WANT TO GET THIS MESS STRAIGHTENED OUT!
DIDN'T YOU MAKE THIS COFFEE?
MY DEALINGS IN CITY POLITICS HAVE BEEN JUST THAT--POLITICS! BUT YOU AND YOUR MOB WEREN'T SATISFIED WITH THAT--YOU WANTED TO DRAG ME INTO IT!
THEN WHERE DID IT COME FROM? IT TASTES LIKE COFFEE!
LISTEN, GRANDPA... YOU GOT YOURS... AND YOU AIN'T PULLIN' OUT NOW-UNDERSTAND?
JERRY HEARS THE CONVERSATION--
HMM...THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY HERE... I'LL TRY TO KEEP THEM OCCUPIED WHILE SOME OF THE BOYS GET THE POLICE!
LISTEN, GANG--I HAVE AN IDEA! THAT LITTLE GUY'S SCARED STIFF! WANT TO HAVE SOME FUN?
SURE! WHAT DO WE DO?

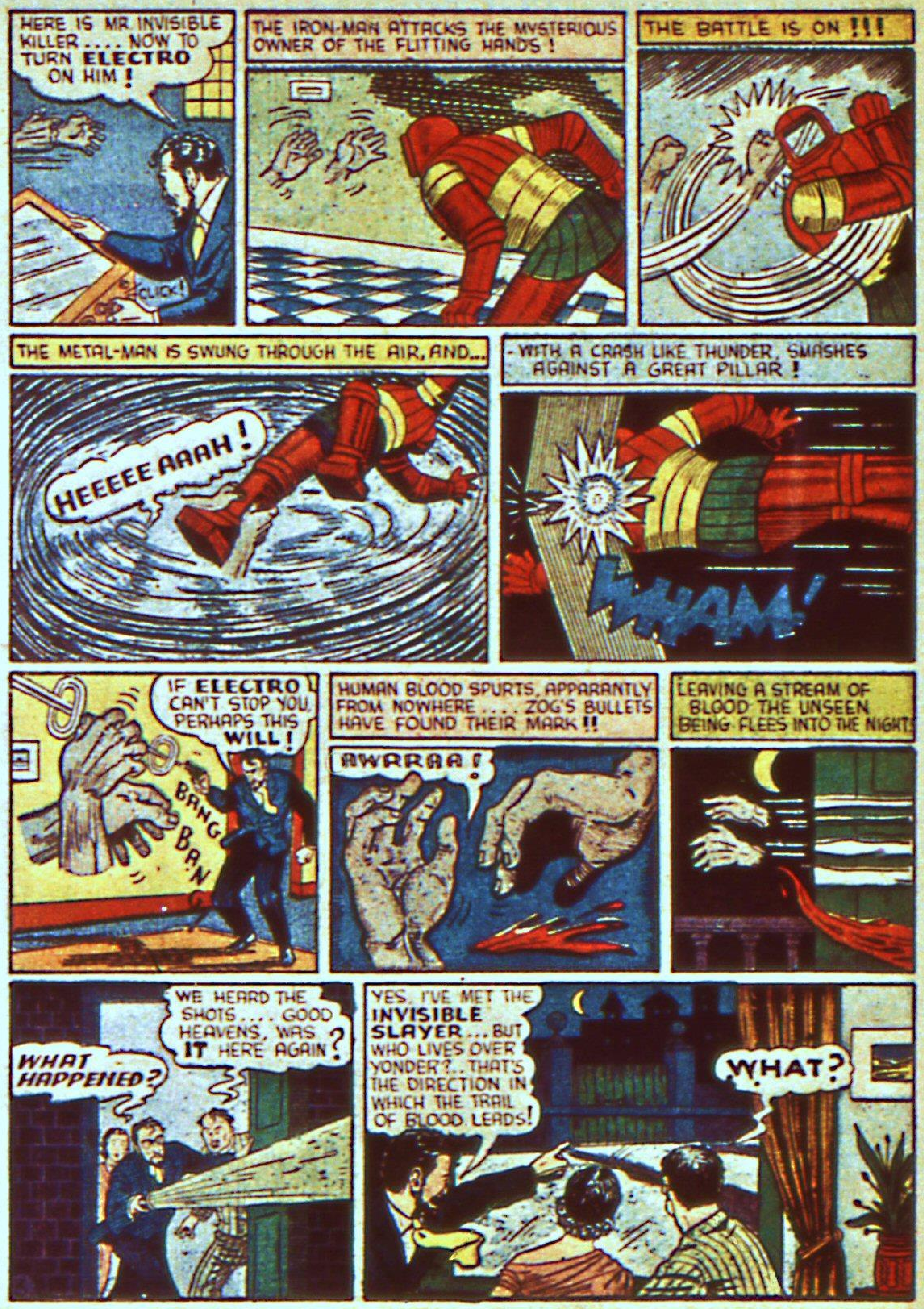

LISTEN--THIS PLACE WAS MADE TO BE HAUNTED! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE GHOSTS? BUT FIRST--PHIL AND BOB...YOU GET THE POLICE!
POLICE? ALL RIGHT, TERRY, WE'LL GET STARTED!
TERRY ASSIGNS VARIOUS TRICK EFFECTS TO THE FELLOWS AND GIRLS.
I'VE GOT A LITTLE TRICK HERE THAT WILL BE A SENSATION!
RIGHT!
OH, I SEE--YOU PROJECT THE FIGURE ON THE WALL!
DR. WATSON DOES HIS PART...
AND HIDES IN THE PIANO!
TWO OF THE BOYS GO TO THE CELLAR TO HUNT SOUND EFFECTS!
THE GIRLS ROUND UP PLENTY OF SHEETS--
BOO! HOW DO I LOOK?
YOU MAKE A BEAUTIFUL GHOST!
ALL SET? GOOD! NOW LISTEN--CONCENTRATE ON THE GUY THEY CALL SLUG... SCARE HIM STIFF... I'LL DO THE REST!
O.K., TERRY... WE'LL DO OUR BEST!
TERRY AND HIS GANG GIVE SLUG THE WORKS!
LOOK! THERE IT IS AGAIN--I'M SEEIN' THINGS, I TELL YA--
WHERE? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING! LISTEN, SLUG--ONE MORE PEEP OUT OF YOU AND I'LL THROW YOU OUT OF HERE!
GET AWAY FROM THAT PIANO! THERE'S ENOUGH NOISE OUTSIDE WITHOUT YOU--
IT AINT ME, BOSS--THERE'S SOMETHIN' IN THERE!

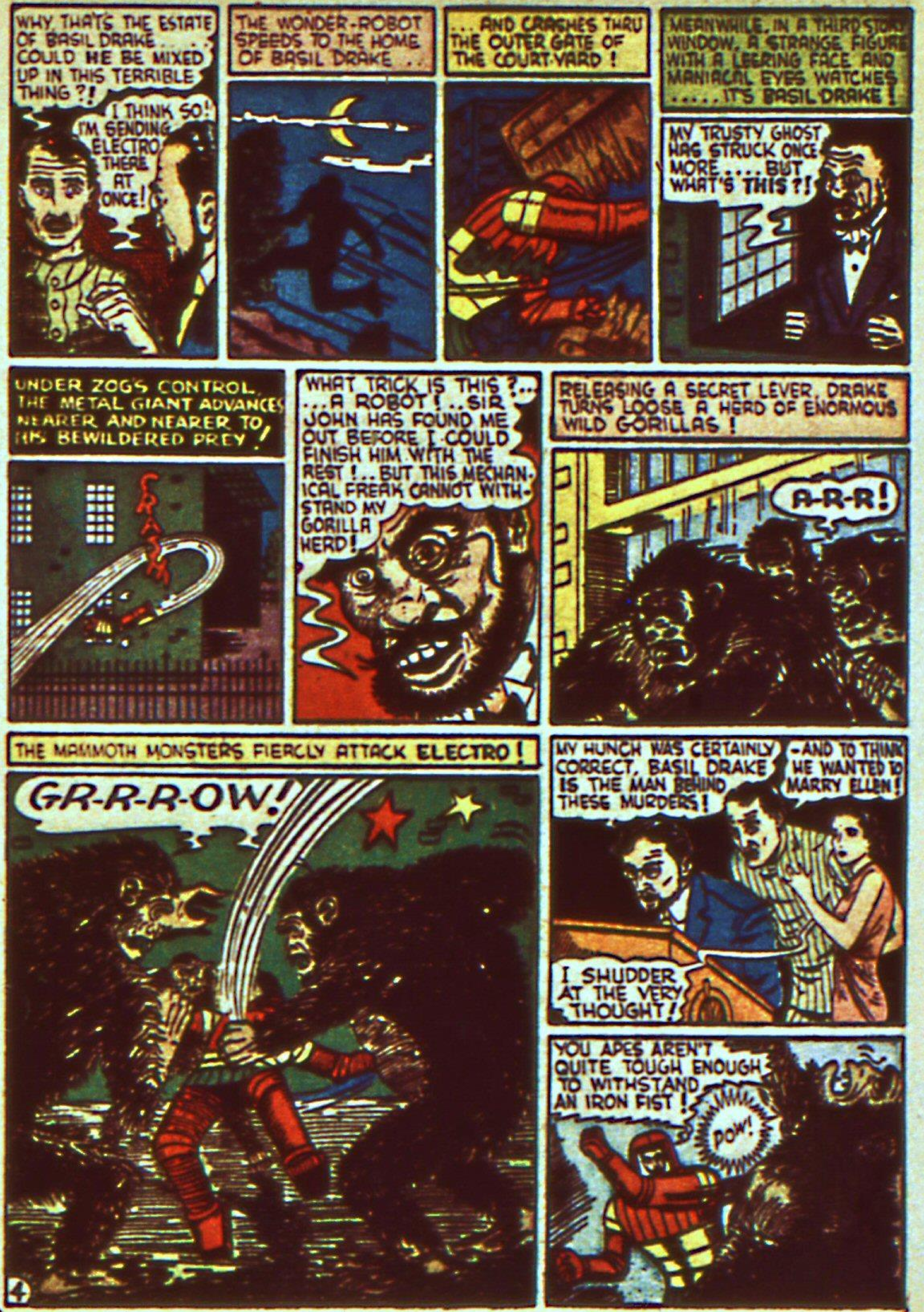

THERE'S SOMETHIN' IN THERE--HEY, LOOK! IT'S A--
BOP!
The "CHIEF" SAW WHAT HAPPENED, AND STARTS UP THE STAIRS AFTER THE "GHOST"..
But TERRY IS READY FOR HIM...
ALL TOGETHER, NOW--PULL!
TERRY SAW THAT THE STAIR-RUNNER WAS LOOSE... AND MAKES GOOD USE OF IT--
WHAT THE--!
WHAT'S THIS--? OOHHHH!
BAM!
-OW! I'LL KILL EVERY ONE OF THEM! I'LL--
-NO YOU WON'T!

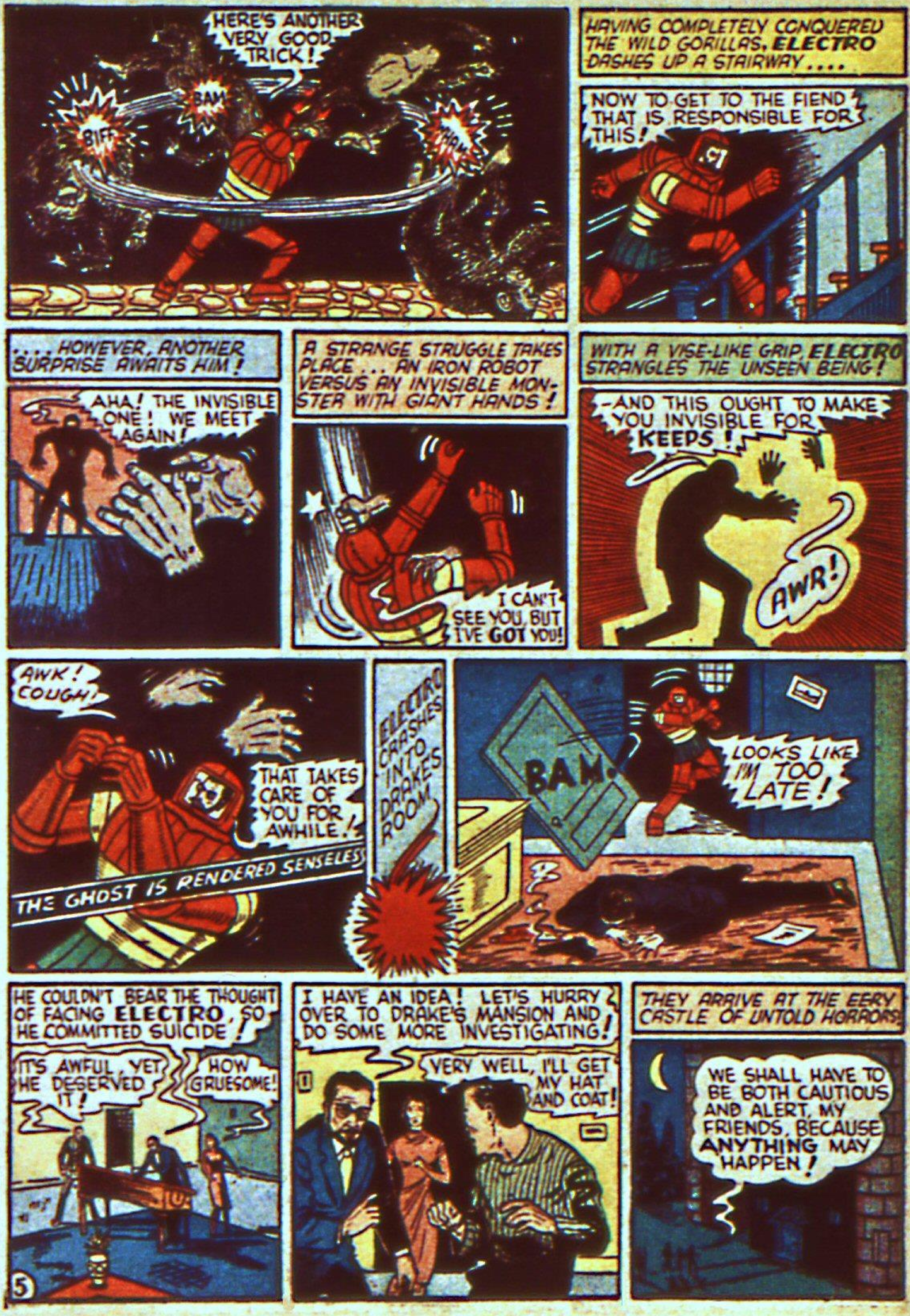

WITH THE "CHIEF" OUT COLD, THE KIDS CLOSE IN ON MR. GRABBIT!
W-W-WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? I-I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING TO YOU!
--THE CITY HAS BEEN TRYING TO BUY A LOT NEXT TO THE SCHOOL FROM YOU FOR A PARK-- WE THINK YOU SHOULD SELL IT... CHEAP! RIGHT, FELLOWS?
RIGHT!!
YES, YES--ANYTHING! I DID GET MIXED UP WITH THOSE MEN-- BUT I'M REALLY A VERY HONEST MAN!
AT THIS MOMENT THE POLICE ARRIVE--
IN THERE, OFFICER-- HURRY!
THE GANG HEARS THE POLICE COMING AND GET RID OF THEIR SHEETS--
GRABBIT! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
?
?
THE "CHIEF'S" GANG WERE ROUNDED UP TODAY--AND WE LEARNED THE CHIEF WAS OUT TO GET YOU!
I SEE IT ALL NOW--LUCKILY I HAD SOME INFORMATION HE STILL NEEDED! IF IT WEREN'T FOR THESE KIDS, HE WOULD HAVE HAD IT-- AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD AN HOUR AGO!
I REALIZE I'VE DONE WRONG IN THE PAST--AND I'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR IT! BUT IF I CAN HELP YOU AND YOUR SCHOOL IN ANY WAY--JUST NAME IT!
THANKS, MR. GRABBIT-- YOU'RE A REGULAR GUY!
FOLLOW THE FURTHER AMAZING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES of TERRY VANCE in MARVEL COMICS!

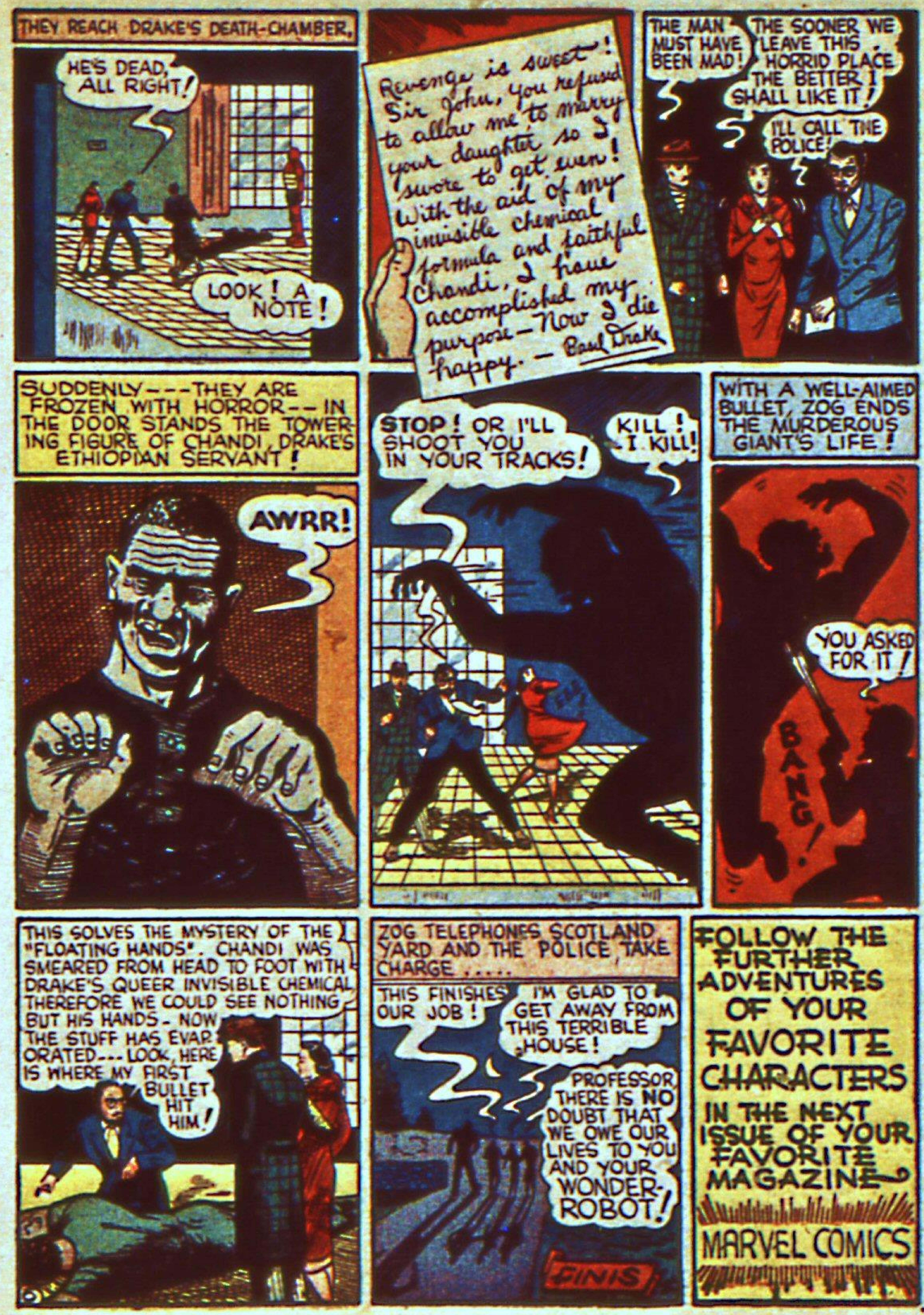

ELECTRO
THE MARVEL OF THE AGE
by STEVE DAHLMAN
THE EMINENT PROFESSOR ZOG RECEIVES AN URGENT LETTER FROM ENGLAND...
H'MM, IT'S FROM MY OLD OXFORD SCHOOLMATE, SIR JOHN CHADWICK...
Dear Professor:
I am in terrible trouble! A hidden fiend has murdered four of my family... it's a Ghost!! I beg you to bring Electro to help me before we are all massacred in cold blood! Yours.
Sir John
HOW STRANGE! SIR JOHN'S FAMILY MURDERED ... BY A GHOST! ELECTRO, OLD MAN, WE'RE OFF FOR ENGLAND AT ONCE!!

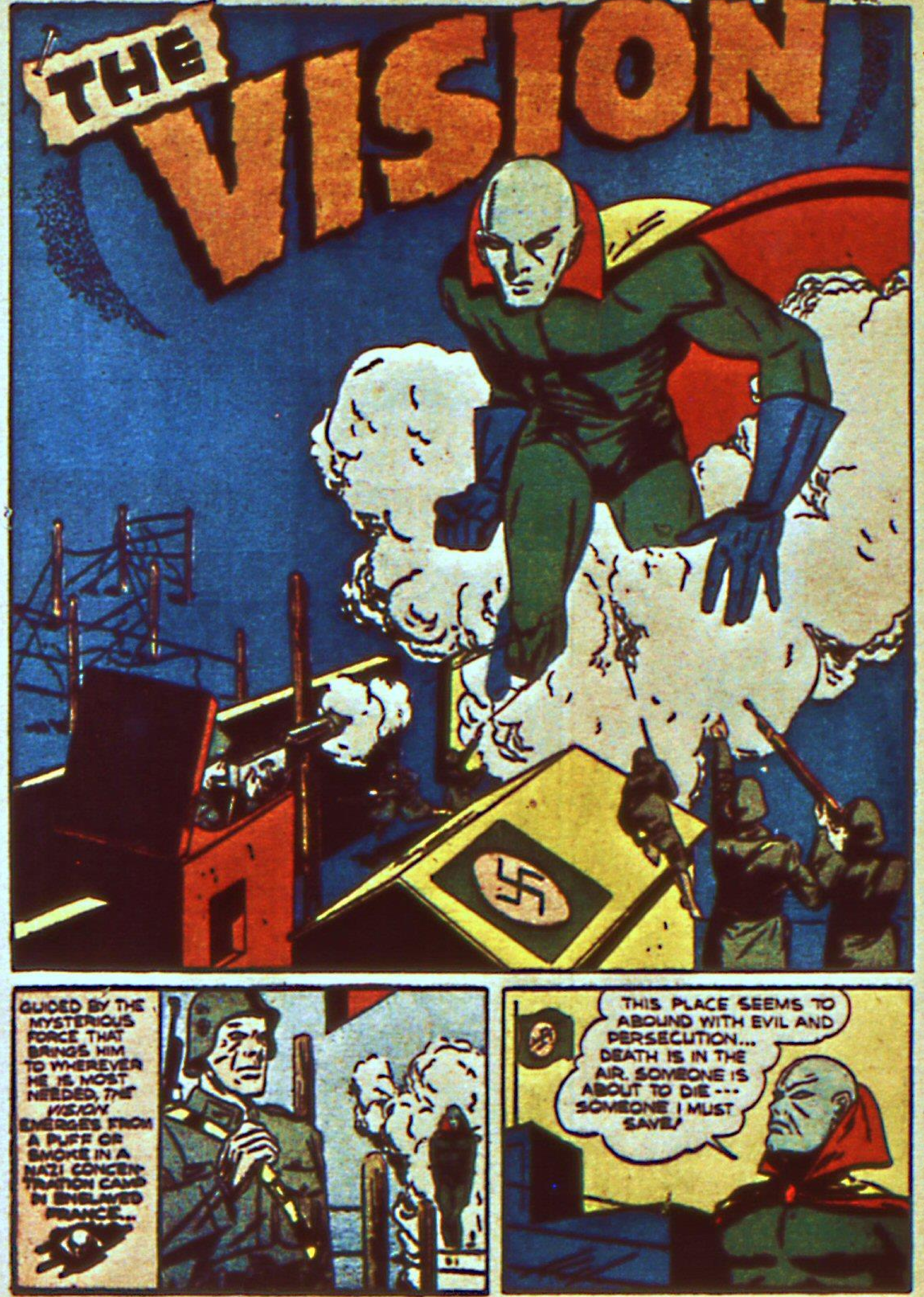

WASTING NO TIME, ZOG AND HIS IRON-MAN SPEED ACROSS THE ATLANTIC!
AFTER A LONG STRUGGLE AGAINST STORMY WEATHER, THE SHORES OF ENGLAND ARE REACHED....
AT LAST WE'RE SAFELY HERE!
AH, THERE IS CHADWICK MANOR, WE'LL SOON SEE WHAT THIS MYSTERY IS ALL ABOUT!
UPON LANDING HIS PLANE, ZOG IS EAGERLY GREETED BY SIR JOHN CHADWICK...
SIR JOHN! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU!
THANK THE LORD YOU'RE HERE!
YOU ARE AS PALE AS A SHEET! IS ANYTHING WRONG?!
LAST NIGHT...IT STRUCK AGAIN!
WITHIN CHADWICK MANOR....
AFTER INTRODUCING HIS DAUGHTER, ELLEN, SIR JOHN TELLS A BLOOD-CHILLING TALE OF EERY DISASTERS!
LAST EVENING OUR OLD SERVANT JEFFREY WAS INHUMANLY MURDERED JUST AS THE OTHERS BEFORE --!-- ALL THESE HORRIBLE SLAYINGS BEGAN TO OCCUR A FEW WEEKS AGO... MY AGED SISTER WAS PREPARING TO RETIRE... SUDDENLY....WE HEARD A SHRILL SCREAM FROM HER ROOM... I RUSHED UPSTAIRS AND SAW THE MOST HORRIBLE SIGHT EVER WITNESSED BY MORTAL EYES!!..MY SISTER WAS BEING STRANGLED TO DEATH BY A PAIR OF HUGE, BLACK HANDS!!..NOTHING ELSE WAS VISIBLE... JUST THOSE TWO TERRIBLE HANDS!!
SHE DIED QUICKLY...A MANIAC'S LAUGHTER RANG OUT AND THE HANDS FLASHED DOWN IN MID-AIR, AS THOUGH THEY WERE ON STRINGS...NOW... FOUR MORE HAVE MET DEATH! MY DAUGHTER AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT!
A PAIR OF HANDS WITHOUT A BODY.....A MANIAC'S LAUGHTER...SOUNDS FANTASTIC, YET ALL TOO TRUE! ...SIR JOHN, I SHALL BRING IN ELECTRO AND STATION MYSELF IN YOUR FRONT HALLWAY TONIGHT!
THIS "GHOST" MAY STRIKE AGAIN AND IF IT DOES, WE SHALL GIVE IT A MIGHTY WARM RECEPTION!
WE ARE GRATEFUL TO YOU, BEYOND WORDS, PROFESSOR!
ZOG TENSELY AWAITS THE NOCTURNAL VISIT OF THE GHOSTLY KILLER!
I HOPE I'LL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED!
SUDDENLY.... AS THE HALL-CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE, THE FRONT-DOOR SLOWLY OPENS!
BONG!
A PAIR OF GIANT, BLACK HANDS APPEAR AS IF BY MAGIC!!!
2

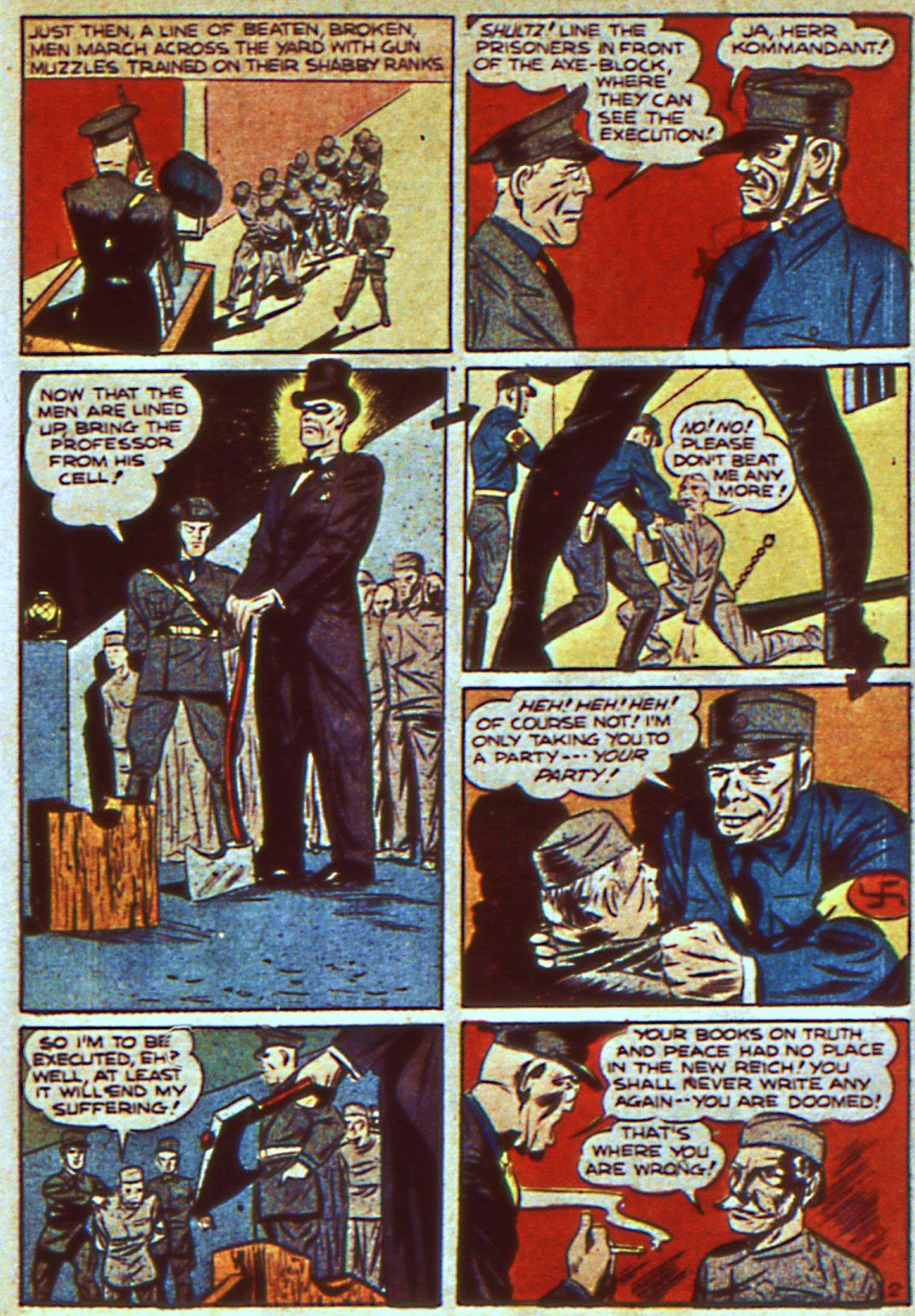

HERE IS MR INVISIBLE KILLER .... NOW TO TURN **ELECTRO** ON HIM!
CLICK!
THE IRON-MAN ATTACKS THE MYSTERIOUS OWNER OF THE FLITTING HANDS!
THE BATTLE IS ON!!!
THE METAL-MAN IS SWUNG THROUGH THE AIR, AND...
HEEEEE AAAH!
- WITH A CRASH LIKE THUNDER, SMASHES AGAINST A GREAT PILLAR!
WHAM!
IF **ELECTRO** CAN'T STOP YOU, PERHAPS THIS **WILL**!
BANG
BAN
HUMAN BLOOD SPURTS, APPARENTLY FROM NOWHERE .... ZOG'S BULLETS HAVE FOUND THEIR MARK!!
AWRRRAA!
LEAVING A STREAM OF BLOOD THE UNSEEN BEING FLEES INTO THE NIGHT!
WE HEARD THE SHOTS .... GOOD HEAVENS, WAS **IT** HERE AGAIN?
WHAT HAPPENED?
YES, I'VE MET THE **INVISIBLE SLAYER**... BUT WHO LIVES OVER YONDER?.. THAT'S THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THE TRAIL OF BLOOD LEADS!
WHAT?

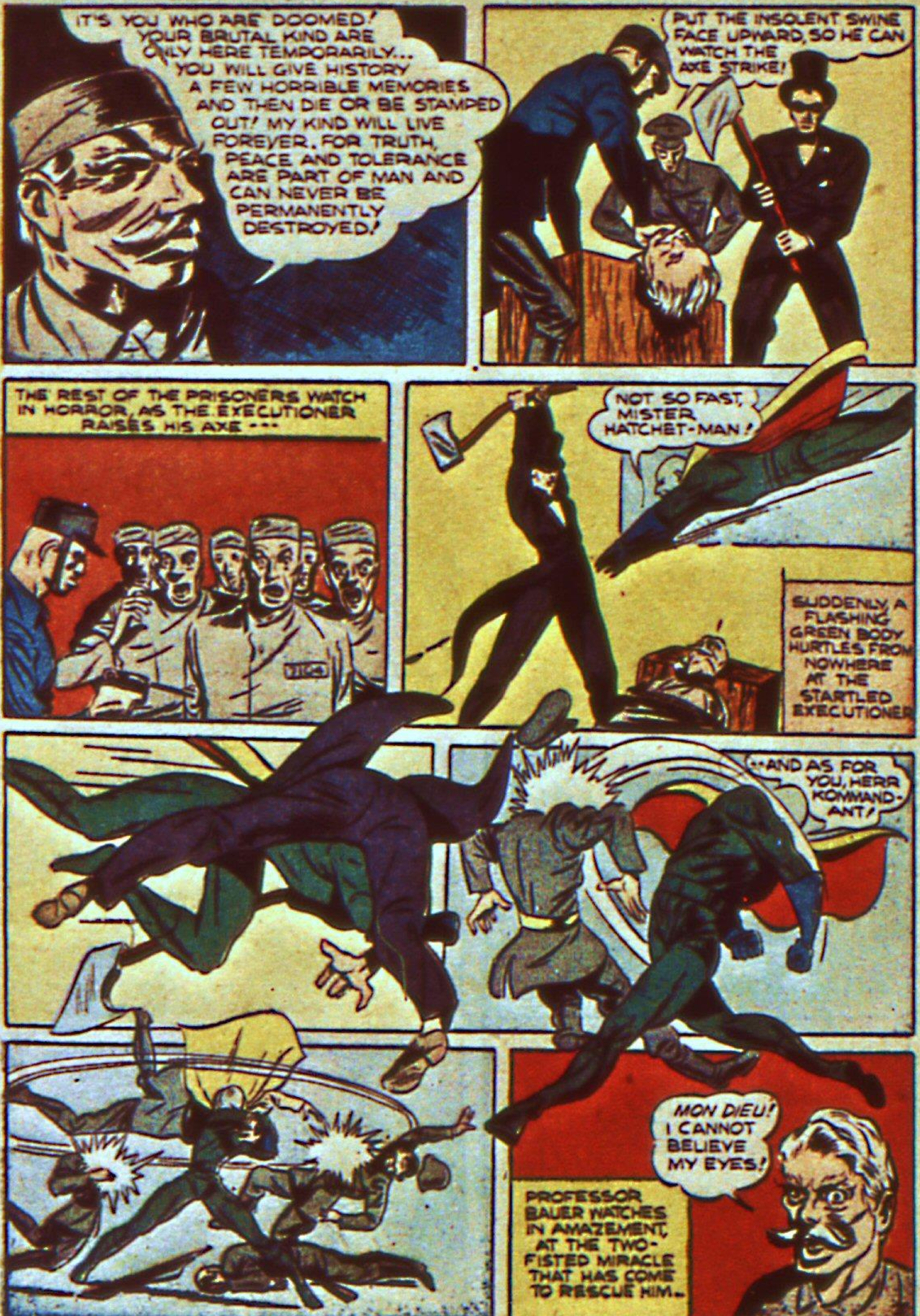

WHY, THAT'S THE ESTATE OF BASIL DRAKE . . . COULD HE BE MIXED UP IN THIS TERRIBLE THING ?!
I THINK SO! I'M SENDING ELECTRO THERE AT ONCE!
THE WONDER-ROBOT SPEEDS TO THE HOME OF BASIL DRAKE . .
. . . AND CRASHES THRU THE OUTER GATE OF THE COURT-YARD !
MEANWHILE, IN A THIRD STORY WINDOW, A STRANGE FIGURE WITH A LEERING FACE AND MANIACAL EYES WATCHES . . . . . IT'S BASIL DRAKE !
MY TRUSTY GHOST HAS STRUCK ONCE MORE . . . . BUT WHAT'S THIS ?!
UNDER ZOG'S CONTROL, THE METAL GIANT ADVANCES NEARER AND NEARER TO HIS BEWILDERED PREY !
CRASH
WHAT TRICK IS THIS ?.. . . . A ROBOT ! . . SIR JOHN HAS FOUND ME OUT BEFORE I COULD FINISH HIM WITH THE REST ! . . BUT THIS MECHANICAL FREAK CANNOT WITHSTAND MY GORILLA HERD!
RELEASING A SECRET LEVER, DRAKE TURNS LOOSE A HERD OF ENORMOUS WILD GORILLAS !
A-R-R!
THE MAMMOTH MONSTERS FIERCLY ATTACK ELECTRO !
GR-R-R-OW!
MY HUNCH WAS CERTAINLY CORRECT, BASIL DRAKE IS THE MAN BEHIND THESE MURDERS!
-AND TO THINK HE WANTED TO MARRY ELLEN!
I SHUDDER AT THE VERY THOUGHT!
YOU APES AREN'T QUITE TOUGH ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND AN IRON FIST!
POW!

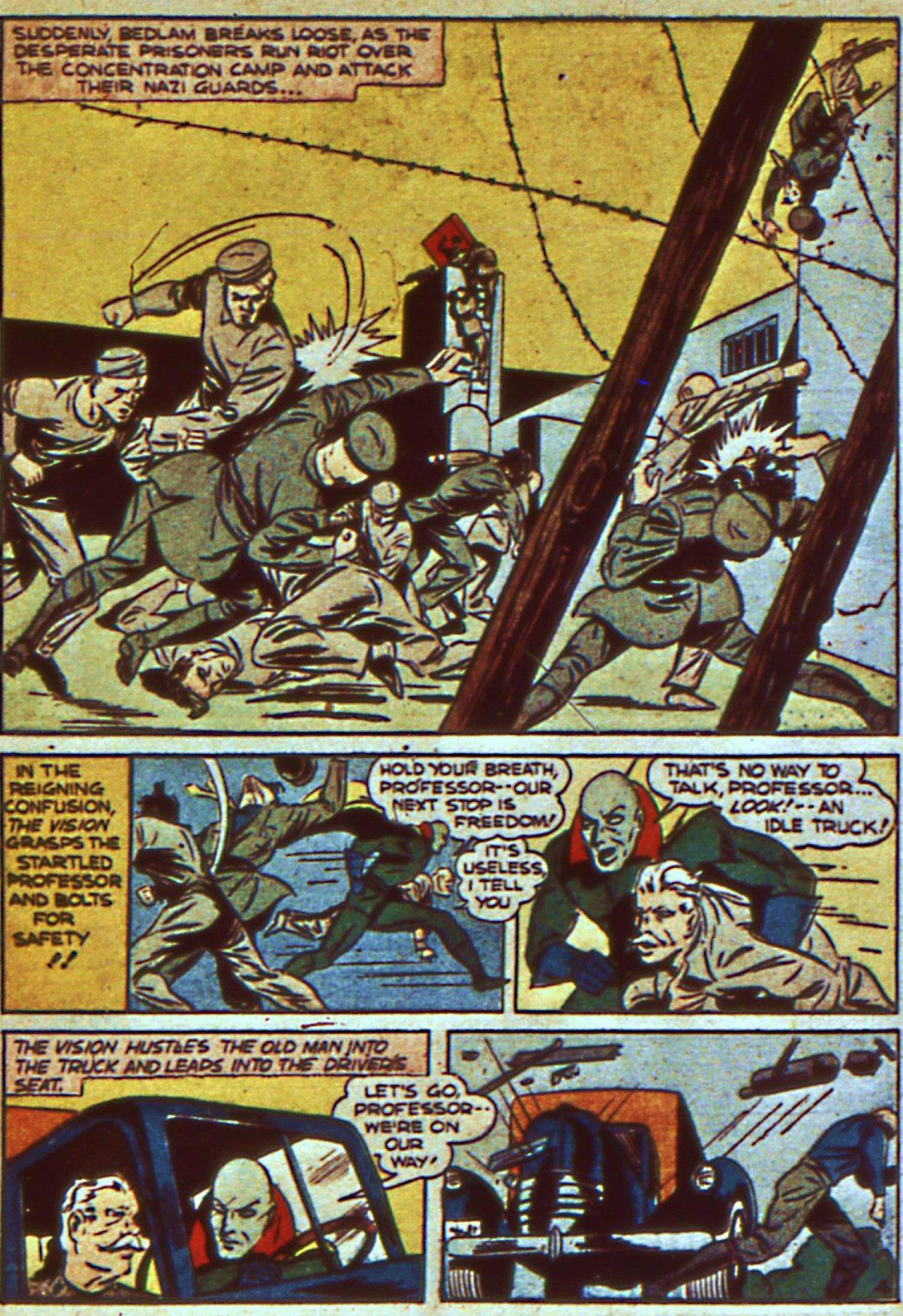

HERE'S ANOTHER VERY GOOD TRICK!
BIFF
BAM
BAM
HAVING COMPLETELY CONQUERED THE WILD GORILLAS, ELECTRO DASHES UP A STAIRWAY....
NOW TO GET TO THE FIEND THAT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!
....HOWEVER, ANOTHER SURPRISE AWAITS HIM!
AHA! THE INVISIBLE ONE! WE MEET AGAIN!
A STRANGE STRUGGLE TAKES PLACE... AN IRON ROBOT VERSUS AN INVISIBLE MONSTER WITH GIANT HANDS!
I CAN'T SEE YOU, BUT I'VE GOT YOU!
WITH A VISE-LIKE GRIP, ELECTRO STRANGLES THE UNSEEN BEING!
-AND THIS OUGHT TO MAKE YOU INVISIBLE FOR KEEPS!
AWR!
AWK! COUGH!
THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU FOR AWHILE!
THE GHOST IS RENDERED SENSELESS
ELECTRO CRASHES INTO DRAKE'S ROOM
BAM!
LOOKS LIKE I'M TOO LATE!
HE COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF FACING ELECTRO, SO HE COMMITTED SUICIDE!
IT'S AWFUL, YET HE DESERVED IT!
HOW GRUESOME!
I HAVE AN IDEA! LET'S HURRY OVER TO DRAKE'S MANSION AND DO SOME MORE INVESTIGATING!
VERY WELL, I'LL GET MY HAT AND COAT!
THEY ARRIVE AT THE EERY CASTLE OF UNTOLD HORRORS!
WE SHALL HAVE TO BE BOTH CAUTIOUS AND ALERT, MY FRIENDS, BECAUSE ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN!

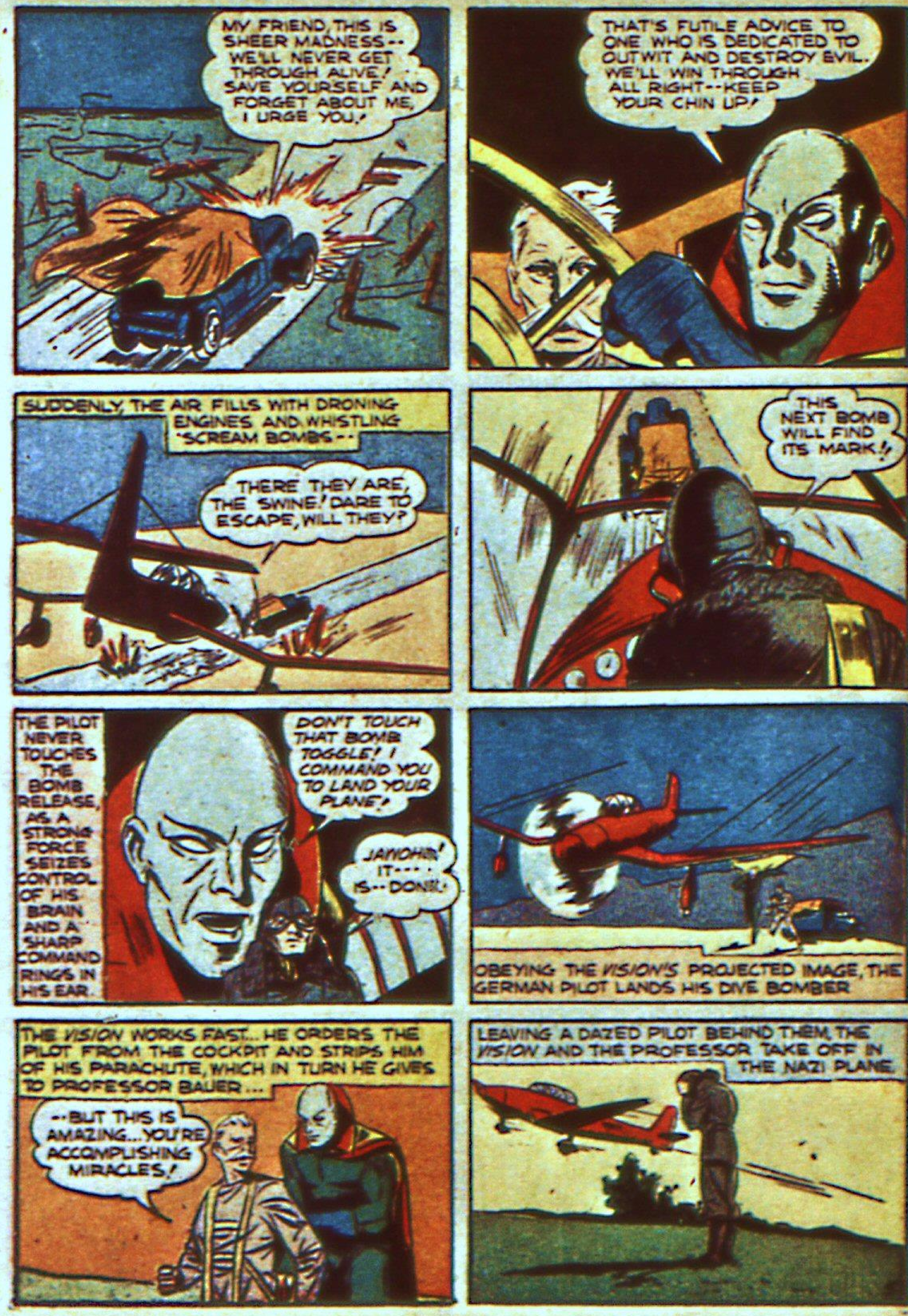

THEY REACH DRAKE'S DEATH-CHAMBER.
HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT!
LOOK! A NOTE!
Revenge is sweet! Sir John, you refused to allow me to marry your daughter so I swore to get even! With the aid of my invisible chemical formula and faithful Chandi, I have accomplished my purpose—Now I die happy. — Paul Drake
THE MAN MUST HAVE BEEN MAD!
THE SOONER WE LEAVE THIS HORRID PLACE THE BETTER I SHALL LIKE IT!
I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
SUDDENLY---THEY ARE FROZEN WITH HORROR--IN THE DOOR STANDS THE TOWERING FIGURE OF CHANDI, DRAKE'S ETHIOPIAN SERVANT!
AWRR!
STOP! OR I'LL SHOOT YOU IN YOUR TRACKS!
KILL! I KILL!
WITH A WELL-AIMED BULLET, ZOG ENDS THE MURDEROUS GIANT'S LIFE!
YOU ASKED FOR IT!
BANG!
THIS SOLVES THE MYSTERY OF THE "FLOATING HANDS". CHANDI WAS SMEARED FROM HEAD TO FOOT WITH DRAKE'S QUEER INVISIBLE CHEMICAL THEREFORE WE COULD SEE NOTHING BUT HIS HANDS- NOW THE STUFF HAS EVAPORATED--- LOOK, HERE IS WHERE MY FIRST BULLET HIT HIM!
ZOG TELEPHONES SCOTLAND YARD AND THE POLICE TAKE CHARGE.....
THIS FINISHES OUR JOB!
I'M GLAD TO GET AWAY FROM THIS TERRIBLE HOUSE!
PROFESSOR THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT WE OWE OUR LIVES TO YOU AND YOUR WONDER-ROBOT!
FINIS
FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE
MARVEL COMICS

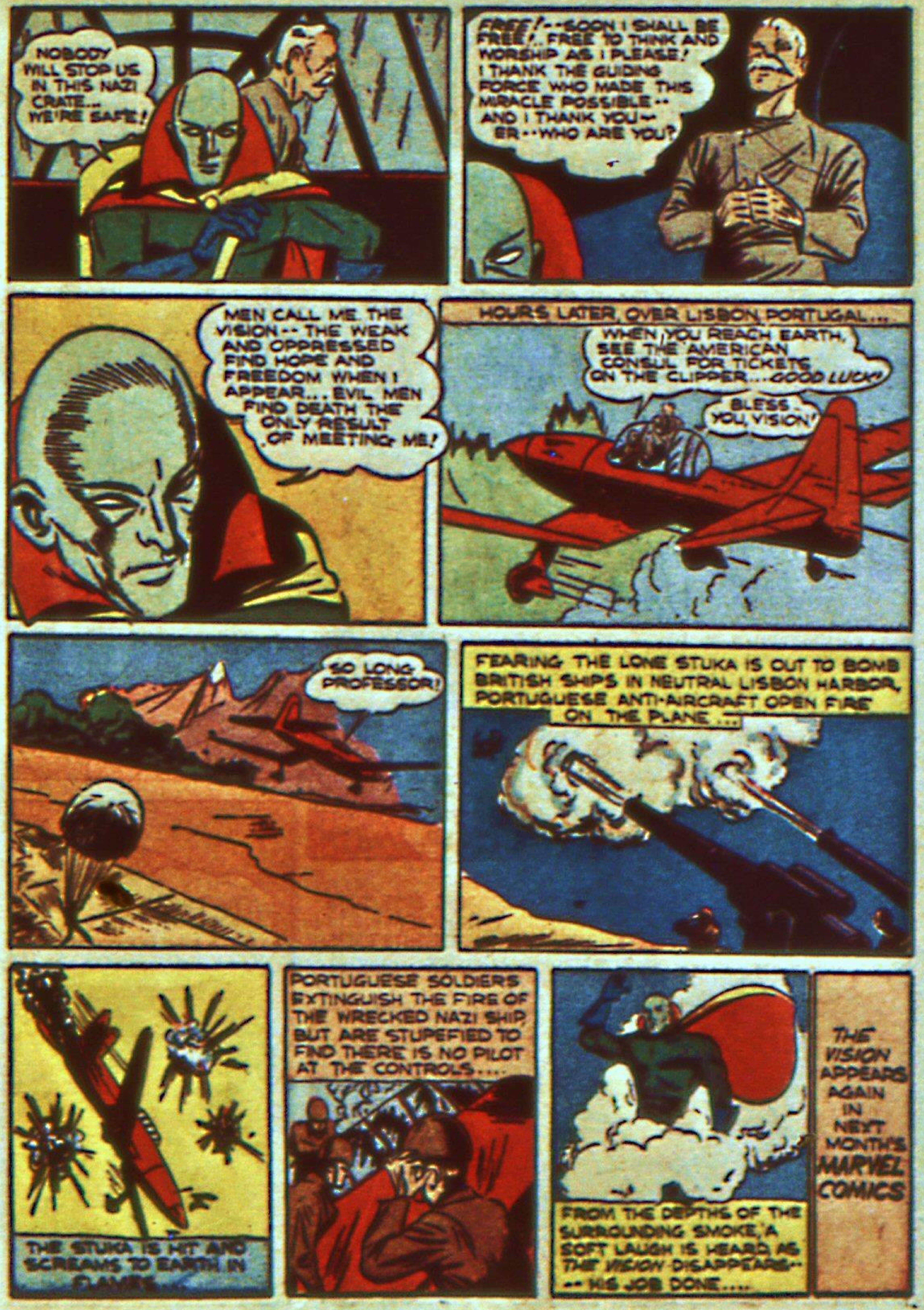

THE VISION
GUIDED BY THE MYSTERIOUS FORCE THAT BRINGS HIM TO WHEREVER HE IS MOST NEEDED, THE VISION EMERGES FROM A PUFF OF SMOKE IN A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP IN ENSLAVED FRANCE...
THIS PLACE SEEMS TO ABOUND WITH EVIL AND PERSECUTION... DEATH IS IN THE AIR. SOMEONE IS ABOUT TO DIE --- SOMEONE I MUST SAVE!

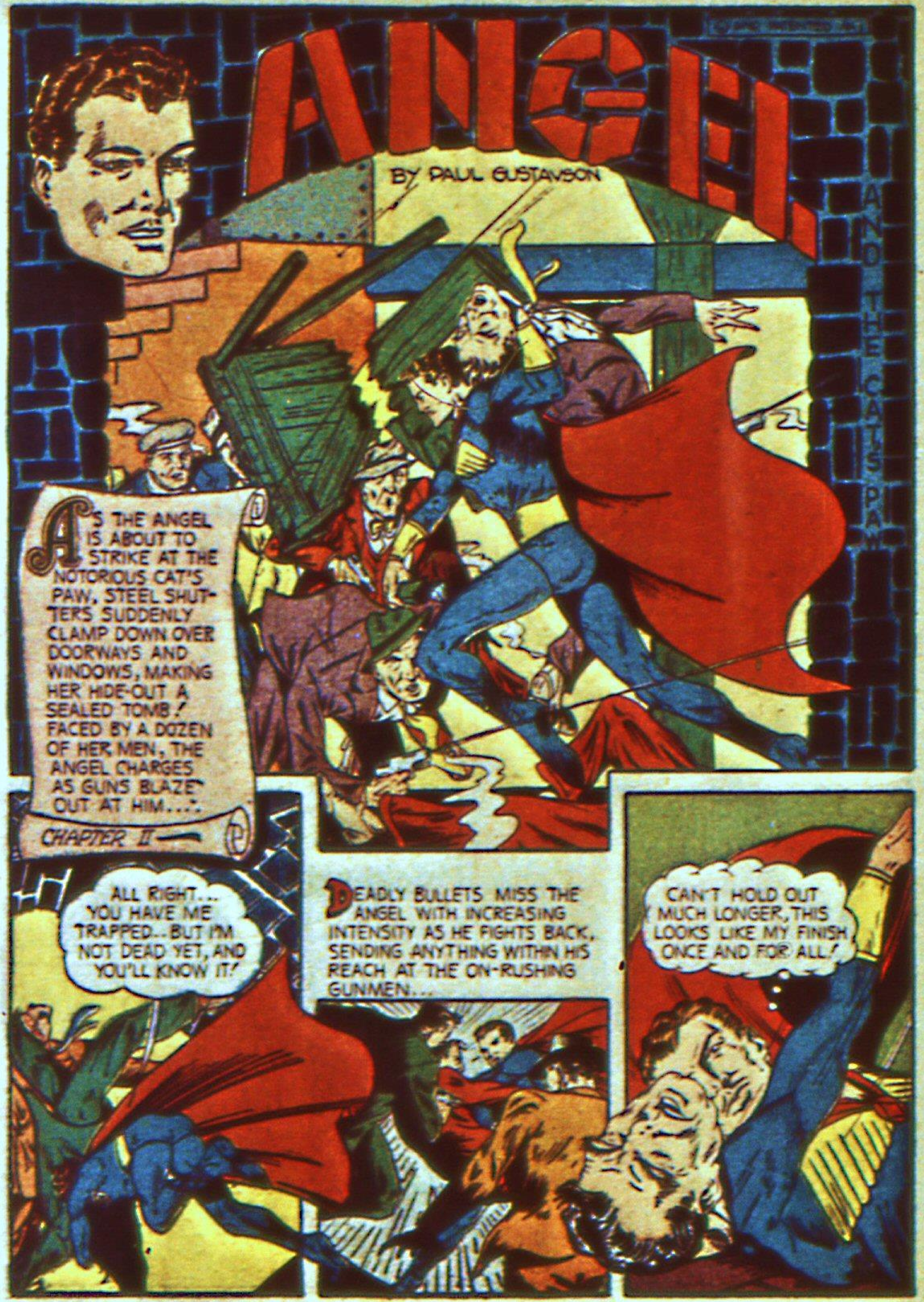

JUST THEN, A LINE OF BEATEN, BROKEN, MEN MARCH ACROSS THE YARD WITH GUN MUZZLES TRAINED ON THEIR SHABBY RANKS.
SHULTZ! LINE THE PRISONERS IN FRONT OF THE AXE-BLOCK, WHERE THEY CAN SEE THE EXECUTION!
JA, HERR KOMMANDANT!
NOW THAT THE MEN ARE LINED UP, BRING THE PROFESSOR FROM HIS CELL!
NO! NO! PLEASE DON'T BEAT ME ANY MORE!
HEH! HEH! HEH! OF COURSE NOT! I'M ONLY TAKING YOU TO A PARTY--- YOUR PARTY!
SO I'M TO BE EXECUTED, EH? WELL, AT LEAST IT WILL END MY SUFFERING!
YOUR BOOKS ON TRUTH AND PEACE HAD NO PLACE IN THE NEW REICH! YOU SHALL NEVER WRITE ANY AGAIN--YOU ARE DOOMED!
THAT'S WHERE YOU ARE WRONG!
2

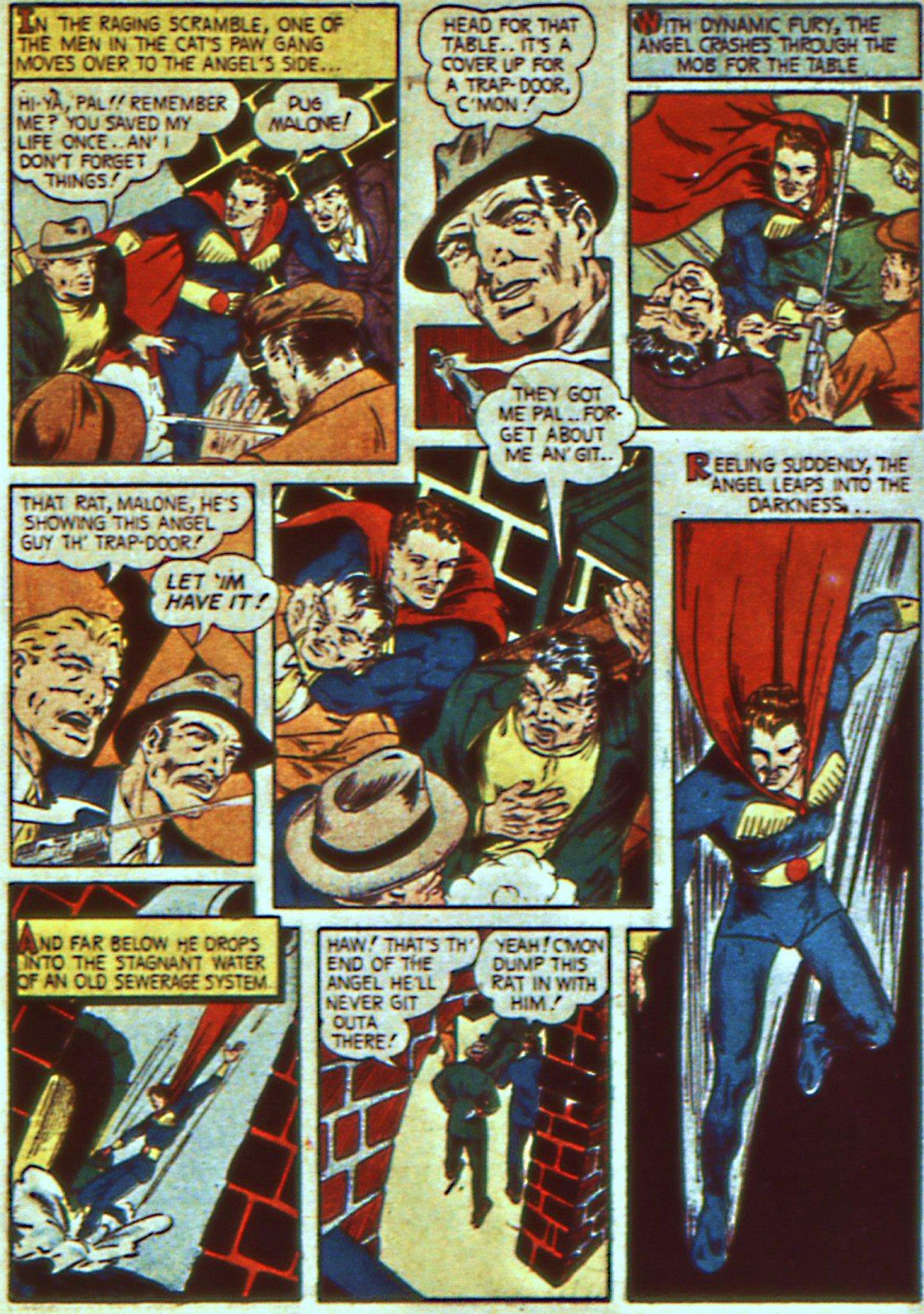

IT'S YOU WHO ARE DOOMED! YOUR BRUTAL KIND ARE ONLY HERE TEMPORARILY... YOU WILL GIVE HISTORY A FEW HORRIBLE MEMORIES AND THEN DIE OR BE STAMPED OUT! MY KIND WILL LIVE FOREVER, FOR TRUTH, PEACE AND TOLERANCE ARE PART OF MAN AND CAN NEVER BE PERMANENTLY DESTROYED!
PUT THE INSOLENT SWINE FACE UPWARD, SO HE CAN WATCH THE AXE STRIKE!
THE REST OF THE PRISONERS WATCH IN HORROR, AS THE EXECUTIONER RAISES HIS AXE ...
NOT SO FAST, MISTER HATCHET-MAN!
SUDDENLY, A FLASHING GREEN BODY HURTLES FROM NOWHERE AT THE STARTLED EXECUTIONER
...AND AS FOR YOU, HERR KOMMANDANT!
MON DIEU! I CANNOT BELIEVE MY EYES!
PROFESSOR BAUER WATCHES IN AMAZEMENT, AT THE TWO-FISTED MIRACLE THAT HAS COME TO RESCUE HIM...

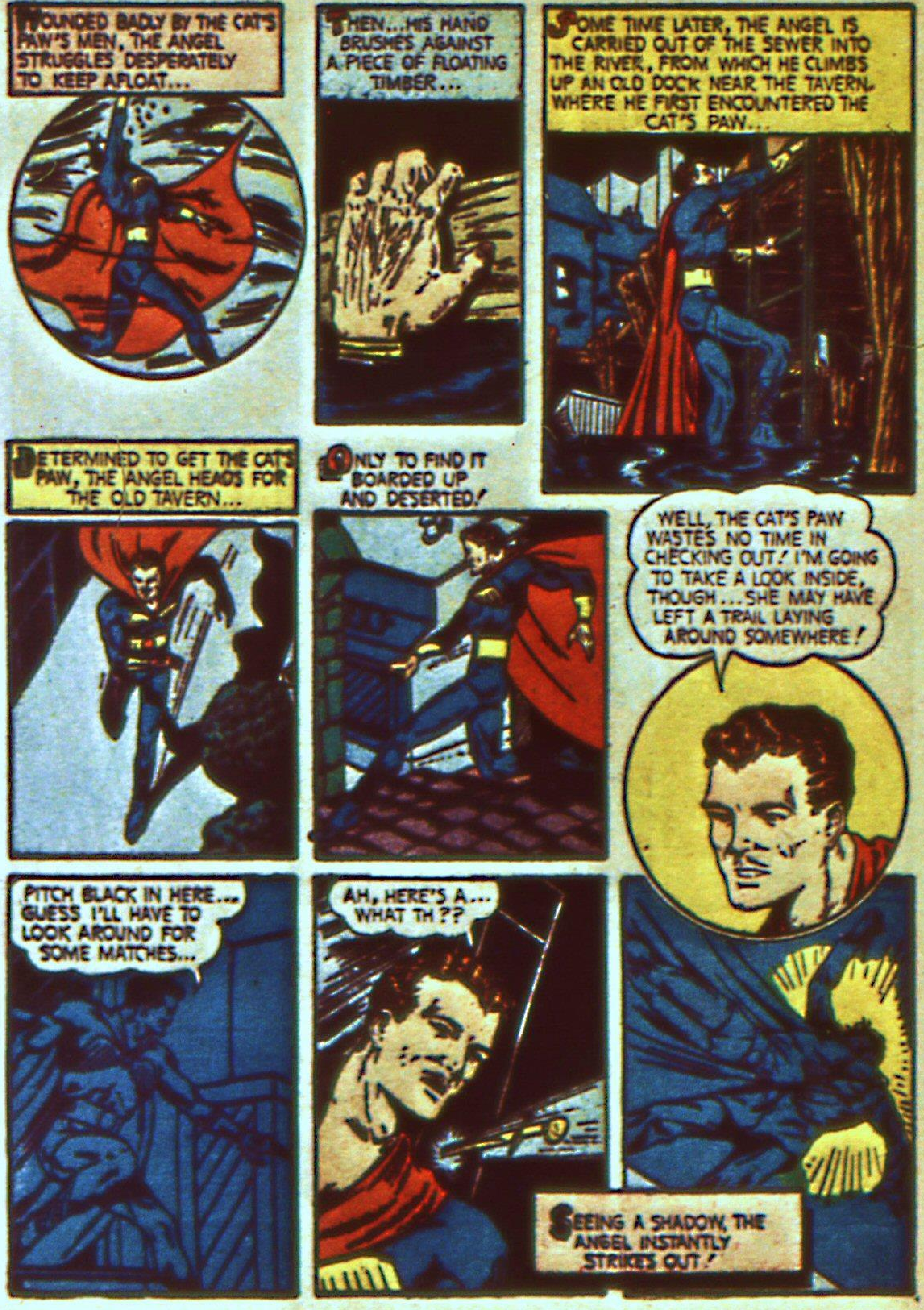

SUDDENLY, BEDLAM BREAKS LOOSE, AS THE DESPERATE PRISONERS RUN RIOT OVER THE CONCENTRATION CAMP AND ATTACK THEIR NAZI GUARDS...
IN THE REIGNING CONFUSION, THE VISION GRASPS THE STARTLED PROFESSOR AND BOLTS FOR SAFETY !!
HOLD YOUR BREATH, PROFESSOR--OUR NEXT STOP IS FREEDOM!
IT'S USELESS, I TELL YOU
THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK, PROFESSOR... LOOK!--AN IDLE TRUCK!
THE VISION HUSTLES THE OLD MAN INTO THE TRUCK AND LEAPS INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT.
LET'S GO, PROFESSOR--WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

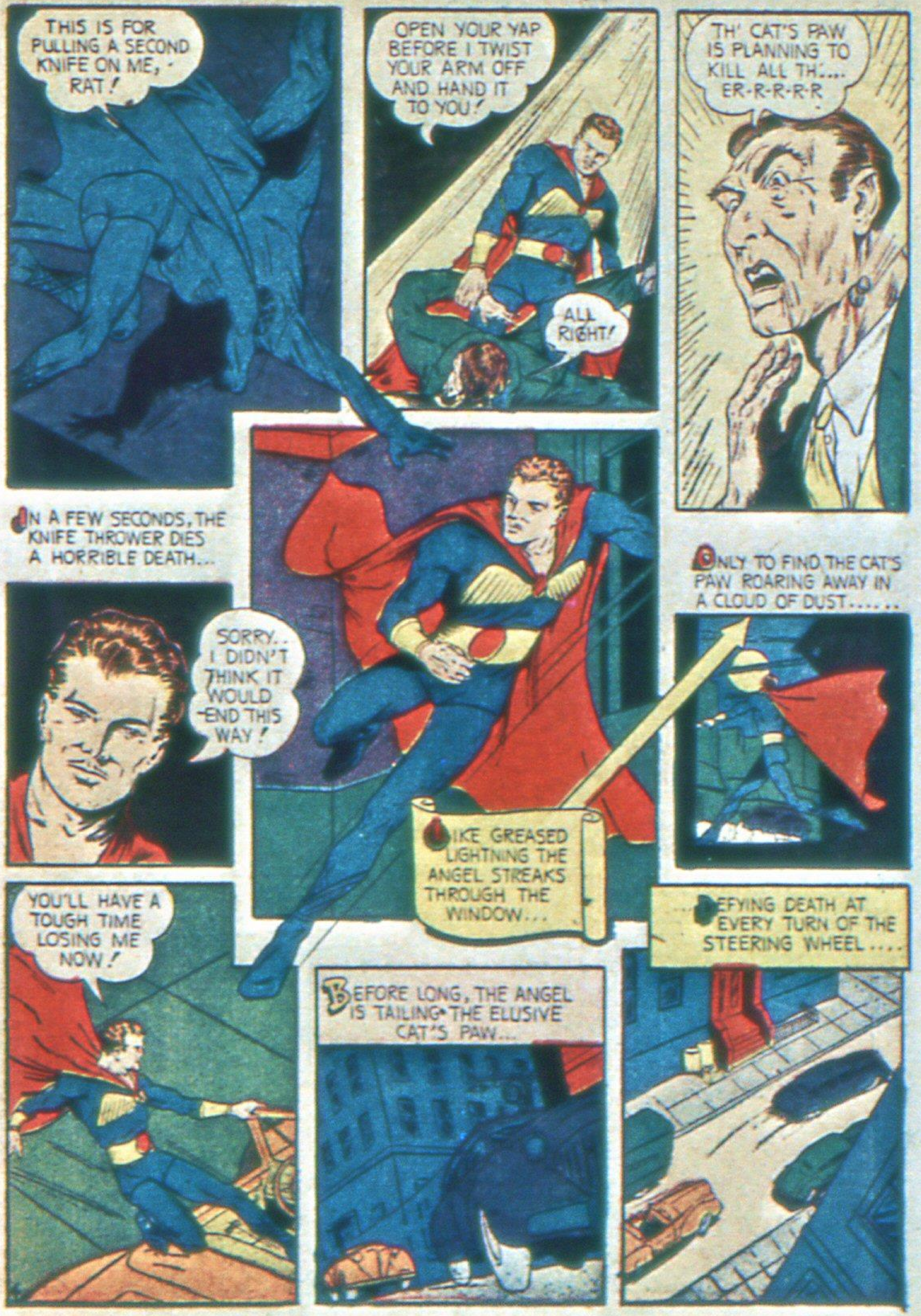

MY FRIEND, THIS IS SHEER MADNESS-- WE'LL NEVER GET THROUGH ALIVE! SAVE YOURSELF AND FORGET ABOUT ME, I URGE YOU!
THAT'S FUTILE ADVICE TO ONE WHO IS DEDICATED TO OUTWIT AND DESTROY EVIL. WE'LL WIN THROUGH ALL RIGHT--KEEP YOUR CHIN UP!
SUDDENLY, THE AIR FILLS WITH DRONING ENGINES AND WHISTLING 'SCREAM BOMBS'--
THERE THEY ARE, THE SWINE! DARE TO ESCAPE, WILL THEY?
THIS NEXT BOMB WILL FIND ITS MARK!
THE PILOT NEVER TOUCHES THE BOMB RELEASE, AS A STRONG FORCE SEIZES CONTROL OF HIS BRAIN AND A SHARP COMMAND RINGS IN HIS EAR.
DON'T TOUCH THAT BOMB TOGGLE! I COMMAND YOU TO LAND YOUR PLANE!
JAWOHL! IT--- IS--DONE!
OBEYING THE VISION'S PROJECTED IMAGE, THE GERMAN PILOT LANDS HIS DIVE BOMBER
THE VISION WORKS FAST... HE ORDERS THE PILOT FROM THE COCKPIT AND STRIPS HIM OF HIS PARACHUTE, WHICH IN TURN HE GIVES TO PROFESSOR BAUER...
--BUT THIS IS AMAZING... YOU'RE ACCOMPLISHING MIRACLES!
LEAVING A DAZED PILOT BEHIND THEM, THE VISION AND THE PROFESSOR TAKE OFF IN THE NAZI PLANE.

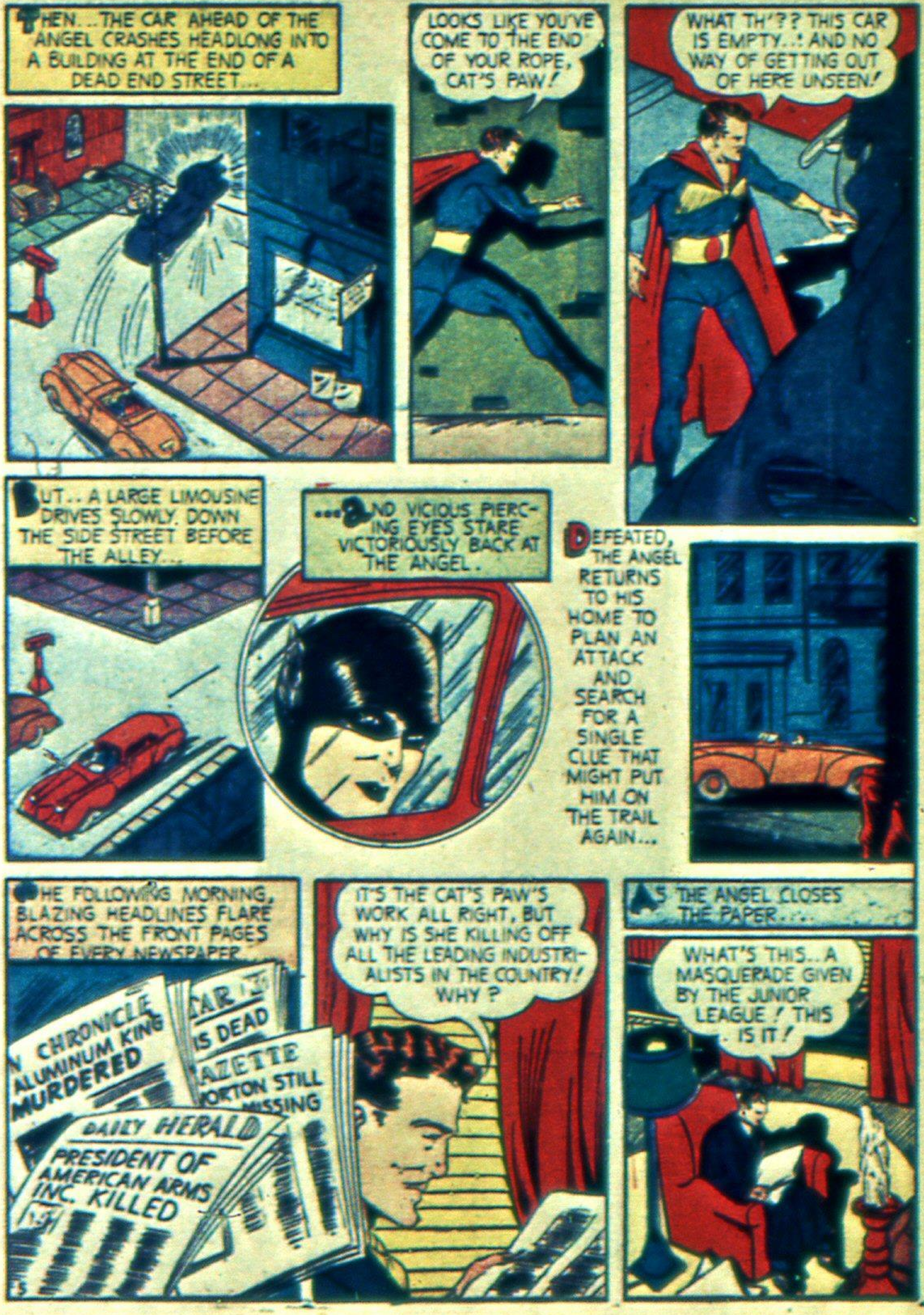

NOBODY WILL STOP US IN THIS NAZI CRATE... WE'RE SAFE!
FREE!--SOON I SHALL BE FREE!.. FREE TO THINK AND WORSHIP AS I PLEASE! I THANK THE GUIDING FORCE WHO MADE THIS MIRACLE POSSIBLE-- AND I THANK YOU-- ER--WHO ARE YOU?
MEN CALL ME THE VISION-- THE WEAK AND OPPRESSED FIND HOPE AND FREEDOM WHEN I APPEAR... EVIL MEN FIND DEATH THE ONLY RESULT OF MEETING ME!
HOURS LATER, OVER LISBON, PORTUGAL...
WHEN YOU REACH EARTH, SEE THE AMERICAN CONSUL FOR TICKETS ON THE CLIPPER... GOOD LUCK!
BLESS YOU, VISION!
SO LONG PROFESSOR!
FEARING THE LONE STUKA IS OUT TO BOMB BRITISH SHIPS IN NEUTRAL LISBON HARBOR, PORTUGUESE ANTI-AIRCRAFT OPEN FIRE ON THE PLANE...
THE STUKA IS HIT AND SCREAMS TO EARTH IN FLAMES
PORTUGUESE SOLDIERS EXTINGUISH THE FIRE OF THE WRECKED NAZI SHIP, BUT ARE STUPEFIED TO FIND THERE IS NO PILOT AT THE CONTROLS....
FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SURROUNDING SMOKE, A SOFT LAUGH IS HEARD AS THE VISION DISAPPEARS-- --HIS JOB DONE....
THE VISION APPEARS AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S MARVEL COMICS

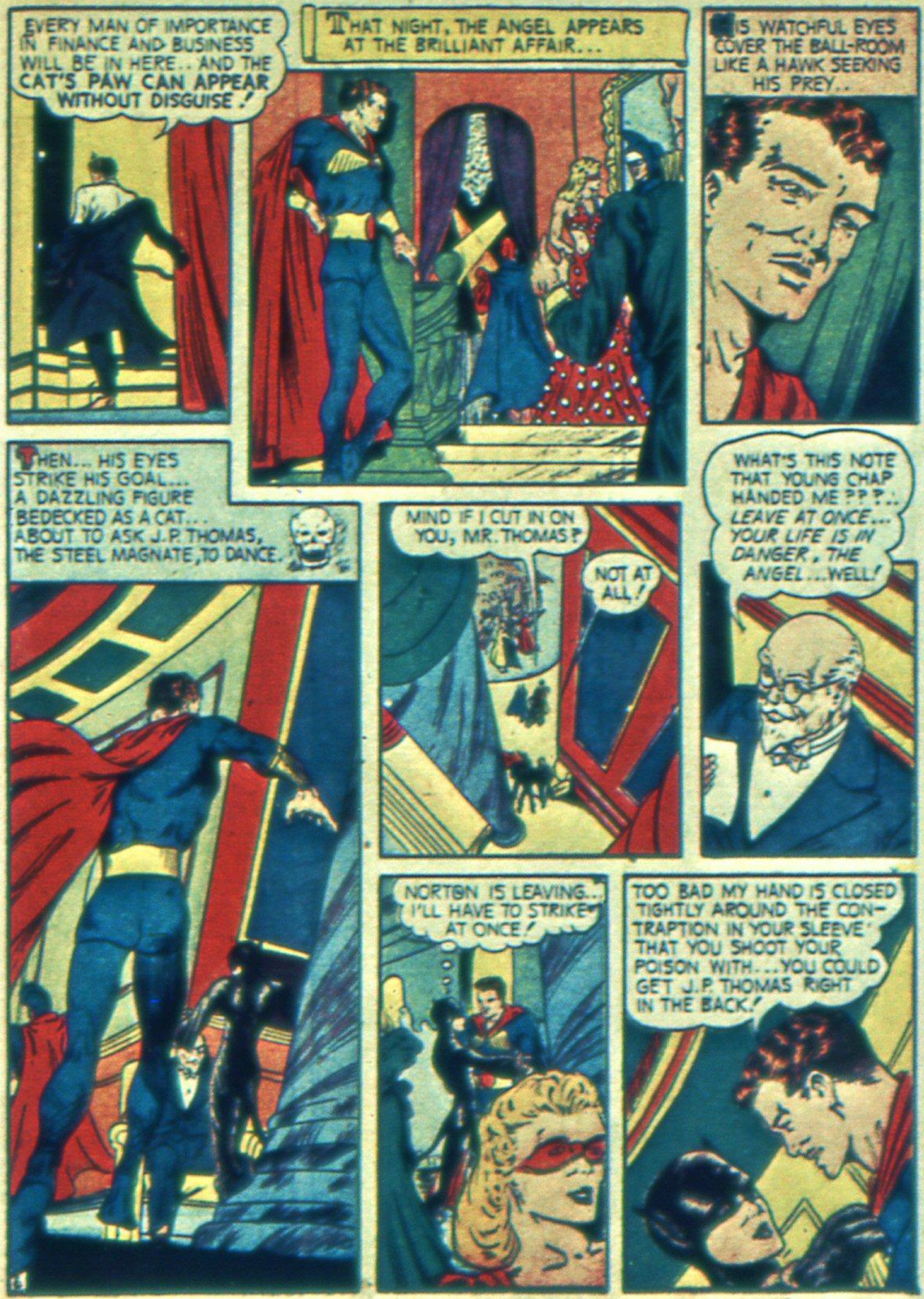

ANGEL
BY PAUL GUSTAVSON
AND THE CAT'S PAW
AS THE ANGEL IS ABOUT TO STRIKE AT THE NOTORIOUS CAT'S PAW, STEEL SHUTTERS SUDDENLY CLAMP DOWN OVER DOORWAYS AND WINDOWS, MAKING HER HIDE-OUT A SEALED TOMB! FACED BY A DOZEN OF HER MEN, THE ANGEL CHARGES AS GUNS BLAZE OUT AT HIM...
CHAPTER II
ALL RIGHT... YOU HAVE ME TRAPPED.. BUT I'M NOT DEAD YET, AND YOU'LL KNOW IT!
DEADLY BULLETS MISS THE ANGEL WITH INCREASING INTENSITY AS HE FIGHTS BACK, SENDING ANYTHING WITHIN HIS REACH AT THE ON-RUSHING GUNMEN...
CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER, THIS LOOKS LIKE MY FINISH ONCE AND FOR ALL!

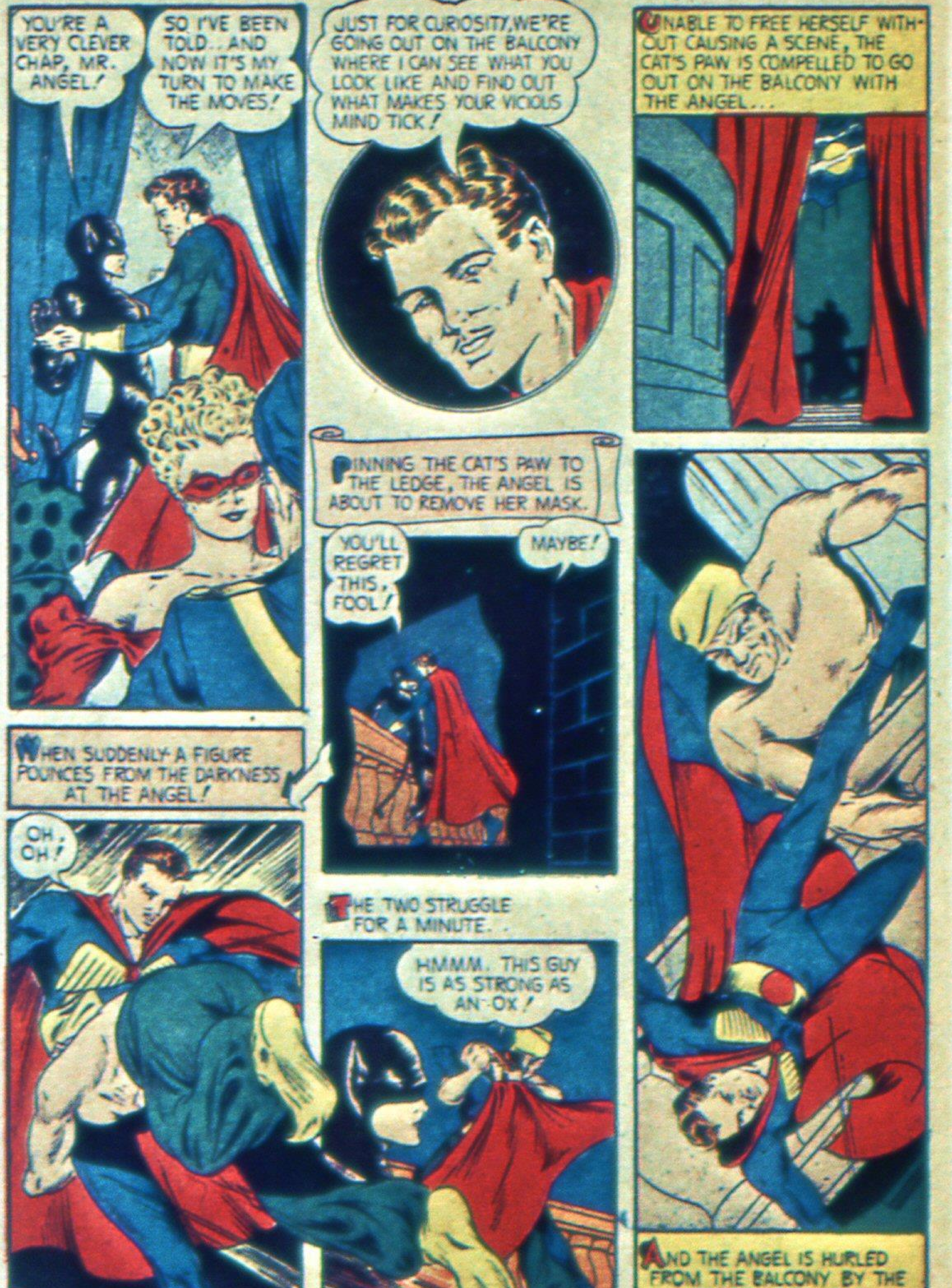

IN THE RAGING SCRAMBLE, ONE OF THE MEN IN THE CAT'S PAW GANG MOVES OVER TO THE ANGEL'S SIDE...
HI-YA, PAL!! REMEMBER ME? YOU SAVED MY LIFE ONCE..AN' I DON'T FORGET THINGS!
PUG MALONE!
HEAD FOR THAT TABLE.. IT'S A COVER UP FOR A TRAP-DOOR, C'MON!
WITH DYNAMIC FURY, THE ANGEL CRASHES THROUGH THE MOB FOR THE TABLE
THAT RAT, MALONE, HE'S SHOWING THIS ANGEL GUY TH' TRAP-DOOR!
LET 'IM HAVE IT!
THEY GOT ME PAL...FORGET ABOUT ME AN' GIT..
REELING SUDDENLY, THE ANGEL LEAPS INTO THE DARKNESS...
AND FAR BELOW HE DROPS INTO THE STAGNANT WATER OF AN OLD SEWERAGE SYSTEM.
HAW! THAT'S TH' END OF THE ANGEL HE'LL NEVER GIT OUTA THERE!
YEAH! C'MON DUMP THIS RAT IN WITH HIM!

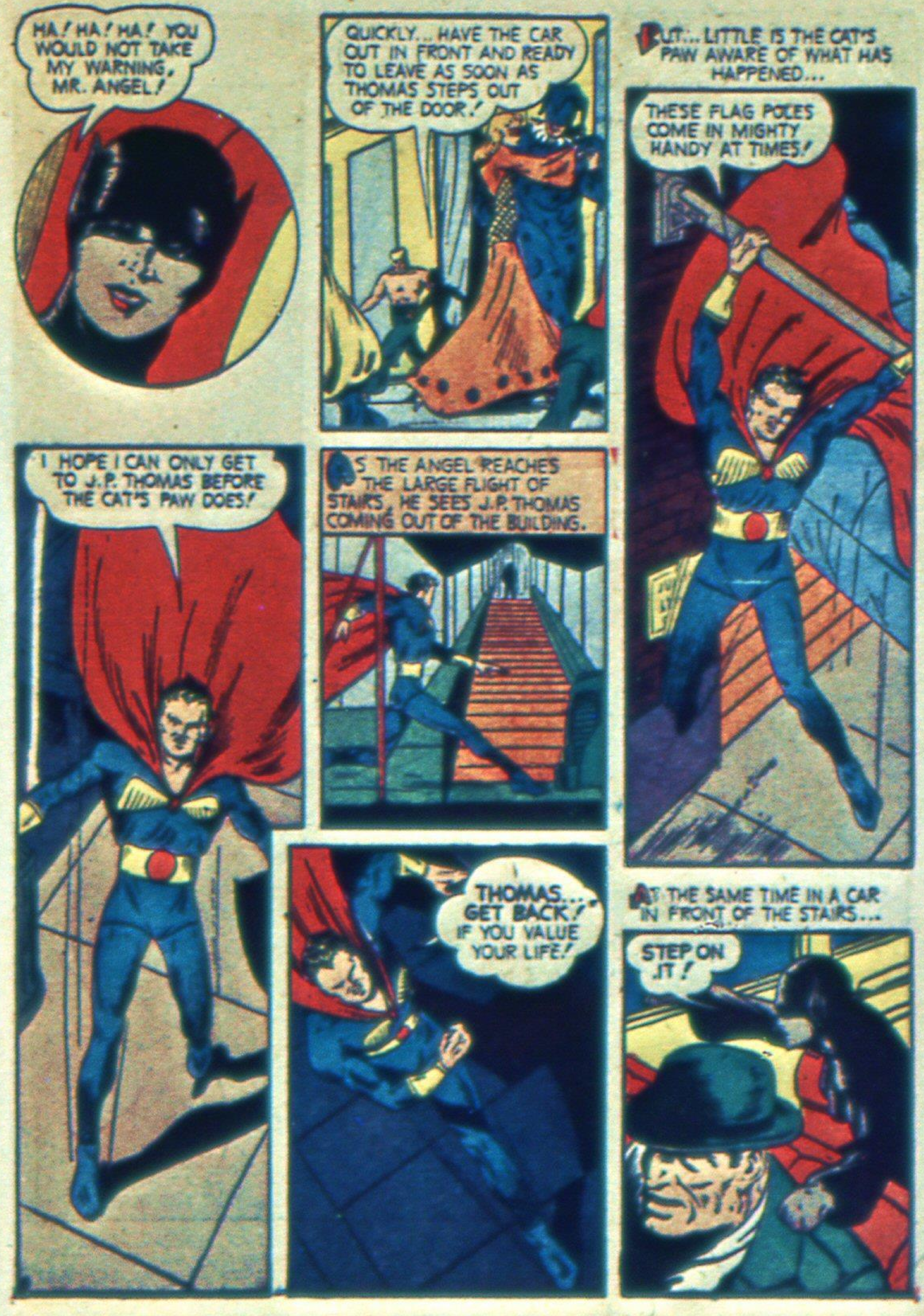

WOUNDED BADLY BY THE CAT'S PAW'S MEN, THE ANGEL STRUGGLES DESPERATELY TO KEEP AFLOAT...
THEN...HIS HAND BRUSHES AGAINST A PIECE OF FLOATING TIMBER...
SOME TIME LATER, THE ANGEL IS CARRIED OUT OF THE SEWER INTO THE RIVER, FROM WHICH HE CLIMBS UP AN OLD DOCK NEAR THE TAVERN WHERE HE FIRST ENCOUNTERED THE CAT'S PAW...
DETERMINED TO GET THE CAT'S PAW, THE ANGEL HEADS FOR THE OLD TAVERN...
ONLY TO FIND IT BOARDED UP AND DESERTED!
WELL, THE CAT'S PAW WASTES NO TIME IN CHECKING OUT! I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK INSIDE, THOUGH...SHE MAY HAVE LEFT A TRAIL LAYING AROUND SOMEWHERE!
PITCH BLACK IN HERE... GUESS I'LL HAVE TO LOOK AROUND FOR SOME MATCHES...
AH, HERE'S A... WHAT TH??
SEEING A SHADOW, THE ANGEL INSTANTLY STRIKES OUT!

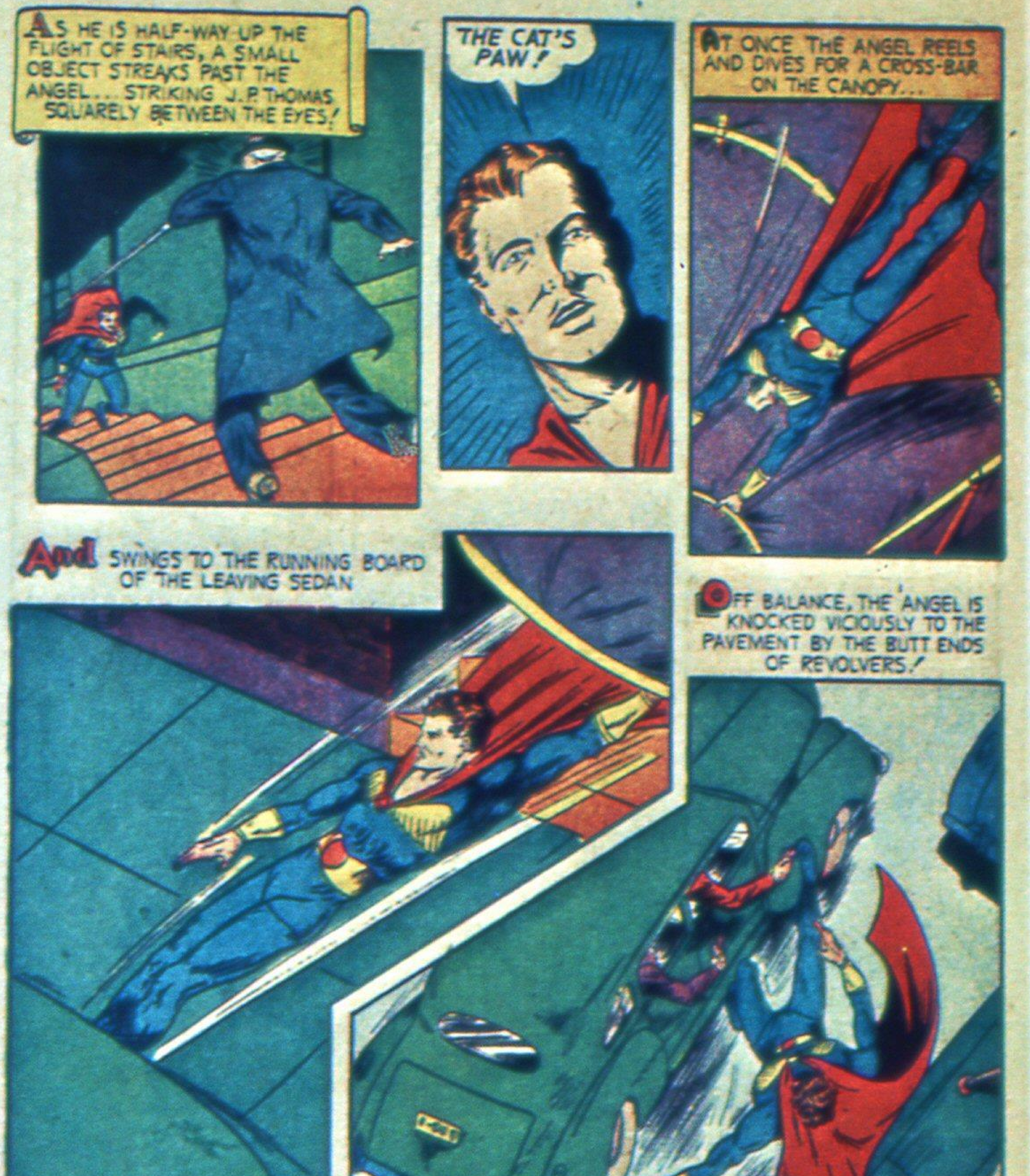

THIS IS FOR PULLING A SECOND KNIFE ON ME, RAT!
OPEN YOUR YAP BEFORE I TWIST YOUR ARM OFF AND HAND IT TO YOU!
ALL RIGHT!
TH' CAT'S PAW IS PLANNING TO KILL ALL TH'.... ER-R-R-R-R
IN A FEW SECONDS, THE KNIFE THROWER DIES A HORRIBLE DEATH...
SORRY.. I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD END THIS WAY!
LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING THE ANGEL STREAKS THROUGH THE WINDOW...
ONLY TO FIND THE CAT'S PAW ROARING AWAY IN A CLOUD OF DUST......
YOU'LL HAVE A TOUGH TIME LOSING ME NOW!
BEFORE LONG, THE ANGEL IS TAILING THE ELUSIVE CAT'S PAW...
...DEFYING DEATH AT EVERY TURN OF THE STEERING WHEEL....


THEN...THE CAR AHEAD OF THE ANGEL CRASHES HEADLONG INTO A BUILDING AT THE END OF A DEAD END STREET...
LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE COME TO THE END OF YOUR ROPE, CAT'S PAW!
WHAT TH'?? THIS CAR IS EMPTY..! AND NO WAY OF GETTING OUT OF HERE UNSEEN!
BUT.. A LARGE LIMOUSINE DRIVES SLOWLY DOWN THE SIDE STREET BEFORE THE ALLEY...
...AND VICIOUS PIERCING EYES STARE VICTORIOUSLY BACK AT THE ANGEL.
DEFEATED, THE ANGEL RETURNS TO HIS HOME TO PLAN AN ATTACK AND SEARCH FOR A SINGLE CLUE THAT MIGHT PUT HIM ON THE TRAIL AGAIN...
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, BLAZING HEADLINES FLARE ACROSS THE FRONT PAGES OF EVERY NEWSPAPER.
N CHRONICLE
ALUMINUM KING MURDERED
AR
IS DEAD
AZETTE
ORTON STILL MISSING
DAILY HERALD
PRESIDENT OF AMERICAN ARMS INC. KILLED
IT'S THE CAT'S PAW'S WORK ALL RIGHT, BUT WHY IS SHE KILLING OFF ALL THE LEADING INDUSTRIALISTS IN THE COUNTRY! WHY?
AS THE ANGEL CLOSES THE PAPER...
WHAT'S THIS..A MASQUERADE GIVEN BY THE JUNIOR LEAGUE! THIS IS IT!


EVERY MAN OF IMPORTANCE IN FINANCE AND BUSINESS WILL BE IN HERE.. AND THE **CAT'S PAW CAN APPEAR WITHOUT DISGUISE**!
THAT NIGHT, THE ANGEL APPEARS AT THE BRILLIANT AFFAIR...
HIS WATCHFUL EYES COVER THE BALL-ROOM LIKE A HAWK SEEKING HIS PREY..
THEN... HIS EYES STRIKE HIS GOAL... A DAZZLING FIGURE BEDECKED AS A CAT... ABOUT TO ASK J.P. THOMAS, THE STEEL MAGNATE, TO DANCE.
MIND IF I CUT IN ON YOU, MR. THOMAS?
NOT AT ALL!
WHAT'S THIS NOTE THAT YOUNG CHAP HANDED ME ??.. *LEAVE AT ONCE... YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER, THE ANGEL*...WELL!
NORTON IS LEAVING.. I'LL HAVE TO STRIKE AT ONCE!
TOO BAD MY HAND IS CLOSED TIGHTLY AROUND THE CONTRAPTION IN YOUR SLEEVE THAT YOU SHOOT YOUR POISON WITH...YOU COULD GET J.P. THOMAS RIGHT IN THE BACK!


YOU'RE A VERY CLEVER CHAP, MR. ANGEL!
SO I'VE BEEN TOLD.. AND NOW IT'S MY TURN TO MAKE THE MOVES!
JUST FOR CURIOSITY, WE'RE GOING OUT ON THE BALCONY WHERE I CAN SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE AND FIND OUT WHAT MAKES YOUR VICIOUS MIND TICK!
UNABLE TO FREE HERSELF WITHOUT CAUSING A SCENE, THE CAT'S PAW IS COMPELLED TO GO OUT ON THE BALCONY WITH THE ANGEL...
PINNING THE CAT'S PAW TO THE LEDGE, THE ANGEL IS ABOUT TO REMOVE HER MASK.
YOU'LL REGRET THIS, FOOL!
MAYBE!
WHEN SUDDENLY A FIGURE POUNCES FROM THE DARKNESS AT THE ANGEL!
OH, OH!
THE TWO STRUGGLE FOR A MINUTE..
HMMM. THIS GUY IS AS STRONG AS AN OX!
AND THE ANGEL IS HURLED FROM THE BALCONY BY THE TOWERING BRUISER..


HA! HA! HA! YOU WOULD NOT TAKE MY WARNING, MR. ANGEL!
QUICKLY... HAVE THE CAR OUT IN FRONT AND READY TO LEAVE AS SOON AS THOMAS STEPS OUT OF THE DOOR!
BUT... LITTLE IS THE CAT'S PAW AWARE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED...
THESE FLAG POLES COME IN MIGHTY HANDY AT TIMES!
I HOPE I CAN ONLY GET TO J.P. THOMAS BEFORE THE CAT'S PAW DOES!
AS THE ANGEL REACHES THE LARGE FLIGHT OF STAIRS, HE SEES J.P. THOMAS COMING OUT OF THE BUILDING.
THOMAS... GET BACK! IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!
AT THE SAME TIME IN A CAR IN FRONT OF THE STAIRS...
STEP ON IT!


AS HE IS HALF-WAY UP THE FLIGHT OF STAIRS, A SMALL OBJECT STREAKS PAST THE ANGEL... STRIKING J.P. THOMAS SQUARELY BETWEEN THE EYES!
THE CAT'S PAW!
AT ONCE THE ANGEL REELS AND DIVES FOR A CROSS-BAR ON THE CANOPY...
AND SWINGS TO THE RUNNING BOARD OF THE LEAVING SEDAN
OFF BALANCE, THE ANGEL IS KNOCKED VICIOUSLY TO THE PAVEMENT BY THE BUTT ENDS OF REVOLVERS!
OVER HE GOES, AND IT'S ROUND ONE FOR THE CAT'S PAW— HAS THE ANGEL MET HIS MASTER?
CONTINUED
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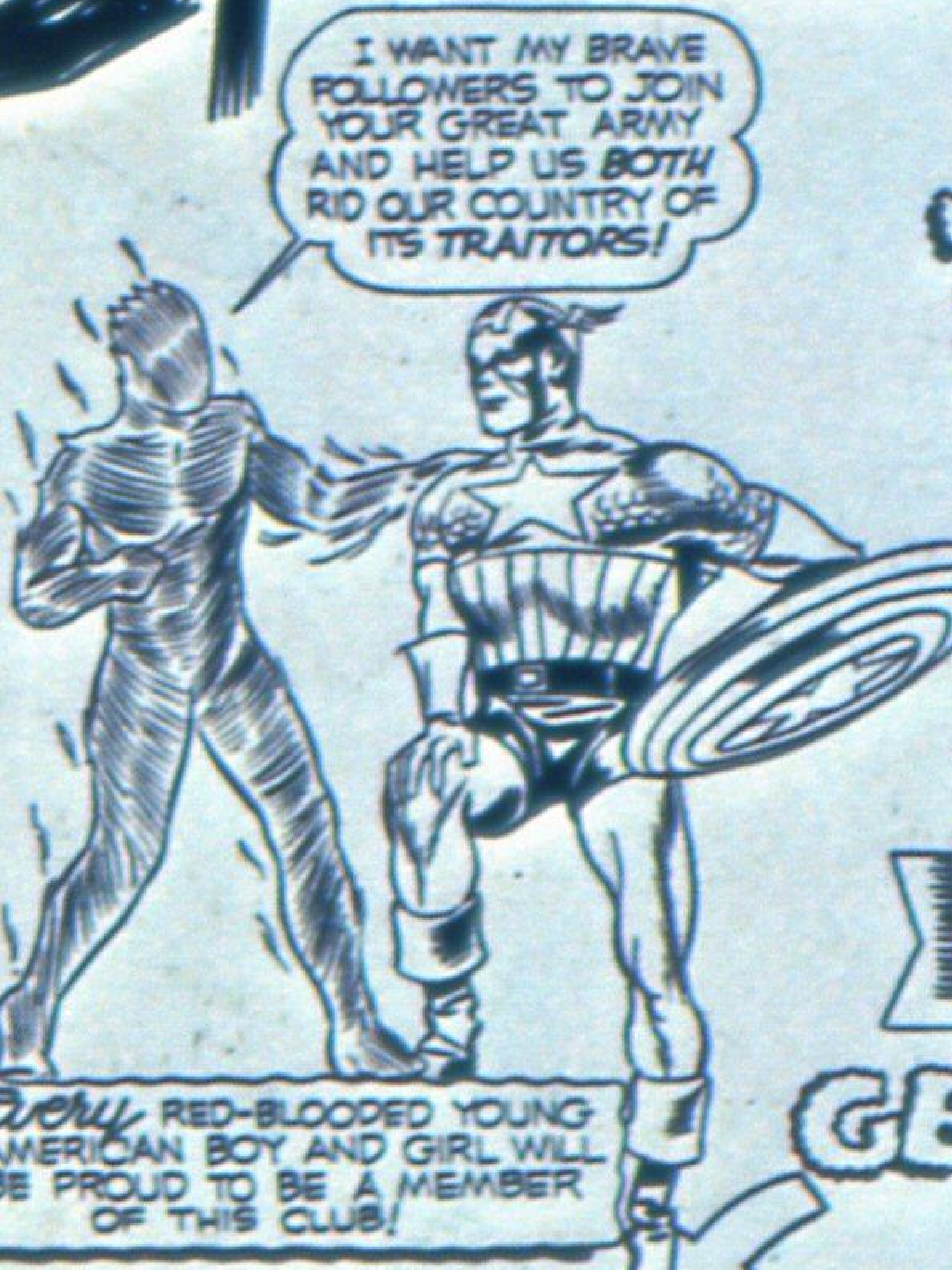
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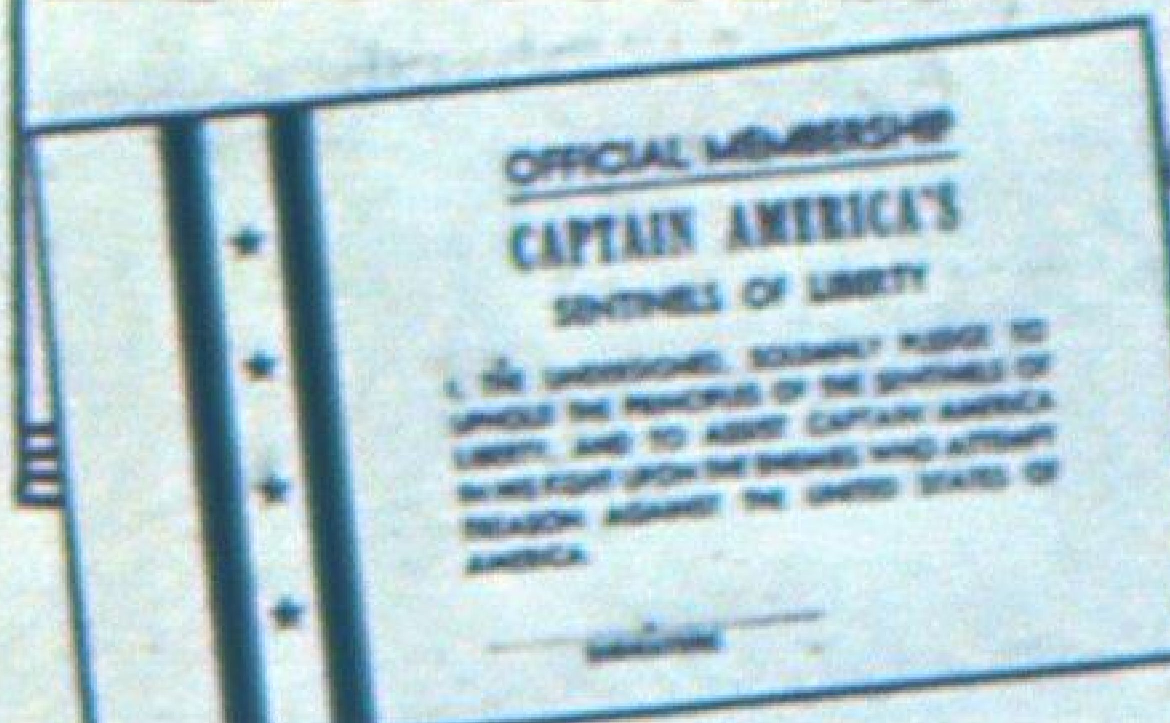
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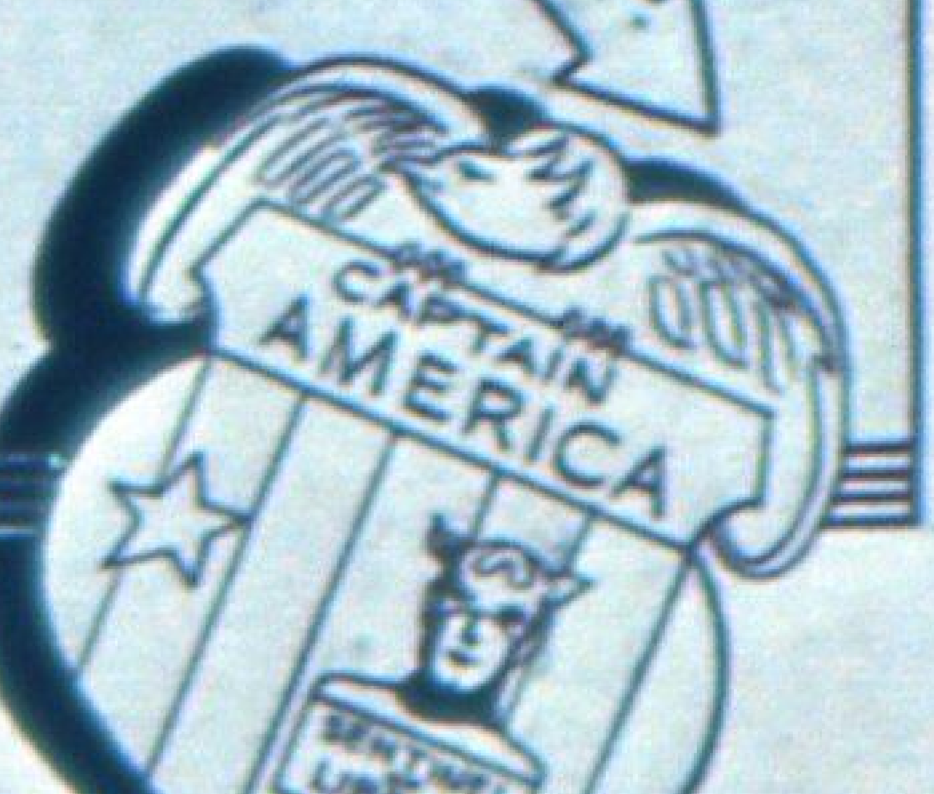
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